"THE 30th WINDOW"—A TANTALIZING DETECTIVE RIDDLE—Page 5

CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XLIX. NO. 11 CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1921. 5 CENTS A COPY.

THE ONLY 5¢ FICTION WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED IN COLORS

Do you know why it's toasted

To seal in the delicious Burley tobacco flavor.

LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE

The Americian Tobacco Co.

SEND NO MONEY

Now $1.98

Pants

Guaranteed $6.00 Value or Money Back

Made to Your Order

New wholesale tailoring house makes this sensational introductory offer—good for 30 days only. Perfect fitting excellent wearing pants of fine quality weave Worsted, guaranteed $6.00 pre-war value or MONEY BACK. Any style or size, no extra charges. Parcel Post or Express PREPAID. Write today for 60 cloth samples Free. $1.98 One pair to a customer

Agents Wanted EARN Big Money

Send orders for your relatives, friends and neighbors. Nice easy spare time work that pays you $20 to $40 a week. Send us your name today. Handsome cloth sample outfit and full information in first mail. Free. Write today.

STRAND TAILORING COMPANY
Baltimore, Md. Dept. 238

$7.50 After 30 Days Free Trial

The Belgian Melotte Separator—with the wonderful Self-Balancing Bowl. No other like it.

30 days' free trial—then, if satisfied, only $7.50 and a few easy payments — AND — the wonderful Belgian Melotte Separator is YOURS.

No Money Down!

Catalog tells all—*write.*

Caution! U. S. Bulletin 201 shows that vibration of the bowl causes *cream waste!* The Melotte bowl is *self-balancing.* Positively cannot get out of balance therefore cannot vibrate. Can't remix cream with milk. *The Melotte has won 28 Grand and International Prizes.*

Catalog FREE

Write for new Melotte catalog containing full description of this wonderful cream separator and the story of M. Jules Melotte, its inventor. Don't buy any separator until you have found out all you can about the Melotte and details of our 15-year guarantee which is infinitely stronger than any separator guarantee. Write TODAY.

Runs so easily, bowl spins 25 minutes after you stop cranking unless you apply brake. No other separator needs a brake. Bowl chamber is *porcelain lined.*

The Melotte Separator, H. B. Babcock, U. S. Mgr.
Dept. 4101, 2843 W. 19th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Learn Mechanical DRAWING

Earn $35 to $100 a Week

Are you earning less than this amount? If so my offer will interest you. I offer to give you a thorough, practical training in mechanical drawing by mail, in your spare time, at home. Course includes highest quality set of instruments and Drafting equipment. I guarantee to give you a thorough practical training that qualifies for a high salaried position as a professional Draftsman. My graduates are making good with big concerns everywhere. Write for free book of information, "Your Future in Drafting."

COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF DRAFTING, Roy C. Claflin, Pres.
Dept. 1345 14th & T St., Washington, D. C.

Steam Wind & Set

WATCH, RING AND CHAIN GIVEN

We positively give a genuine American Stem Wind and Set Watch, beautifully designed case, warranted time-keeper, 5-year guarantee; Sparkling Set or Plain Ring all for selling 20 of our easy to sell Jewelry articles at 10c each. When sold send $2.00 & we'll send Watch, ring and chain.

Home Supply Co., Dept. 510, Chicago, Ill.

CHICAGO LEDGER

[Copyright, 1921, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

VOL. XLIX. MARCH 12, 1921. NO. 11.

Entered as second-class matter June 24, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 2, 1879.

Published Every Saturday

W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

500-514 North Dearborn Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $2.00 a year (52 issues), $1.00 for six months, three months 50 cents, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

Single copies, 5 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For Display, $3.00 each Agate Line; for Classified, 35 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined.

All rights in stories purchased by the Ledger revert to the author following their publication by us. All persons are warned against reprinting them without first obtaining the consent of the author.

The Evolution of the Bicycle

A Talk to Ledger Bicyclists

EXPERIMENTERS were working on the bicycle idea before the days of either our grandfather or our great grandfathers. Nearly two centuries have elapsed since the discovery of the laws of motion which enable the rider to keep a two-wheel machine in an upright position while moving. From that time scientists and engineers began to experiment on different machines which could be propelled by human power. In 1779 members of the French Academy in the Place de la Concorde were astonished to see the

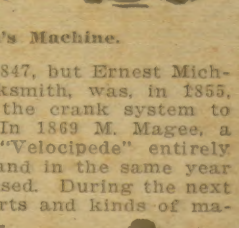
The First Wheel.

The Draisienne.

first crude two-wheel machine to be propelled by human power. It was not, however, until 1818 that Baron von Drais brought out the machine called the "Draisienne," the front wheel of which was capable of being steered. Two Scotchmen, McMillan and Dalzell, made valuable improvements in the machine

McMillan's Machine.

between 1834 and 1847, but Ernest Michaux, a French locksmith, was, in 1855, the first to apply the crank system to the front wheel. In 1869 M. Magee, a Parisian, made a "Velocipede" entirely of iron and steel, and in the same year rubber tires were used. During the next few decades all sorts and kinds of machines were produced—all heavy, clumsy, hard-running, and utterly worthless as far as practical use was concerned, each, however, a little better than its predecessor. Finally, within our own memory came the old high-wheel kind, or "Ordinary," as it was called to distinguish it from the "Safety" which appeared later. The "Ordinary," or high-wheel, received a great impetus when the solid rubber



Michaux' Machine.

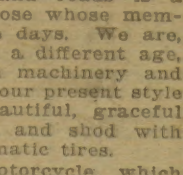
The Earliest Tandem.

tire was added, and for many years it held undisputed sway. The skill and daring it required to ride the "Ordinary" added a keen zest to the sport, and many a middle-aged man today looks back with a certain longing to the exciting club "runs" and "headers" of the good old days. The standard type of "Ordinary" was made with the large wheel in front and a small one behind, with cranks direct on the large driving wheel. Later a number of varieties appeared Some had little wheels behind, others in front. Some had cranks, some levers, while others had cog-wheels, springs, straps, ratchets and what not. The prices of these "bone-shakers," as they were called after the advent of the "Safety," ranged from $150 to $225. It took an expert to ride one, and for several years after the arrival of the "Safety" it was looked upon with scorn by the riders of high wheels. When, however, "cushion" tires, spring forks, spring frames and other improvements were added to the "Safety," its position was assured, and with the advent of the pneumatic tire, the "balloons," as they were first called, rapidly drove the high wheel off the road. The complete disappearance of the thousands of expensive "Ordinarys" which once thronged the streets and roads is a cause for wonder to those whose memory goes back to those days. We are, however, now living in a different age, and, thanks to modern machinery and improvements, we have our present style of bicycle, with its beautiful, graceful lines, its light weight, and shod with its soft, resident pneumatic tires.

Early Saftey.

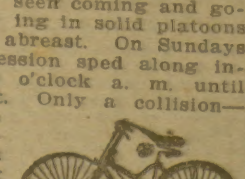
The "Star."

Passing over the motorcycle, which of late has been designed and cheapened for use by the younger persons of both sexes, brief mention should be made of the stupendous bicycle "craze" that followed close upon the heels of the first popular roller skating period, and which died out almost as suddenly as did the fad for the foot-gliders and the gayly illuminated skating rinks. At the height of the bicycle rage the principal boulevards in the larger cities on Saturday afternoons and Sundays resembled a strip of sticky paper, black with quivering flies. Thousands and thousands of riders would be seen coming and going in solid platoons eight to a dozen abreast. On Sundays this strange procession sped along incessantly from 9 o'clock a. m. until after 10 at night, and there were many such accidents in which machines costing from one hundred to two hundred dollars, or more, were hopelessly wrecked and their riders in some cases badly hurt—could halt the endless stream, unless at points where a traffic policeman would call a halt to let crowds of pedestrians cross the street.



The Ordinary.

An Early Safety.



Early Safety.

And such costumes the riders wore! "Knickers," of course, predominated for both sexes, and there were sweaters of

(Concluded on Page 22.)

$2.98

Now buys this pair of Genuine Lion Brand Work Shoes direct from the factory.

Send No Money

JUST send the coupon, no money. We will send you this pair of genuine Lion Brand Work Shoes **On Trial.** These work shoes are made of genuine Lion Brand leather, tanned in our own tannery by a special double process. Soft, pliable, easy on the feet—yet wears like iron. Specially treated to resist barnyard and creamery acids. *Full grain leather; not split.* Popular Blucher style. Full length vamp runs all the way under hard cap toe. Uppers are strong enough to be resoled 4 or 5 times. Double stitched. All leather inner sole. All leather, oak tanned sole. Your choice of Tan, Brown or Black. Sizes 6 to 11.

30 Days Trial For 30 full days give these Lion Brand Work Shoes the hardest wear you ever gave a pair of shoes. Treat them rough. Then, if you do not consider them the greatest work shoe value in America, send them back and we will refund your money.

Order Today Don't send a penny. Just fill out the coupon and mail it today. When the shoes come pay the postman only $2.98 and postage. Then wear the work shoes for 30 days before you decide. You risk nothing. Your judgment is final. Send now.

Lion Brand Shoes

Harsh & Chaplino Shoe Co., Dept. 3533, Milwaukee, Wis.

Send me one pair Lion Brand Work Shoes. When they come I will pay the postman $2.98 and postage and then wear the shoes for 30 days. If, after 30 days' trial, I do not consider them the best shoe bargain in America, or if they are not the most comfortable shoes I ever wore, I will return them and you will refund my money at once.

Size..... ☐ Black No. 74A ☐ Tan No. 75A ☐ Brown No. 76A

Name.....

Address.....

Paint Prices Reduced!

Factory Prices Direct to You!

We have slashed paint prices. We eliminate middleman's profits; no salesmen's expenses, no dealers, jobbers, agents.

Guaranteed Paint for Less

Crosby Ever-Wear Paint has our ironclad guarantee on every can. Get the benefit of quality paint at lowest cost. Write for our free paint book. Illustrated in colors—gives our liberal trial offer—and shows many paint savings. Thousands of satisfied customers — 14th year of paint experience.

Write today for free paint book

CROSBY-FRANK & CO.
310 Peoria St., Chicago, Ill.

WE PAY THE FREIGHT

From factory to you FREE

Easiest riding, most comfortable wheel built. We'll ship it to you on approval. You'll want it sure when you see the 18 exclusive features of the splendid 1921 model electrically equipped

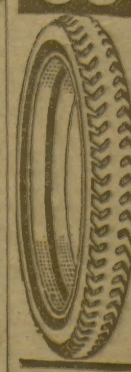
BLACK BEAUTY

Big color-illustrated catalog shows large variety of styles—describes features fully. Choose the wheel and we'll ship express prepaid on approval without cost. A small deposit and A DOLLAR A WEEK makes it yours. Our direct factory price saves you money—a saving you cannot afford to overlook.

5 year guaranty and 6 months' accident insurance with every wheel. Send now for big color-illustrated catalog—it's FREE!

Haverford Cycle Company
Established 25 years
Dept. 143, Philadelphia, Pa.
Be a Black Beauty Owner Agent

6000 MILES



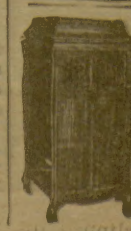
Guaranteed—Send No Money

These tires are all standard makes; some run less than 100 miles. Tubes are brand new fresh stock. 18,000 Bettiford tire users get 8,000 to 10,000 miles of service. After one trial, you will be our steady customers.

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3	$ 6.00	$2.00	34x4	$12.00	$3.25
30x3½	7.00	2.50	33x4½	11.00	3.50
32x3½	8.25	2.50	34x4½	13.00	3.50
31x4	9.50	2.75	35x4½	15.00	3.50
32x4	10.00	3.00	36x4½	16.00	3.50
33x4	11.00	3.00	37x5	16.00	3.50

Send no money. Tires shipped out of town C. O. D. subject to examination. When ordering, specify clincher or straight side. Send your order at once. Orders filled same day as received.

BETTIFORD TIRE CO.
1102 Lake St., Dept. 50, Oak Park, Ill.



Build This PHONOGRAPH YOURSELF

Tremendous Saving in Cost

Easy, fascinating work with our SIMPLIFIED PLANS. We furnish blue prints, diagrams, motor, cabinet pieces, ready-built horn, etc. You don't need to be a cabinet maker. A few hours assembling and you will have a fine instrument at *one-quarter the regular retail price.* AGENTS MAKE MONEY making and selling these instruments. Write today for full details and our FREE OFFER. Address—

MODERN PHONOGRAPH SUPPLY CO.
536 Springer Bldg., 313 So. Clinton St., Chicago, Ill.

A Band There Was

By Artemus Calloway

IF YOU'VE never met Pete Paggley, as have some of the older and more fortunate Ledger readers of last year, Pete is the president, secretary, and treasurer of the Knights and Ladies of the Guiding Light, a social society composed of those who are in the very best Tela, Honduras, colored society. Aside from this position of social eminence, Pete derives his living as proprietor of the North Pole Ice Cream and Soft Drink Parlor down near the "Railroad Salume," and the Hot Iron Pressing Parlor. Pete is no spring chicken in years, but he has his little affairs of the heart with certain dusky damsels of Tela society. Certain of Tela's natives have tried time and again to "get" old Pete Paggley, but Pete has a brain as cunning as the best of them and always comes out right on top.

In Pete Paggley, his friend Kid Scoot, the prize fighter, Goodtimes Harris, the gambler, Hoghead Puckett and Goldtooth Cotton, Goodtimes' friends, Dr. Percy Shade, the light-colored Jamaican, Big Gun, the bad man and bully of Tela, and the other amusing characters of Artemus Calloway's negro stories, are to be found the most real and vivid characters finding print today in any American magazine.

The Pete Paggley stories are not a serial.

Each is complete in itself.

One will appear each week until the new set of five is finished.

They'll cost you five cents a week now.

They'll cost you two dollars when they come out in book form this summer.

PETE PAGGLEY stopped in his tracks. And as he stopped he listened—as he listened he swore.

The opening almost-notes of "She Rolls Her Eyes Like I Rolls de Bones," came belching forth from Shack Brogan's battered trombone, smiting the night air of Honduras with a mighty smite.

In his mind's eye, Pete could see Shack Brogan pull in a fresh lungful of wind, purse his big lips, finger his instrument and cause it to bray forth the atmospheric disturbance which Shack fondly believed to be music.

Pete continued to listen, and Pete continued to swear. The old negro loved Shack Brogan not, and he loved the Tela Shimmy Jazz Band of which Shack was director, even less.

Pete loved music. Under more favorable circumstances he might even enjoy the conglomeration of noise served by the nine instruments constituting the Tela Shimmy Jazz Band; but the band, socially speaking, was on the wrong side of the fence.

Tela's colored population was divided into two classes—those who were members of the Knights and Ladies of the Guiding Light, and those who were not.

Shack and his Tela Shimmy Jazz Band belonged to that crowd which was outside the lodge. This crowd numbered many; more in fact than found shelter 'neth the protecting folds of the Knights and Ladies of the Guiding Light.

Some of these outside ladies and gentlemen hadn't joined the lodge because they had no desire to do so; others hadn't because to them the latch string had been replaced by a double-jawed lock of social ostracism which no key in their possession would budge.

And Father Time, unmindful of lodges, petty squabbles and the weakness of mankind in general, aided by a number of would-be-but-couldn't members, had thrown up a wall of mutual dislike between the two factions that at times amounted to almost actual warfare.

The lodge had no band. Every effort to raise funds to purchase the necessary instruments had been fought down and trampled to death by those members who cared more for money than they did for the added social prestige to be gained thereby.

Then it was that the outsiders scored their most telling blow against their social rivals. Under the leadership of Shack Brogan, one of the rankest of the rank outsiders, the Tela Shimmy Jazz Band was organized.

With the first blare of horns from the camp of the enemy, Pete, backed by a dozen or more of his Brother Knights and Sister Ladies, had again urged that the lodge have a band. Then, as before, opposition was encountered.

Heavy calls on the lodge funds for sick benefits, the purchase of regalia, social affairs and other necessities had drained the lodge treasury, and the band-opposition members declared that they would see the lodge beaten to the ground, dishonored and scattered to the winds before they would stand for an assessment with which to purchase musical instruments.

These members had no objection to a band. . . . They would like for the lodge to have one. . . . But they were not going to pay for it.

These things—and others passed thru Brother Paggley's mind as he stood listening to Shack Brogan's trombone solo. The final notes of "She Rolls Her Eyes Like I Rolls de Bones" died away like the last despairing wail of some full-voiced animal wounded unto death. Then old Pete, his heart filled with bitterness and resentment, moved on.

"Huh!" he muttered. "Dem low-down outside niggahs is gittin' mo' wuss all de time, an' dat trifiin' Shack Brogan is de lowest down one o' de crowd."

Pete shook his head. "Some day," he continued, "I's gwine git mah mad up an' I's gwine do lak Solomon done dat time he runned de Chillum of Israel in de Gulf of Mexico—dat's whut I's gwine do."

The old man walked slowly along the poorly lighted street until he reached his place of business, The North Pole Ice Cream and Soft Drink Parlor. Here he found a sympathetic friend to whom he might unbosom himself.

Kid Scoot grinned when he saw Pete's face. "Huh! Pete, whut ail you? You looks lak somebody is done slipped up behime you an' dropped a coal o' fire down yo' neck."

Pete grunted. "Dey is, but not de kin' o' fiah you's tawkin' 'bout."

Kid chuckled. Pete glared at him for a moment, and then glanced about the place. "Come back heah in de back room, Kid. I wants to tawk wid you. Dat boy kin 'ten' to de trade widout me. Dey ain't much doin'."

Kid followed his friend, and a moment later they were seated in cane-bottomed chairs, facing each other across a rickety time-worn table.

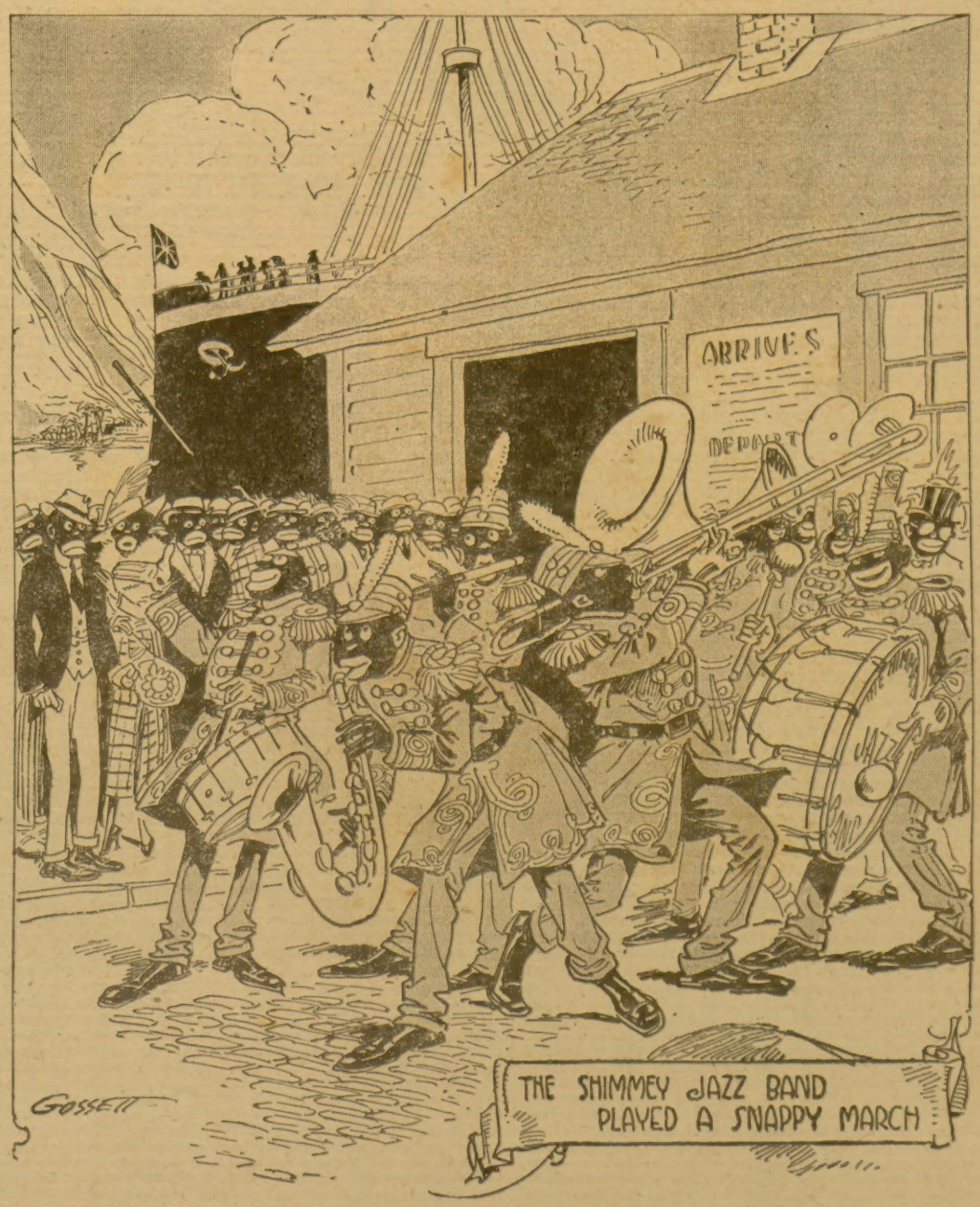
Then Pete opened his heart; likewise his mouth, and proceeded to unfold his tale of woe.

"Kid," commenced the old man in his soft almost-musical voice, "us is got to do sumpthin' to git ahead of Shack Brogan an' de res' o' dat low-down crowd o' niggahs whut calls deyse'ves de anti-lodge crowd."

Kid nodded. "I reckons you's right, but how is us gwine do it? Prize fightin' is mah line—not gittin' ahead of a bunch of crooked niggahs whut fights in de dark. Dem niggahs don' fight in de open."

This was true. Pete had made the same assertion many times himself, and Kid had always agreed with him. But Pete wanted something more than a mere repetition of his own words.

Words would do no good. Action must be had—strong, swift action that would forever settle the question of social supremacy. Pete had been doing some unusually deep thinking on this subject the past few days. There was a reason.



From the moment Shack Brogan organized the Tela Shimmy Jazz Band, conditions had commenced to change, and to change for the worse so far as the lodge was concerned.

Just one week before, the antis had delivered their most telling blow. One of the most important colored citizens of Belize, British Honduras, paid a visit to Tela. The lodge planned to entertain him; a band was needed to give tone and color to this entertainment. Shack and his crowd had refused to lend or hire the services of the Shimmy Jazz Band.

Then came the dirty work. As the visitor stepped off the steamer Suriname a delegation of antis pushed its way thru the welcoming committee from the lodge, and with the Shimmy Jazz Band playing a snappy march spirited away the mighty one before the stupefied Knights and Ladies realized just what had happened.

Pete reminded Kid of this and other insults. "I tells you, Kid," continued Pete, "doin's lak'n to dat can't go by unnoticed. Us is got to do sumpthin' dat'll put dem niggahs in dey places. An' me, de president an' treasurer o' de Knights an' Ladies o' de Guidin' Light, is de one whut is got to do it."

The old negro straightened in his chair. "Us is got to have a ban' o' not less'n twenty pieces, an' I knows whuh us kin git de instruments cheap. De military ban' down at Ceiba is jes' got new instruments an' dey'll sell dey ol' ones at a rejuced price. Ain't gwine cos' so ve'y much to git 'em. An' us is got to have 'em. Dey's plenty mens in de lodge whut kin learn to play. Us kin fin' somebody to teach 'em."

Kid nodded. "Dat's all so. But us ain't got de money. Dem is fine instruments dat ban' at Ceiba is doin' 'way wid, an' even de secon' han' price is gwine be right smaht. You knows how de membahs is kicked 'bout taxin' 'em. If'n you wuz to try dat it would jes' 'bout break up de lodge."

Pete grunted. "I knows dat. But if'n things keeps on lak dey is, it's gwine break up de lodge anyhow. Lot o' de membahs is dissatisfied now, 'count o' de way things is gwine."

Then Pete dug up from somewhere in the recesses of his brain the big idea; the idea that started things on their way to the beginning of commencement.

Only two days before the Grand Almagated West Indian Circus reached Tela. Tela was hungry for a circus, and the circus was hungry for Tela money, being for the moment under extreme financial embarrassment.

But Alonzo Skillings, the big black Jamaican who owned the show, found shortly after reaching Tela that he had struck a snag which bade fare to sink his none too seaworthy business craft.

The snag was one Don Miguel Cabrera, alcalde, of Tela. His honor the alcalde, swore by his neatly trimmed mustache and the real leather shoes on his feet that so long as he ruled, the town of Tela would be desecrated by no circus.

A circus had visited there once before during Don Miguel's regime and that circus had pulled many stunts not to that gentleman's liking, chief among which was the winning by the proprietor of all Don Miguel's money by means of the well-known game of draw poker. Henceforth and forever so long as he had anything to do with it, declared Miguel, no circus should perform in Tela.

Pete knew that this decision on the part of Don Miguel had struck Alonzo Skillings in his most unguarded spot. Alonzo had intended playing three nights in Tela, and then move on by means of one of the many sailing schooners plying Honduranean ports, to Ceiba. But it requires money to travel by sailing schooner—and Alonzo was moneyless.

Once upon a time, Pete had been able to do Don Miguel a financial favor; a favor of which the three-quarter Indian stood in great need. Pete knew that Miguel never forgot favors or wrongs, and it was this knowledge that caused him to bid Kid remain at the North Pole while he hastened to the alcalde's home.

Pete found Miguel Cabrera as ever—ready to listen to any request he might make. Pete also found his official friend just as bitter against circuses and circus people as he had been the day he received his bitter lesson at the hands of the circus man.

Pete, however, was a good talker, so good in fact, that when he departed two hours later, Don Miguel pressed upon him a real cigar and assured him that—"understan', amigo mi, eet ees only for you that I agree the circus shall do the perform."

Pete grinned his thanks and hustled away to find Alonzo Skillings. Alonzo was easily found and more easy to talk to when Pete's conversation commenced to clink like real money.

"De alcalde," explained Pete, "dat's whut dey calls de mayor here, you know; well, he's a frien' o' mine an' he's doin' dis foh me. Dey ain't as much in

it foh you as dey mout be but it's mo' better'n nothin'. Under de 'rangement you will be 'lowed to play in Tela three nights commencin' tomorrow night, wid de understanding' dat you is to have fo' hundred dollahs o' de total money tooken in; I is to have 'nough to buy de secon' han' ban' instruments—an' de res' is to go to de alcalde."

Alonzo shook his head. "That his very hunreasonable, Mr. Paggley!" Pete despised the way that man handled his h's. "Hit's very hunreasonable. We should take in has much has five 'undred dollars heach night, hand——"

Pete interrupted. "I's sorry. Dat's de bes' I kin do. You kin do as you laks. Whut is yo' decisium?"

Pete felt sure of Alonzo's decision. He knew the Jamaican could not afford to remain in Tela indefinitely. The old man was really regretful that Alonzo couldn't get more money out of the transaction, but he could do nothing.

"Hi haccept," announced Alonzo after a moment. "You will fix heverything hup?"

"Yeh. De alcalde ain't gwine cha'ge you no license foh showin'."

"Charge!" snorted Alonzo. "No. 'E's just taking."

Pete nodded. "Mebbe so you's right. But you 'members dey's a sayin' by de Prophet Ananias dat 'ev'y little bit he'ps,' an' dat sho' fits yo' case, Brudder Skillins."

Alonzo grunted. "You don't know what you hare talking habout."

Pete grinned. "Mebbe so you's right, but I's puffexly willin' to go by whut dem says dat knows. By so doin' I ain't trustin' to no mistakes."

Then Pete proceeded to business. "De fus' show gwine be tomorrow night?"

Alonzo nodded.

"All right, den, Mustuh Skillins. You begin to git yo' advertisin' ready. Dis ain't a ve'y big town an' you kin let ev-ybody know 'bout de show in two hours after you gits stahted."

PETE, contrary to the assertions of some of his enemies, was thoroly alive from the neck up. He was careful to see that none of the advertising posters with which Alonzo plastered the town the following morning had any reference to the Knights and Ladies of the Guiding Light Band fund. Pete wanted everybody's patronage. And when 9:30 o'clock came slipping along, the work was finished and Alonzo was able to stand back and call it good.

All went well until it commenced to go wrong. Pete was busy serving customers at the North Pole when Kid Scoot entered and smashed the bad news all over the place.

"De show is done sp'iled till de devil wouldn't have it!" was Kid's gentle method of announcing his mission.

Pete felt a cold chill creeping up his spine. "Whut's dat foolishments you's tawkin' wid yo' mouf, Kid?"

Kid grunted. "'Tain't no foolishments. An' also you ain't gwine think so neider. Is you heerd dat pistol shootin' 'while ago?"

Pete shook his head. "No. So many pistols shootin' off 'roun' dis town all de time I don' pay no min' to 'em. Whut you means?"

Kid threw back his broad shoulders the better to orate. "Fernando Silva done shot at Alonzo Skillins an' runned him off!"

Old Pete's heart did a flip-flop. Even his toes had a nervous twitching. Pete knew that once Fernando Silva took a hand in the game the beans were not only spilled, but the bean container busted.

Pete was thinking rapidly. He knew this man Fernando, whose father was a mixture of Indian and Spanish, with possibly one or two other bloods thrown in for good measure, and whose mother was a negress from Barbadoes. Pete knew that it was thru political pull Fernando had secured the appointment of customs officer at Tela, in which position he had made himself a nuisance for months past.

Nevertheless, there were some things Pete did not know and those things were hanging on Kid's tongue ready to roll off.

Pete believed in helping a good man along. "Go on an' tell me whut you means, Kid. I's waitin' to hear."

Kid needed no second urging. "It's lak'n to dis. You know Fernando is 'sposed to be wukin' under de collector of customs foh dis port, but he wuks under hisse'f, 'count he's got big political frien's——"

Pete nodded impatiently. "Yeh. Don't take up all day tellin' me sumpthin' I knows a'ready. Spit out yo' news."

Kid continued. "Dey's a fruit steamer in heah loadin' at de dock an' Fernando is exposed to be on it, watchin' to see dat dey ain't no smugglin' done. But he ain't on it—He's 'roun' town drinkin' White Eye, dat stuff all de natives drinks, whut makes 'em ac' lak dey's wil'—an' he's drunker'n a b'iled owl. You know dat stuff sho' do play de devil wid a man. I's seed 'em drink it an' fight a week—an' den drap lak dey's daid an' sleep another week. Well, foh de las' hour, Fernando is been roamin' de streets, cussin', an' wantin' to fight."

Kid paused suddenly and made a hurried search thru his pockets for a cigarette. Finally this was found. Then more time was consumed in obtaining a match. Kid took a couple of satisfying puffs on the cigarette and continued:

"Fernando an' Mistuh Skillins met up de street a little ways. Fernando said sumpthin' to Fernando, an' den it stahted——"

Kid shook his head. "It done stahted in a hurry. Mistuh Skillins didn't lose no time in seein' dat he'd made a bad mistook when Fernando's han' stahted after his gun, but it wuz too late den to think o' whut he had ought not to of done."

Kid regarded his cigarette intently. "Alonzo stahted runnin' by de time de fus' shot wuz flahed, an' he passed de secon' bullet 'bout two blocks away. A'ter dat, Alonzo wuz plumb out o' shootin' distance, onless Fernando could a caught him by telegraft."

Pete rolled his eyes. "An' Mistuh Skillins is gone?"

Kid grinned. "Not out'n Honduras, but I thinks he's cumsiderin' dat. I jes' met a little boy down de street on de way heah to tell you dat Alonzo is at you house an' wants you to come over dah."

Pete frowned. "Dem fool Jamaica niggahs allus is gittin' in trouble, ain't dey, Kid?"

Without waiting for Kid's reply, the old man continued. "I sho' does wish dey wuz mo' 'Merican niggahs lak us is down heah in Honduras. Don' expose day's mo'n thutty 'Merican niggahs heah, an' it keeps us busy gittin' two thousan' Jamaicans out'n trouble. Well, I's got to go see 'bout dat niggah."

AT HIS little hut on the outskirts of Tela, Pete found a badly frightened Alonzo Skillings. Alonzo, never a brave man, was further from that now than ever before in his life. He had heard some disquieting things regarding Fernando during his short stay in Honduras—and now they were even more disquieting.

Pete coaxed the circus man from behind the house and into it. Alonzo accepted the chair which Pete shoved his way, but kept a wary eye on the door.

"Now whut's de trouble?" Pete wanted to know.

Alonzo shuddered. "'Aven't you 'eard?"

Pete nodded slowly. "I's heerd some, but not all. Whut stahted it?"

Alonzo took a muchly decorated silk handkerchief from his pocket and mopped his perspiring brow. Considerable of the fear he felt showed in his voice when he spoke. "There hare some things which hare beyond hexplanation. This his one hof them. We 'ad words hand hit started."

Pete's old head bobbed vigorously. "You's dum right it started. Now whut's us gwine do?"

Alonzo knew what he was going to do. He was going to get away from Tela—and soon. "Hi ham not going back to the circus grounds," he declared. "That his ha bad mon."

Pete was hearing the death knell of his band hopes and he knew it. He knew as well as did Alonzo that Fernando Silva was a bad man. He also knew that Alonzo would not venture back to the circus as long as Fernando was roaming about the town, and he knew there could be no circus without Alonzo. Nevertheless and why not?

"Can't dey be no show less'n you's dah?" he asked, knowing what the answer would be.

Alonzo shook his head. "No. The people Hi 'ave, 'ave wooden 'eads. They cown't do hanything without me. Besides, Fernando would tear up the circus. Hi cawn't hafford to show."

Pete thought long and deeply. He knew the circus man was speaking the truth. Finally he rose from his chair.

"You stay right heah, Mistuh Skillins an' keep one eye on de road. I don't think Fernando's gwine come heah lookin' foh you. If'n he do, you git out de back do', an' stay in de bush back dah till he goes 'way. He can't fin' you back dah. I's gwine over in town an' see whut I kin do."

Leaving an extremely nervous Alonzo Skillings behind, Pete started for town. On the bridge spanning the river which divided the town, thereby constituting East and West Tela, Pete paused for a moment. Somehow he felt that his thinking apparatus always worked better on the bridge, with the water flowing slowly along underneath, the fish playing about in plain view. But his thoughts received a rude interruption.

"Hello, dah, ol' man! Heah 'bout de festerval de Shimmy Jazz Ban' is gwine have Sat-dy night?"

Pete brought his head up with a jerk. A few feet away stood Shack Brogan. Pete glared. "Huh! I ain't intrusted in whut no ol' outside ban' gwine do. Dat ban' ain't botherin' nobody. If'n I couldn't be 'long wid sho' 'nough 'fluential people——"

Shack laughed. "I don' knew whedder yo' Brudder Sisters an' Lady Knights is 'fluential or not, but I does know dey's a lot o' dem dat's thinkin' 'bout puttin' you on de outside, an' if'n dey does you sho' is gwine be on de outside, 'cause us ain't gwine have you wid us."

Pete stiffened. "Put me out! How you means?"

Shack grinned—a most tantalizing grin. "Jes' whut I says. De members o' de Knights an' Ladies wants a ban', but dey ain't willin' to pay foh it. An' some o' dem bein' thickhead blames you foh whut dey ain't willin' to do. Dey thinks you bein' president had ought to git 'em a ban' widout it's costin' 'em anything. Co'se——"

And Shack chuckled. "Bein's you an' me thinks so much o' one 'nother I's he'pin' 'em 'long wid dat b'lief."

Pete snorted. "You better take warnin', Shack. You 'members whut happened to Noah dat time he pesticated Ham 'bout takin' a little too much gin—de bears comed 'long an' eat him up. An'——"

Shack expressed his disbelief in any such calamity by a derisive grunt. "Bears! You ain't no bear. You can't eat nobody."

"Never you min' Shack. Anyhow you's li'ble to wake up some time an' fin' us is got a ban'."

Shack laughed heartily. "Y'all got a ban'! Y'all ain't got nothin'. You niggahs is got a lodge full o' nothin'; dat's whut you's got. It takes money to have ban's an' money are whut us is got."

Pete had no words to waste on a fool nigger like Shack Brogan. He moved on. "You jes' wait——"

Shack chuckled. "I's waitin', an' so is you. Dat's all you kin do—wait."

SHACK'S words troubled old Pete. Those confounded enemies of his in the lodge must be working against him again. . . . There was always somebody trying to get his office as president and treasurer. . . . They'd use any excuse to get it. . . . It was the fault of the members that the lodge had no band, but if it could be fastened upon Pete it would be done.

Hang Fernando Silva! Just when things were going good he had to throw a monkey wrench in the machinery.

But perhaps something might happen. Pete had an idea. He would have a good crowd on hand for the circus, anyway. Perhaps Fernando would be so full of White Eye as to forget his grievance against Alonzo. Pete was going down fighting.

Back to the North Pole, Pete went. There was more trouble. Kid Scoot was bubbling over with disquieting information.

"Fernando is marchin' up an' down de street," proclaimed Kid. "He's swearin' dat he's gwine shoot Alonzo if'n he sees him, an' says if'n dey's any show heah tonight he's gwine tear de whole thing up."

Pete winced. . . . Still, if the negroes didn't becomes too frightened to attend the circus . . .

"I's got sumptin' foh you to do, kid. Git out a pencil an' write whut I tells you."

One hour later three signs, all carrying the same information were posted about the town.

The reading matter thereon was:

CIRCUS AN' OTHER EXCITEMENT TONITE.
Come One—Come All

SEE the gran amalgeramated west indian show. an maybe Extry doins. it Is been Said mister alonZo skillins cant sHow hear. he Says he will. see the Big sNaik eat the green Cow. see mister Skillins Bust anybody on the Nose whut bothers with him. see the rope Walker see the Pretty girls daince see the Girl ride 2 hosses at 1 time.

Everybody is comin. Everybody is goin to have a Good time. keep yo Eye on mister skillins an the Man whut Says they aint goin to be no show.

Price one Dollar per each. Ladies the Same price. its a tightwad whut wont bring a lady.

The show is goin to show rain or shine, fite or no fite.

Half an hour after the posters went up, Fernando Silva had slowly spelled out the contents of the one posted in front of the Railroad saloon. This one he pulled down and ground into the dust with his feet.

"Who thees mon ees who put thees mos' d—n lie up?" he demanded. No one knew. A small boy had been the bill poster—and he had disappeared.

Telling the world what he would do if he caught sight of one Alonzo Skillings, Fernando turned down the street. The Railroad saloon did not dispense White Eye, and Fernando was seeking some place which handled this desirable beverage.

The day wore on. Crowds collected around the posters that Fernando hadn't found. There would certainly be something doing at the circus that night. Sure, they'd all be there.

But Pete was beginning to fear that the crowd was in for a big disappointment. The posters were doing their work well—the crowd was thoroly excited, but would the circus doors open?

The old fellow even went to his friend, the alcalde, with the suggestion that Fernando be placed under arrest. The alcalde smiled but shook his head. In the first place there weren't enough policemen in town to arrest Fernando. . . . In the next place, Fernando had political pull, and Don Miguel wasn't going to bother with the affair. . . . He desired no trouble with those higher up. . . . The alcalde did this much. . . . He saw the chief of police and got that official's promise that he would keep hands off in the affair. The Chief ordinarily was under the alcalde's jurisdiction, but Don Miguel feared that gentleman might become unduly excited and start something. The chief informed him that he need have no fear; Fernando's business was Fernando's business—the chief was not going to disturb him. Let the show proceed if it wanted to, was his verdict. . . . Perhaps he might get something out of it.

The alcalde gave Pete one last parting piece of advice, and that was that Pete would do well to keep Fernando ignorant of Pete's connection with the circus.

Pete assured his friend that these words were useless. Pete was no fool. He wanted no personal difficulty with the bad man.

So it went until about 3:30 in the afternoon. Pete heard some one say the steamer was about ready to pull out. Then he remembered that he must get busy on an order to the States for some flavoring extracts. The postoffice wasn't overly reliable; he'd mail his letter on the steamer as was his usual custom.

Calling Kid Scoot into service as letter-writer, Pete hustled off to the port commandant's office to get a permit to board the steamer. With this in his pocket, together with a couple of letters the commandant desired mailed, Pete returned to the North Pole, secured the letter Pete had prepared and shuffled off down the street.

"Huh!" he muttered. "Wonder whuh Fernando is at? 'Spose he's out at de boat by now, he usually is 'bout de time dey leaves even if'n he ain't no yuther time. But I ain't gwine pesticate wid him, and he ain't gwine pesticate wid me."

Arriving at the boat, Pete presented his pass to the guard on the dock and walked slowly up the gang plank to the steamer's deck. Here he asked for the purser. A sailor had just noticed the purser walking back to where the fruit checkers were taking count of the last few bunches of fruit coming on board.

Yes. The sailor had seen Fernando. He was back that way, too. Pete determined to be on the lookout.

"I wants to fin' dat purser real quick," he muttered.

Glancing about him like a scared cat, the old man found his way back to the fruit checkers, and there he found the purser. Delivering the letters Pete turned away.

Ten feet from the purser the old man stopped. Then a slow grin spread over his face.

The circus band played. Negroes and

(Continued on Page 16.)

The 30th Window

by George J. Brenn

CHIEF CORSON of New York's detective bureau had the proper conception of the case from the beginning.

"This is one of those cases, Charlie, where public interest is at fever-heat for nine days; after that the interest lags and the case is forgotten, but never explained."

Corson's assistance had been requested by the Newark police on the second day of the mystery; on the third day he sent for Fenwick.

"Since you are so pessimistic regarding the chances of ultimate success, why ask my assistance?" inquired the young wire-chief, pointedly.

Corson smiled.

"My faith in your infallibility," he answered. "The case presents so many complex features that the answer is sure to be perfectly obvious. Trained detectives are schooled to disregard the obvious; they depend on the newspapers to add two and two. If the newspaper answer to the problem is 'four,' they make an arrest; if it is 'three' or 'five,' they go to work. This case is a permutation, however, the answers being three, four or five. A schoolboy, a ribbon-clerk or any criminologist who follows unorthodox methods is apt to succeed in solving it because he will discount the unusual features and give due weight to the obvious. I'd like you to try your hand at it."

"I'd like to," admitted Fenwick, wistfully, "but I doubt if the Trader's Telephone Company can spare me. Besides, I have only the sketchiest kind of an idea of what has occurred."

"I haven't the account of the first day's occurrences, but here are the Newark papers of yesterday and today, and they'll give you what you want."

Corson tossed two newspapers across the desk to Fenwick. One was printed on white newsprint paper, the other on pink. The white sheet claimed his attention first. He read:

MYSTERIOUS HOLES IN WINDOWS BAFFLING TO NEWARK'S POLICE.

No crime in years has baffled the police department of this city as has the "plate-glass mystery," involving the destruction, under most peculiar circumstances, of more than fifteen thousand dollars' worth of show windows.

Detectives on reserve at police headquarters last night waited for a telephonic report of new destruction, ready to jump into a waiting automobile to rush to the scene.

Containing all the elements of the fiction detective story, the mystery has defied the whole police force for two days. Who put the round, clean, bulletlike holes in twenty-nine of the biggest windows in the city, and how were the holes made?

HEIGHT OF HOLES VARIES.

The height of the holes in the different windows varies from three or four feet to ten or twelve feet. In only one or two cases have the windows been cracked. In every case the only thing that has been found inside the windows has been little slivers of glass—no bullet, no stone, no missile of any sort. In most cases no marks have been found on merchandise in the windows or on the wooden or glass backgrounds.

Captain Guthrie of the detective bureau said last night he believed a slater's hammer, an instrument with a small punch-like head, was being used. A prominent slater, when asked his opinion as to this possibility, said he didn't believe such a hammer could make a hole in the window without cracking or shattering the entire pane. Glass, he said, was not as easy to punch holes in as slate; he had found it so.

"Slaters I have talked with have told me just the opposite," Captain Guthrie said. "They think that a slater's hammer would make a finer, cleaner hole in plate glass than in slate."

NO MISSILES FOUND.

The absence of bullets or other missiles in the windows, the Captain said, did away with the theory that a gun with a silencer or an air rifle had been used.

Some of the curious things that have not been satisfactorily explained are:

The hole in a cardboard display four feet from the glass in a Market street store.

Another hole in the crepe paper background of a window, and the absence of any mark on the mirror in back of the paper.

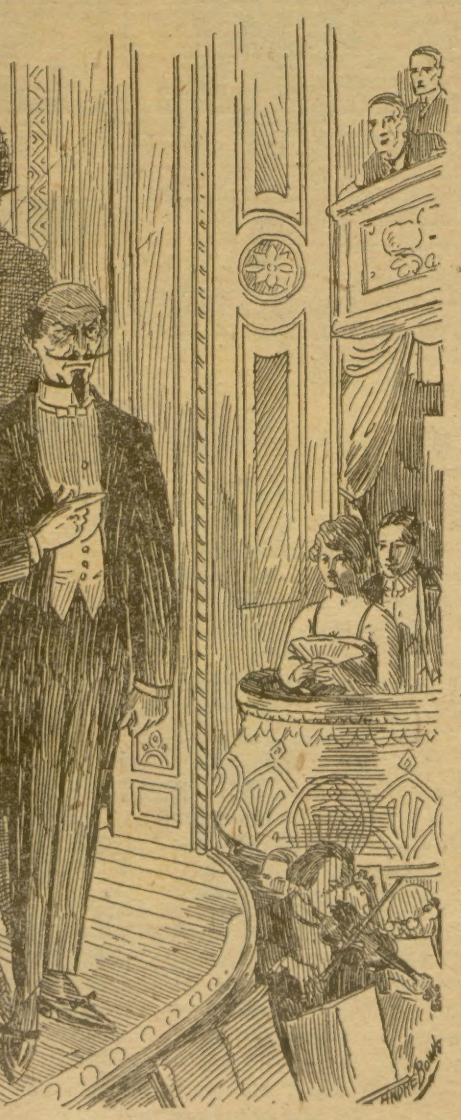
The height of the hole in the Amberger window is more than twelve feet from the ground. If a slater's hammer was used it must have had an especially long handle. If the handle is more than four feet long how was it carried about?

It was said last night that if more windows were reported broken the police department might issue an order for everybody to keep at least four feet from show windows. Any one going any closer would be subject to questioning by the police.

"PHEW!" whistled Fenwick, as he finished his perusal of the article. "This newspaper doesn't appear to have added two and two at all!"

"Perhaps it has, but hasn't published the answer," suggested Corson.

Charlie eagerly turned to the other paper and read:



"My Friends," Began the Magician in His Deep, Steel-like Voice.

FOLLOW CLEWS WHICH MAY END DEEP MYSTERY.

Officials and Business Men Puzzled as to How Holes Were Made in Plate Glass of Stores.

Arrests are expected soon as sequels to Newark's unique window-breaking mystery.

Plate-glass windows were broken in thirteen stores in the heart of Newark some time last night in such manner that police have not the remotest idea how it was done. But in spite of the fact that police do not know the method, investigations so far today have pointed out a possible trail to the vandals. Police believe the damage was done for a definite purpose. They feel sure they have established the motive and that this will lead them to the men concerned.

At first it was thought auto vandals tore thru the city firing from a noiseless gun. But police investigators have not been able to find traces of bullets or other missiles at any place where a window was broken. The holes made in the windows were of a size corresponding to that made by a .22 calibre bullet, or the point of an umbrella.

Policemen on every beat in which broken windows were found today, reported no shots had been fired in their territorities in the night. Neither had they heard breaking glass.

All along Market street and particularly in some of the vicinities in which broken windows were found there is a twenty-four hour patrol. At all hours of last night there were individuals on Market street who would have noticed anything out of the ordinary, but not one of them has been able to give police the least information.

"I don't believe the windows were broken by bullets," said Captain Bell, first precinct, after investigation.

"Of course, a noiseless gun might have been used, but there would have been traces of the bullets. It is inconceivable that any one should have been able to go thru the streets breaking window after window in any method at all without detection, yet that is what was done."

Beneath this article was a "box" headed, "Stores in Which Windows Were Broken," followed by the names and addresses of thirteen establishments.

"What do you think of that article?" demanded Corson, as Fenwick finished reading it.

"Sounds as tho the police wrote it to conceal their utter ignorance of the affair," grinned Charlie.

"They probably did," admitted Corson, grinning in turn. "Are you interested?"

"Tremendously. It's a bird of a mystery, and I'll be glad to take a hand in it. I've thought of a way to be on the ground with my company's permission."

"How's that?"

"Practically all telephone companies are contemplating the introduction of mechanical telephone operating, whereby the calling party performs the work of establishing a connection with the other telephone, thus eliminating the services of the operator. What is known as a 'semi-mechanical' central office has been in operation at the Branch Brook central office in Newark for some time. Under this system operators are employed to take the calls from subscribers and transmit them to the machinery by means of numerical keys. It has thus been possible to try out mechanical operating without introducing any new method of calling on the part of the subscriber during the trial installation. My company has obtained permission for me to study the new system thoroly at the Branch Brook central

office. I expected to spend next month there, but I believe I can arrange to begin my study immediately, and I will therefore be in Newark for a month."

"That's fine, Charlie," commended Corson. "You're so darned conscientious about your telephone work that I was afraid you wouldn't be able to get in on the window mystery. I won't risk spoiling things by relating my theories regarding the case, but I'll give you a letter to Captain Guthrie in Newark. Go over on the Hudson Tube train without delay, and butt right in. Guthrie will be glad to have you."

"The one newspaper," observed Fenwick, "mentions thirteen broken windows, while the other mentions twenty-nine."

He paused expectantly. Corson glanced up from the letter he was inditing in long hand.

"There were sixteen additional windows broken last night or early this morning," he explained. He completed the letter, inclosed it in an envelope which he addressed to Captain Guthrie of the Newark detective bureau, and handed it to Charlie.

"Be off, my boy," he said, paternally, "and don't be afraid to use the telephone! I want you to make good."

"It looks hopeless," returned Fenwick, shaking hands and picking up his hat, "but that's what I like about it. I'll do my best."

THREE-QUARTERS of an hour later Charlie was ushered into the office of Captain Guthrie in Newark, Corson's letter of introduction being the "Open Sesame." There were half a dozen typical detectives ranged about the room, registering varying degrees of dejection.

"Gentlemen, this is Mr. Fenwick, sent here by Chief Corson of New York," introduced Guthrie, wisely refraining from mentioning that Fenwick was an amateur. "I'll inform Mr. Fenwick of the facts in the case, and then you may each have an opportunity of expressing your views."

Guthrie's story corresponded closely with the newspaper accounts of the mystery, but he advanced no theory other than the one involving the slater's hammer, which he appeared to have stubbornly adopted. At last he attacked the problem of finding a motive for the vandalism and Fenwick listened attentively.

"The very first motive to occur to any one is revenge," pronounced the Captain. "But revenge against whom? Perhaps a plate-glass insurance company. Well, sir, that theory has been busted to smithereens. Upon investigation we find that twenty-four of the windows are insured with sixteen different companies; the other five are uninsured. Therefore, it is not a question of revenge against one company. The next theory is that some plate-glass salesman or manufacturer wished to stimulate sales. We have learned, however, that the plate-glass factories are working at capacity, are six months behind in deliveries and would really welcome a lull in business to enable them to catch up with orders. There does not seem to be rhyme or reason in the kind of places which were selected for attack. There are four department stores, two furniture houses, two undertaking establishments, a shoe store, a hair-dresser's, and a variety of other places. Politics? Nix—the proprietors are Republican, Democrat, Socialist, Prohibition and Single Tax. Religion? Again nix—Catholic, Protestant and Jew have been up against the smashing, indiscriminately. I can't make it out. I believe that a slater's hammer is being used and that it's a plain case of cussedness—vandalism, on the part of a gang of local roughnecks. Some of the boys have theories that sound like gibberish to me, but we'll let them tell you about 'em. Go ahead, Donnelly."

Thus directed, the burly individual addressed as Donnelly shifted his quid of plug tobacco, ponderously removed his feet from the rungs of his chair and commented briefly:

"Reds is what I say—anarchists. Them fellers is up to all sorts of deviltry these days. Haven't I caught 'em tearin' out rose bushes and destroyin' millionaires' flower gardens? I'll say I have, and they're up to all sorts of other deviltry, stoppin' at nothin' to throw terror into owners of big property. Breakin' windows would only be just so much sport to some Red loafer who is too cowardly to take a part in their more serious crimes. For my part I'll turn my attention to the wobblies to solve this affair."

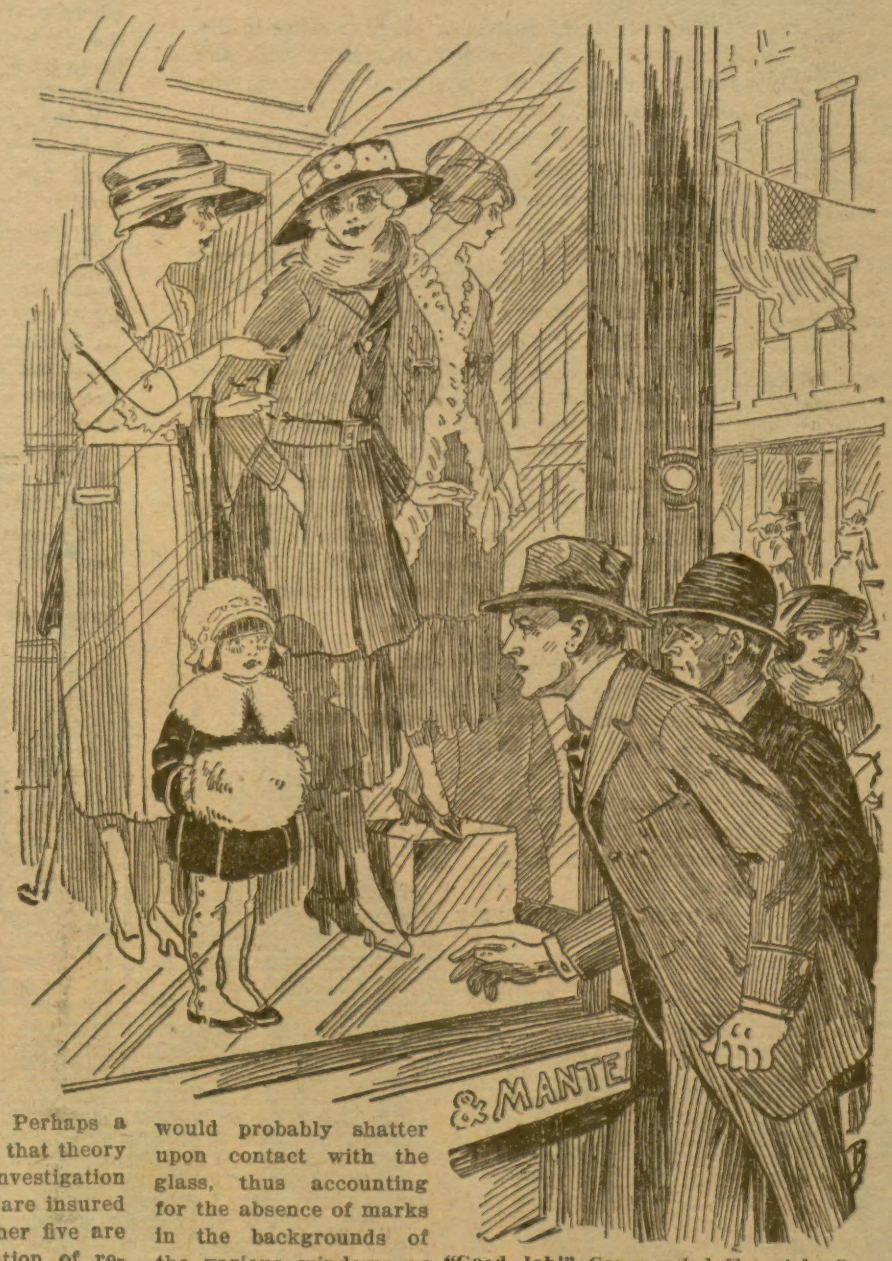
"That will do," interrupted Guthrie, brusquely. "You've got 'wobblies' on the brain. Ever since the Shimpfsky case you've been trailing wild-eyed Russians and striking tailors. Beat it, and don't come back without something real!"

With ostentatious unconcern that apparently meant, "You can't insult ME!" Donnelly rose to his feet and swaggered from the room.

"Shoot, Brandt," commanded Guthrie.

An undersized, middle-aged man of scholarly expression immediately sat erect in his chair.

"I hold that the damage has been done with a glass bullet," he announced firmly. "Such a bullet would probably shatter upon contact with the glass, thus accounting for the absence of marks in the backgrounds of the various windows as well as for our inability to find a missile. I have no theory concerning motive. Captain Guthrie's is as good as any—deliberate vandalism."



"Good Job!" Commended Fenwick, Surveying the Window Dresser's Effort.

"Brandt's a pretty level-headed fellow," whispered Guthrie to Fenwick so audibly that the individual mentioned smiled broadly. "S'pose you give us a thriller, Glorieux."

The somewhat nervous, wiry individual who answered to the name of Glorieux, was dapper, alert and restless. He spoke with the slightest trace of French accent.

"Something new is behind this, I theenk," he answered quickly. "Some one has made a new discovery—an ice-bullet, perhaps, or a penetrating ray of light. He wishes to interest capital in his invention or discovery, and seeks publicitee in this manner."

"Hell!" snorted Guthrie. "Get out—all of you except Brandt! I'll explain the rest to Mr. Fenwick." He turned to Charlie, apologetically.

"It's getting on my nerves," he admitted. "They'll be tellin' me next that the Martians are tryin' to signal us by borin' holes thru our windows with star-dust. 'Dutch' Muller, one of the men who just left, insists that it's a publicity dodge engineered by an enterprising press agent. There happens to be a show in town this week called 'The House of Glass'."

Charlie laughed.

"Take my car," directed the Captain, addressing Brandt, "and drive Mr. Fenwick to the Wequahic for lunch. Then take him around town and show him every window that has been broken. Take your orders from him until further notice."

"I'd like to stop at the Telephone Building first, if you don't mind," observed Fenwick.

"Sure enough. It's on Washington street—only a short distance from here. Drive him over, Brandt."

They drove over Broad street and turned into Branford place.

"See that garage and automobile supply house?" queried Brandt. "Fellow who runs it works a pretty good stunt. Day and night he has a man sitting outside the building with a field-glass and a stenographer's notebook. Know why?"

Fenwick confessed his ignorance.

"I'll tell you. He inspects every automobile that goes by. Looks for bum shoes, broken lights, damaged tops and other defects. Follows the car with his fieldglasses to get the license number. Jots it down in the notebook, together with the defects. The owner's name and address is then determined by consulting a license registration book. A salesman then consults the telephone directory, telephones the owner, and impresses him with the necessity for repairing the defects before it is too late. He usually gets the business, too."

"Very ingenious," remarked Fenwick, "but merely a variation of the 'selling by telephone' idea, which is still in its infancy."

Brandt parked the car alongside the Telephone Building, while Charlie called on the Division Plant superintendent. He arranged to begin his study of the "machine-switching" central office the next day. He then telephoned his own office at Springfield, explained the arrangement he had made, and confided the terminal room to the tender mercies of his "desk-man." Brandt then drove him to the Wequahic Hotel, where he registered, after which the two lunched. He found Brandt an intelligent individual of an analytical turn of mind. Over their luncheon the two earnestly discussed the window mystery. Brandt called attention, in his quiet manner, to certain salient points which had not previously been mentioned.

"Some of the windows which were broken last night were a mile apart," he observed. "I believed at first that the job might have been an inside one, since a rifle or revolver discharged toward the window from the inside would account for our failure to locate a bullet anywhere inside the windows. It wouldn't be possible, however, for any one to effect an entrance to each of the twenty-nine establishments involved without attracting attention. A short time ago we had a watchmen's strike here in town which the strikers lost. I figured they might be taking revenge in this manner, but twelve of the twenty-nine places attacked have no night watchman."

"That 'inside job' theory is interesting, nevertheless," declared Fenwick. "Had you any other reason for rejecting it?"

"Yes. Broad street is a pretty wide thorofare, but not quite wide enough for a bullet to be spent in crossing it. That's the street just across the park from this hotel. A dozen of the broken windows are on Broad street. Half a dozen more are on Market street, which is comparatively narrow. I applied my knowledge of geometry and trigonometry to an investigation of the other side of the street at various angles in a line with the holes in the windows, but I was unable to find any traces of a bullet."

"Quite conclusive," agreed Charlie. "But the theory that an automobile has been used is apparently justified, is it not?"

"I would say so," answered Brandt. "I tried to figure out if the shots might have been fired from a building opposite each of the stores, but there were reasons in the majority of cases why such action was highly improbable. An automobile traveling at twenty-five miles an hour over Broad street or down Market would attract very little attention, however, particularly if the method of destruction were noiseless. The vehicular traffic on those streets is ex-

(Continued on Page 17.)

Dopey

An Amusing Mystery

By FRANKLIN STRINGFELLOW

The Story From the Beginning

MYRTLE STYRES, of "Curley and Curley, Singing and Dancing Artists," billed in vaudeville as the "Lady of the Diamonds," finally convinced her drinking husband and stage partner,

"DOPEY," otherwise Mr. Billy Styres, that they should have more money for their act. When they raised their demand for a substantial advance their manager, Abe Fichman, promptly "fired" them. Aside from Myrtle's numerous diamond rings and other jeweled pieces, the pair—according to Myrtle, who carried the cash—had not money enough to travel very far, so they agreed to go to a small hotel in a neighboring city run by Myrtle's aunt,

"MOMMA" (Mrs. Webber), where boarded a newcomer and very mysterious man, who gave the name of

MR. SNOOKS, suspected of being a petty thief, who would steal most anything not chained down. The star boarder in Mrs. Webber's abode was

MR. JONES, a plainclothes man and detective, a bleek and smiling fellow who admitted that he could "detect a dollar or a drink of booze two blocks away."

Momma was amazed one night to see two of her men boarders slip out into the darkness, one evidently following the other, and still more excited when she observed a third man skulking away towards the freight yards. It developed that the sleuth was forced to abandon his chase of the man he was shadowing, who gave him the slip somewhere in the vicinity of the railroad depot.

Snooks was not about the boarding-house next morning. Anyway, his chair at the breakfast-table was unoccupied. Then, just before the morning meal was finished, piercing screams came from Myrtle's room on an upper floor. "She's being murdered!" cried Momma. The excitement was intensified by the known fact that Dopey, her husband, had also disappeared during the night.

This story began in No. 10 the Ledger for March 5. Back numbers may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOME time in the middle of the afternoon, the effects of Mr. Jones' whisky having worn off, Dopey awoke with a groan. His head hurt; his throat hurt; he was burning up; he was hurting all over. He needed another drink.

For a time Dopey lay gazing at the ceiling, his mind busy with the possibility of securing it. The chances in that direction did not seem good; he was broke; his wife was broke; and—Dopey seemed on the verge of tears. Think of it! Dopey thought of it until he could stand the strain no longer, then he arose unsteadily to his feet. "I will have a drink," he said fiercely. "I'll brace the old lady for it."

Filled with this resolve he started for the door; but midway of the room he halted. "Guess I'd best slick up a little," he thought, catching sight of his disheveled appearance in the glass.

It is wonderful what a face-wash will sometimes do for a person. Five minutes later, Dopey, freshly washed and his hair combed, came out into the hall almost cheerful; very nervous as to manner, it is admitted, but cheerful enough to allow the ghost of a smile to play about the corners of his mouth.

Apparently also, he felt bashful. About to descend the stairs, the sound of some one coming up threw him into nervous tremor. He could not see who it was, the bend in the staircase preventing, but it made no difference; right at that moment he did not care to meet any one. With extreme agitation evident in his every move, he made for the door nearest at hand and entered. Softly he closed it behind him. Just supposing it had been Myrt! Thankfully he drew forth his handkerchief and wiped his moistened brow.

Once more silence descended upon the hall. Dopey was about to continue his interrupted way down stairs, when a brilliant thought smote him—that is, in his present frame of mind it seemed brilliant to him. Just supposing that the absent occupant of this room, had a "snort" or two laying about handy! Mr. Jones had, several of them; and he was not a drinking man. Dopey quickly decided that it would do no harm to take a look.

This, after a brief hesitation, he did, and—it is almost a shame to say it—after a brief search of the stranger's closet among cans of corn and tomatoes and other things of marketable value, he came upon what he had been looking for—aye, more than he had been looking for; a bottle of high-priced yellow wine, also a corkscrew and a neat little glass goblet. Dopey was pleased that Fate had guided his faltering footsteps to this particular room.

It goes without saying that Dopey made a pig of himself. It was good wine; excellent stuff, so Dopey thought, and in the sampling of it he quickly forgot his troubles, or rather, he laughed at them. Out of a job! Shucks. First thing in the morning he would go out and land the best little old job that ever happened.

By and by Dopey began to feel dizzy, then sleepy, then sickish, but dizzy most of all. With difficulty he finished his glass. "I'm tired," he decided suddenly. "B'lieve I'll take a snooze."

The bed was not far distant; Dopey might have reached it easily; but on the way over he suddenly found himself on his knees. And once on his knees, he was too tired to pick himself up again. Oh, well, what did he care! Dragging the precious bottle and tumbler with him, he crawled underneath the bed and went to sleep.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW long he slept Dopey had no means of knowing, but it must have been several hours at least, for he awoke in pitch darkness. A moment Dopey lay still and considered. Where in the dickens was he! His head was aching violently; he could not rightly connect up with things. A sharp whack on the head supplied the connection. But he couldn't stay there forever! Warily he began hitching his body along the floor. Then he drew back and huddled down quietly. Some one was in the room! It must have been the noise occasioned by the opening of the door that awakened him!

For the next half hour or so Dopey spent his time in studying human nature from the ground upward—say twenty-four inches of the lower extremities of a man. Dopey would greatly have preferred seeing twenty-four inches of the other end of him, but since the man did not walk about upon his head, and Dopey was afraid to move so as to get a better view, he had to rest content with what he saw.

Such feet! How they darted about the cramped inclosure of that small room. Dopey was fascinated by the movements of those two feet. He thought that perhaps those feet traveled two miles while he was watching them—maybe more.

Another thing. Those feet were not the ordinary brand of workingman's feet. They were changeable, as was the rest of the fellow to whom the feet belonged. That is, Dopey took for granted that the entire body was changing; he could only be sure of twenty-four inches.

When the light was first turned on Dopey carefully suppressed a groan. "Here's where I stay all night," he thought. "The fellow is going to bed." Miserably he watched the feet carry their owner to the edge of the bed, where he sat down and disrobed. Then he watched them, now clad in startling bedroom slippers, go over to the washstand.

"Must be taking a bath," grumbled Dopey, sotto. He wished that the man would hurry up and go to bed. Dopey had decided to attempt an escape if the man fell asleep before he did.

It was after the partial bath that Dopey, figuratively speaking, sat up and took notice. The first queer thing he noticed about the proceedings was when two shapely hands shot down in sight and commenced draping the before-mentioned feet in socks of silken texture.

"Why, he's not going to bed at all," Dopey nearly broke forth.

It was so. With breathless interest he watched what he could of the transformation. Cheap cotton socks to silken ones; coarse workingman's shoes much run down at the heels for patent leather pumps of the latest design, dowdy upper habiliments in favor of broadcloth.

In his interest Dopey almost forgot his own miserable plight, while his eyes bulged in amazement. "Some sport," he breathed in silent admiration. "Wonder what——" Then came the probable explanation. "It's earlier than I thought. He's dolling up to call on some Lizzy!"

It was disappointing, this explanation. Why hadn't he thought of it before? All along he had supposed it nearly morning. Every cloud, however, has its silver lining. Pretty soon the fellow would leave the room and allow Dopey plenty of chance to escape.

With renewed interest he watched the immaculate lower extremities of a sport carry their owner to various parts of the room. Finally came the crack of a match, a discarded end thrown negligently to the floor, followed by the pungent odor of burning tobacco.

"Turkish," sniffed Dopey. "Hope he leaves the box behind."

Suddenly the light went out, and the next moment Dopey was treated to the surprise of his life. For the stranger, instead of going out the door, as Dopey had every reason to expect, now advanced to the window. Dopey, craning out his neck in the effort to see more of the departing one, barely jerked his head back in time to save its being stepped on.

"Whew! Wonder what he's up to now!"

Dopey soon learned. Raising the blind carefully, with the evident intention of making as little noise as possible, the man stealthily raised the window and stepped with the utmost care out upon the roof of the porch that ran partway around the house. Then turning, he closed the window. An instant later, all aquiver with excitement, Dopey reached the window and watched a dim figure tip-toe the length of the roof and swing off on the fire escape that traversed the ell.

He Heard the Footsteps of the Man Behind Him. Instantly an Icy Perspiration Enveloped Him.

The man having disappeared, a sudden ambiton seized upon Dopey. "Bet I see where that gink is going!" he ejaculated. "Wish I had a gun."

With the hazy idea of protection in case he came face to face with the fellow, he dived into the closet, seized what afterwards proved to be a can of corn, then darted thru the door.

CHAPTER X.

THE private car Sovereign lay sidetracked just east of the icing station. Like an oasis in the desert it seemed, with its myriad brilliant lights cutting the midnight gloom of the dingy railroad yards on all sides like a knife. Life to those within evidently seemed a joyous thing. Mingled with the sounds of boistrous talk and laughter floated thru the open windows the sobbing tones of a violin.

To Dopey, coming upon it suddenly from almost impenetrable darkness, the scene somehow partook of the unreal. "I'm drunker than I thought," was the first idea that occurred to him. With unbelieving eyes he surveyed the circle of brilliance that spread before his vision.

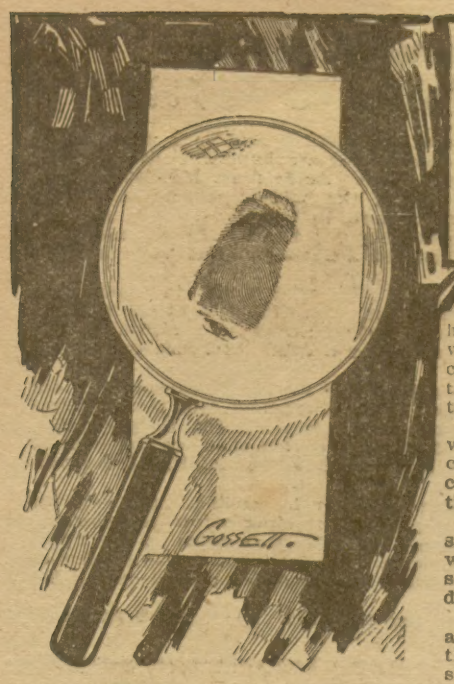
For hours, it seemed to Dopey, he had been lost in that inferno of darkness. And once, in crossing a track, he had narrowly escaped being run down by a flat car that, kicked by an unseen engine, came rolling supernaturally out of the darkness.

Early in the game he had lost track of the man he had been following. He had rounded the corner of Momma's lodging-house barely in time to see the fellow swing from the fire escape to the porch railing, from whence he hopped easily to the ground. With the can of corn, his only weapon, poised for instant action, Dopey sped toward him. Too late, however. Before he could reach the spot the man with hardly a pause had darted across the narrow street into the freight yards.

By this time Dopey was wildly excited. What was the fellow up to, anyway! At the imminent risk of his life he darted in front of a clanging street car and gained the further sidewalk. An instant later he also was lost to view. Whew, but it was dark; darker and rougher than Dopey would have deemed possible. In places he could hardly keep his feet. For a time he followed the sound of the man's footsteps as they came faintly back to him. But the fellow, no matter who he was, certainly knew where he was going. In spite of all Dopey could do, the footsteps drew away from him, until finally he lost track of them altogether.

Dopey felt discouraged. Long before, he would have given up the chase had he not been afraid to turn back. Some

(Continued on Page 23.)



The Last of the Gingold Stories

OLD STYLE MURDER

By J. Bryan Dickinson

This is one of a series of five amusing stories appearing a week apart and each complete in itself, so that you don't have to read the others to enjoy this one. Each one presents the exploit of a "deteknative" by the name of Gingold. Here is a clever and adroit burlesque on the world-famous detective character, Sherlock Holmes; here is humor with a new tang; romance just extravagant enough and ridiculous enough to provide a new flavor in mystery fiction. Another Gingold story next week.

AS USUAL, Hugh Clueson Gingold, the famous detective, hadn't walked a quarter of a mile before he came upon a lifeless human body! It was the horribly maimed body of a young woman he had questioned on Lovers' Lane that day.

He stopped short. It was one of the few times he became excited. For there in our very path was perhaps the most grewsome sample of pure, rough-shod murder the eyes of my crime-hungry companion had ever seen! Once a dazzling beauty, not over 20, conservatively dressed, the inert and lifeless young woman was now revolting in her hideousness!

For an instant the great detective covered his eyes. Then he became his old emotionless self again. "Wrightsit," he remarked, solemnly, "apparently we are face to face with the dastardly handiwork of the world's supreme roughneck! Yet there may be extenuating circumstances."

"It looks as if some clever wife-beater has overdone his art," I was forced to concede.

"Her symmetrical neck is broken," enumerated my blase companion. "Her two arms have a grand total of seven distinct breaks. If her skull isn't cracked, it is because it is solid. Her jaw stands out to the left a full inch too far. She has been variously mauled, man-handled and mangled. I doubt not that the mythical Bluebeard, figurative god of literal wife-beaters, wiggled in his casket when this deed of super-deviltry was done! The vile brute will absorb electric current for this! I'll see to that."

"But how'll you know?" I demanded. "There's not a clew anywhere around. Not even the club! This is a forsaken lane now. Modern lovers use the picture shows. Apparently nobody heard her screams."

"There were no screams," came his startling announcement. "This has none of the ear-marks of suicide. A dead man may tell no tales, Walter, strictly according to axiom. But a dead woman—ah, that is the hypothetical horse of the different allegorical color." He sighed. "But we'll investigate."

"No use," I sneered. "This is patently suicide. No man could doubt it. First, she smote herself a smart rap with a club to break her neck. Next, she hammered herself into a pulp. Doubtful then of certain death, she fractured her skull to make it a cinch. After that, life lingered, so she got up and broke her own arms seven times!"

My friend gave me a look of heroic forbearance. "Walter," he remarked, sadly, "oftimes the hasty action of your brain gives me a somnolent feeling. It never occurred to you, perhaps, that she jumped from an airplane. Her mutilated condition indicates as much."

"I refuse to argue," said I. "Gather the tale the dead woman tells."

An expensive gold-meshed purse lay about eight feet from the feminine body. The sleuth strolled over and picked it up. Carefully he examined the contents. "In addition to a smelly handkerchief, a powder puff, two hairpins and a button from a masculine suit, she has eight cents in money," said he.

"That greatly simplifies things," I observed, jumping to an old-fashioned police conclusion. "The motive was robbery."

"Not at all," denied my astute companion, quickly, "she might have been in love with a soda fountain clerk. In either case she would have died penniless."

For the next few moments he gave his attention to a minute survey of the badly maimed female. "She was obviously a wealthy young woman," he deduced. "And before the contour of her face was so badly disrupted she would have passed in the choru sufficiently well to make the full-dress crowd think of broiled lobsters and combination salad."

"Quite so," I confessed. "And for a woman, she was wealthy. Most of them carry but carfare. This lady had three cents extra. She was prepared to mail three postcards."

"Let us have less inanity from you," snorted my friend. "I said she was wealthy because it is proven by her sedate attire. She isn't dressed like a department store girl."

"What manner of imbecile would kill a rich woman?" I asked. "I thought all the soulful hop-heads had quit business since the ban on drugs made the price prohibitive. Perhaps it is the work of a professional sweetheart killer. The papers are full——"

"Hopelessly wrong," stated Hugh Clueson Gingold, the master crime dopester. "You or I can't understand it, Walter, but it is true that old-styled, chest-bursting, lunatic-producing love still exists in the foreign element of our population. There are more than a few medieval Greek dishwashers who dream of crimes like this. They'd contract a crude murder like this rather than see the girl marry an honest American chauffeur."

"So it was a Greek, eh?" I asked.

"I didn't say so," retorted the eminent detective, "I but cited an instance. As a matter of fact, it might have been an Army officer." My friend was a buck private during the effectiveness of the late selective draft.

He busied himself examining the butchered young woman. "She was in love with a prize fighter," came his solemn pronouncement.

"Now," I commended, "you're getting reasonable. In company with the pug she strolled down this obsolete Lovers' Lane. The right of her sex to mention marriage during leap year prompted her to propose. The fighter was mildly peeved, and beat her up. Do I follow your line of reasoning?"

"You do not," snapped my deductive associate. "No prizefighter did this. I remarked her love for a pugilist because of her earrings. Only a fighter after a rich bout can afford that quality of jewel."

"But it looks like a prizefighter's work," I argued with some emphasis.

"You err. With no referee looking a pug would never hit above the belt. Whoever did this concentrated on the arms, neck and head."

"Well," I floundered, hopelessly, "it was a lover of some sort. No unobsessed youth would act so."

"Therein you are correct," granted Hugh Clueson Gingold. "She did not love the man who did this. That's why I say the fighter did not do it. She loved him or she wouldn't wear his loud jewelry."

"Her guardian, perhaps," I suggested. "He objected to the love affair with the coarse fighting person."

"I'll call on you when I need aid," declared Gingold.

GENTLY the famous sleuth took the clinched hand of the dead woman and pried loose a note she had clutched during her last agonized moment on earth.

"Perhaps that will let light in on the dark mystery," I said.

"It certainly does!" he exclaimed. "The note is brief and to the point. A gentleman who signs himself Harold Sarles asks her to meet him here at this spot today at 2 o'clock. That was about an hour ago. She has been dead less than an hour. He also mentions a 'something' that concerns both of them."

"That makes it easy," I encouraged. "Sarles lured her out here, tried to borrow eight dollars from her, failed, got angry, and beat her up according to the precepts of this subway age."

"It is hardly reasonable that a young man would maim a woman in this thoro manner for an offense that only calls for a mild spanking," disapproved the great detective. "It seems more likely that he was in love with her. He had heard of her affair with the fighter. Then he wrote this note, and got her out here. Perhaps he made one of those 'You marry me or you die!' orations so popular with French-Canadian movie villains. Then she gave him the laugh, so he picked up a fence rail like those Abe Lincoln used to split before he started in on infinitives and political parties. He soaked her a couple of times to guarantee proper respect the next time he mentioned it."

"He should have taken the note," I suggested.

"That's very true, Wrightsit," confessed Gingold. "But as an eminent philosopher once observed, murder has a remarkable propensity to squirm out. Few criminals take the trouble to disprove that ancient apothegm."

At that moment there came hurriedly upon the hideous scene a distraught young man with a bucket of water in his hand. He was a hollow-eyed, dark-haired, slender citizen with a "tomorrow" light in his orbs. As long as such men are harmless they are called dreamers. Otherwise they are nuts.

"Where is Elizabeth?" he asked, in a gaunt voice. "I left her here a bit ago—in a faint!"

"You are not inclined to exaggerate a woman's condition," came the frigid retort of Hugh Clueson Gingold. "Why, Harold," the sly old crime hound winked cunningly at me, "the lady is still in her little 'faint.' She will remain in it several moons. Putting it mildly, as you evidently prefer, hers is a permanent faint."

"Oh, my!" he gasped, weakly. "What—what—do you—mean?"

"Not a thing," uttered the famous detective. "See for yourself. Then explain how a weakling like you managed to do it."

Harold took his big soulful eyes off the graven features of the world's premier detective and let them fall to the mutilated young female at his feet. Just one moment he gazed. "Oh, dear!" came his shrill hurt cry. "How superbly awful!"

"She won't marry a prize fighter now," insinuated the wily Mr. Gingold. "You win the day!"

"I didn't mean to be painstaking." He fell for the trap as the cunning super-sleuth had planned. "How hideous! I fear she is dead!"

"And I fear your fears are confirmed," I stuck in, with a quick look toward Gingold for merited approval of my apt rejoinder.

"What was her name?" asked the criminologist.

"Elizabeth Marie Comeau," pronounced the grief-stricken Mr. Sarles.

"You are Harold Sarles?" The sleuth paused for a nod of confirmation. "You met her out here today to settle something with her. What was it?"

"An—an—er—a— matter—uh—between us two,' stammered Sarles.

"About a prize fighter," the relentless gentleman of the city detective force pursued.

"Well, Elizabeth was too fond of 'Foulblow' Jones to please me. I had some information concerning his character——"

"She didn't listen well," visualized the vivid Gingold, "so you tapped her playfully on the ear with a fence rail. After she had flopped over you thought you'd give her a little beating on general principles. She 'fainted.' You ran for water to bring her to?"

"I only used my hands," defended Sarles.

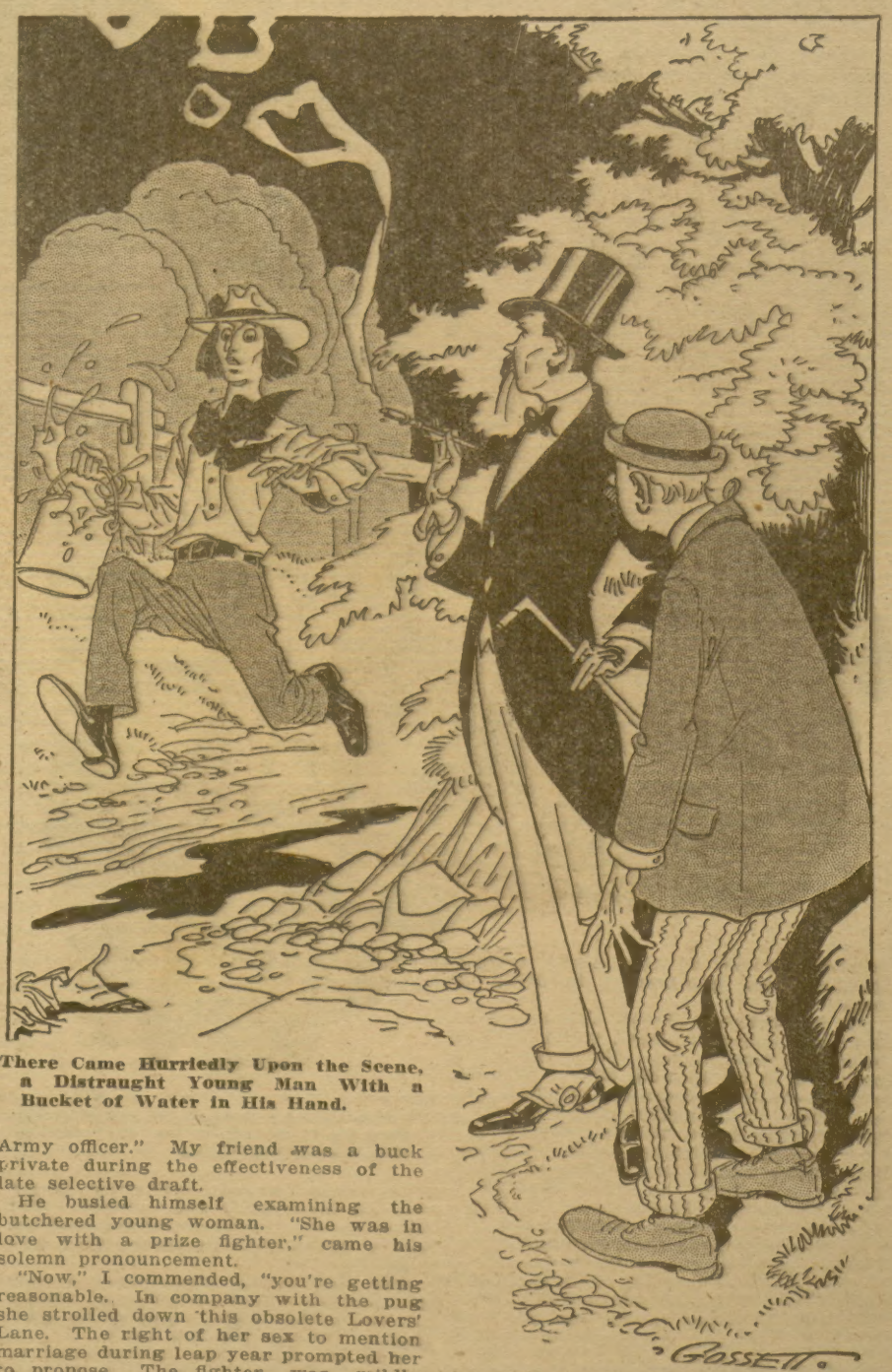
"Come, now," adjured the world's greatest crime hound, "that is not reasonable. What did you do with the club?"

"There was no club!" insisted the callow swain, doubtlessly aware that his confession was damaging to his reputation.

"There was a club!" harshly snorted my talented colleague.

"I—er—didn't do it with a club," denied Harold, weakening. "I had a club, but had no occasion to use it. I tossed

(Concluded on Page 13.)



There Came Hurriedly Upon the Scene, a Distraught Young Man With a Bucket of Water in His Hand.

Send No Money

Positively the biggest dress bargain in many seasons. You can prove this entirely at our risk

Don't send one cent—just name and address, and we will ship this handsome frock for examination.

Stunning Gown of Silk Satin and Georgette

$35.00 Value Now Only

$14.95

Gown of richest Silk Satin and Silk Georgette in attractive combination. Entire waist is of satin, with silk and tinsel embroidery in front and beneath neck in back. Silk Georgette sleeves with satin folds at cuffs. At waist line are folds trimmed with self-covered buttons. Skirt is a combination of Silk Georgette and Satin. Exquisite silk and tinsel embroidery on Georgette overskirt. Drop skirt beneath Georgette is of excellent silk tussah. **Colors: Brown, Black, or Navy Blue.** Ladies' sizes, 34 to 44; misses' sizes, 16 to 20. Order by No. 165.

Delivery Free

Send no money—just name and address; state color and bust measurements when ordering. When dress arrives, pay only $14.95, and examine it carefully. Compare it with frocks that sell as high as $35 anywhere else. If not convinced what a splendid bargain it is, return dress at once and we will refund your money. Don't delay—send quick! ORDER TODAY!

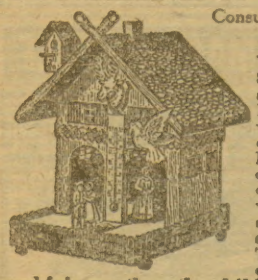
State Color and Bust Measure

DELIVERY FREE

LEE THOMAS CO.,
184 W. Washington St., Dept. 20, Chicago, Ill.

SUNSHINE or RAIN?

Consult this Weather Prophet



You'll know 8 to 24 hours ahead if you have this weather indicator in your home. The old Witch comes out when rain or storms are approaching. To advise of clear skies and fair weather, the children come out to play.

The house is made of hardwood, is Swiss cottage style and is decorated, as in the picture, with thermometer, elk's head, bird's nest and bird. It has four windows and two doorways.

THIS $2 ARTICLE SENT POSTPAID FOR $1.50
Elsie K. Meinke, 711 Phila West
Dept. H *Detroit, Mich.*
Write address plainly.

6000 Miles GUARANTEED SEND NO MONEY

Here is the absolute limit in tire offers—never before such wonderful values. Used standard makes—practically new—some run less than 100 MILES—rebuilt by our own experts to give 6000 MILES—or more. No comparison with double tread tires which are sewed. TUBES ARE BRAND NEW FRESH STOCK.

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3	$6.00	$2.00	34x4	$12.00	$3.25
30x3½	7.00	2.50	33x4½	12.50	3.50
32x3½	8.25	2.50	34x4½	13.00	3.50
31x4	9.50	2.75	35x4½	15.00	3.50
32x4	10.00	3.00	36x4½	16.00	3.50
33x4	11.00	3.00	37x5	16.00	3.50

SEND NO MONEY. Order at once. State size also whether straight side or clincher. Tires shipped out of town C. O. D. Subject to examination. Orders filled same day as received.

TRAVILLA TIRE COMPANY
322 Lake Street Dept. 60 MAYWOOD, ILL.

Prepaid

WATCH & RING GIVEN
10 YEAR GUARANTEE

We positively give a genuine American Stem Wind, Stem Set Watch, Beautifully Engraved Case, guaranteed time-keeper, for selling only 24 of our Large, Beautifully Colored Art & Religious Pictures at 15c each. Order 24 pictures. We trust you. When sold, return $3.60 collected and this Watch & Handsome Stone Set Ring are yours.

GAIR MFG. CO. Dept. 171 CHICAGO

FREE LARGE GENUINE EASTMAN

Premo Film Pack Camera, for selling 24 large colored pictures or 24 pkgs. post cards at 15c each. Order choice today. Sent prepaid.

GATES MFG. CO., DEPT. 545 CHICAGO

The Rebel

By Will H. Ogilvie

THIS story is laid in Australia. It shows us a factor of Australian life that is frequently overlooked—the great distances intervening in that continent between families, between human beings. It emphasizes "isolation" as no other pen, picture or photograph can do. Read it. And after reading it, thank your stars that you live in a land where every point is crossed by telephone wires that, connecting up law, order and doctors, make life less precarious than it might be!

THE Rebel had never been treated fairly. Even as a foal he had been considered a dangerous horse, and bullied and beaten accordingly. Once, when the mares and foals—he and his mother among them—had been mustered from the Wilga paddock to the stockyard he had lost his head in the noise and excitement of the drafting, and, more from fear than vice, had lifted his tiny heels to the head stockman, and had received in return a cruel, biting blow from the ten-foot stock-whip. That blow he never forgot, and from that moment onwards he treated all men as things to avoid or to fight, according to the circumstances in which he found himself placed.

He fought savagely when he was branded, and more savagely still when he was roped for breaking-in. He had to be blindfolded before Red Mick, the breaker, could mount him; then he bucked furiously and long, and when he found that no effort of his could loosen the iron grip of the man who rode him, he threw himself down and tried to crush the life out of his rider. Red Mick thrashed him to his feet, mounted him again, and flogged him round the sandhill till he was too tired to offer any resistance. After that, his conqueror rode him regularly, but the station men, who had seen him buck as they had never seen any horse buck before, would not have anything to do with him; and, indeed, The Rebel would let no stranger approach him.

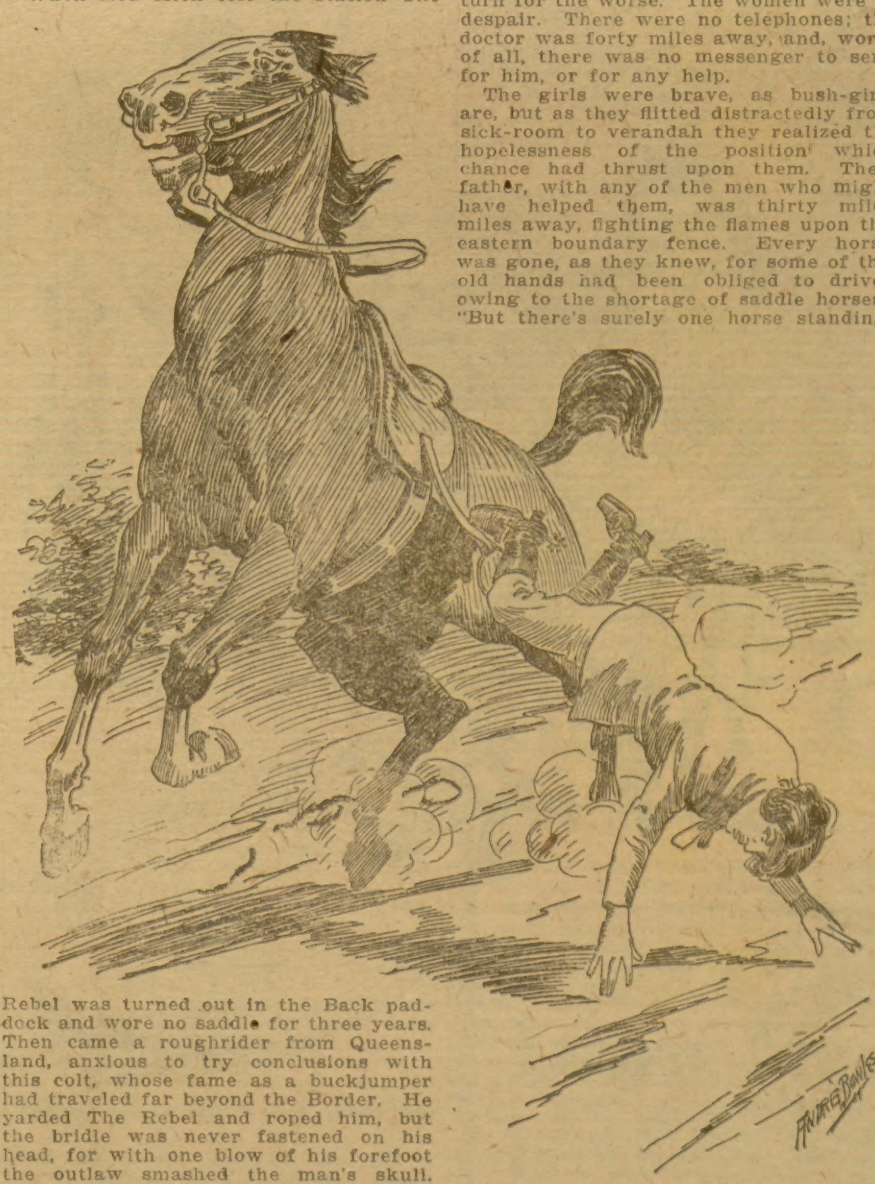
When Red Mick left the station The Rebel was turned out in the Back paddock and wore no saddle for three years. Then came a roughrider from Queensland, anxious to try conclusions with this colt, whose fame as a buckjumper had traveled far beyond the Border. He yarded The Rebel and roped him, but the bridle was never fastened on his head, for with one blow of his forefoot the outlaw smashed the man's skull. After that, the horse was turned out again, and might have ended his days peacefully in the Back paddock had not a teamster, who was looking for a lost horse, seen him and been struck by his strength and beauty. 'This man made an offer for the horse, and the Boss, glad to be rid of such a useless brute at any price, willingly accepted it.

And so it came to pass that after an interval of twelve months The Rebel was once more in the stockyard, awaiting the arrival of his new owner's team, when he would be roped, blindfolded, and dragged to a place in the chains, where, starved and beaten into subjection, he would learn, like his comrades, to pull his heart out in the blacksoil swamps of the river road.

The Boss' wife had been ill for many weeks, it had been found impossible in the state of her health to move her to the nearest town, which was forty miles away. The Boss himself, his two young daughters, and an old trusted housekeeper had nursed her with loving care, but, do what they would, she remained in a state which gave them constant anxiety. The doctor's visits were of necessity few and far between, and the household were dependent to a great extent upon themselves in tending the sick lady.

Early in the afternoon of the day of which I write the Boss and all his men had been called away to a bushfire at the back of the run. Not a soul remained at the head-station except the Chinese cook, the housekeeper, the sick woman, and her two daughters. Toward evening the patient took a sudden turn for the worse. The women were in despair. There were no telephones; the doctor was forty miles away, and, worst of all, there was no messenger to send for him, or for any help.

The girls were brave, as bush-girls are, but as they flitted distractedly from sick-room to verandah they realized the hopelessness of the position which chance had thrust upon them. Their father, with any of the men who might have helped them, was thirty miles miles away, fighting the flames upon the eastern boundary fence. Every horse was gone, as they knew, for some of the old hands had been obliged to drive, owing to the shortage of saddle horses. "But there's surely one horse standing



'Twas Enough and More Than Enough for Poor Maisie.

in the stockyard!" said 15-year-old Maisie, who, tho two years younger than her sister, usually took the lead in a difficulty. That horse is The Rebel!" her sister answered; "Dad has sold him to a teamster, and he is to be taken away tomorrow; just the one horse that is no use to us." Maisie's face fell. Had it been any of the stock horses, or even a wild colt, she would willingly have tried to ride it for her mother's sake—but the Rebel! She buried her face in her hands, and cried softly to herself. Her sister went back to the sickroom.

In a few moments Maisie pulled herself together. "There's always a chance," she said. Her mind was re-

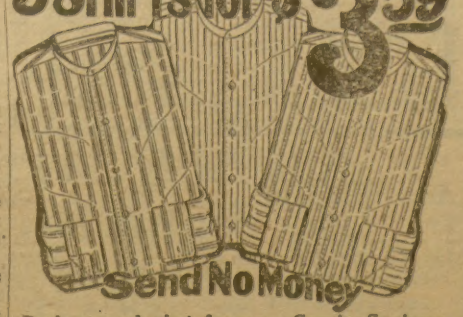
(Continued on Page 19.)

GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM

tobacco makes 50 good cigarettes for 10c

The American Tobacco Co.

3 Shirts for $3.59



Send No Money

Rush your order in today sure. Genuine Swoizene shirt material, extra fine count, very high luster. Latest effects, most beautiful black, blue and lavender stripes. Guaranteed fast colors, rich looking, wear better than silk. Cut extra full, coat front style, soft French turn-back cuffs.

We Guarantee to refund your money immediately if you can match these shirts for less than $6.50. Don't pay high retail prices. Order yours today sure, before it is too late. Delivery charges paid—another big saving. Send no money, all three shirts $3.59 C. O. D. Give neck size.

Bernard-Hewitt & Co.
Dept. E273, 900 W. Van Buren St., Chicago

A NEW DIAMOND

Send for this brilliant sparkling Rosebrite, mounted in a solid gold ring. Has all the sparkle, all the fire, all the beauty of the finest genuine diamonds.

JUST SEND YOUR NAME. We will send you a Rosebrite, prepaid. When it comes merely deposit $4.75 with postman. Wear the ring 10 days. **IF YOU OR ANY OF YOUR FRIENDS CAN TELL IT FROM A DIAMOND, SEND IT BACK,** and we will refund deposit. If you decide to buy it, send the balance at $3.00 a month. Either ring, only $16.75. Write today. You run no risk. Be sure to send finger size.

Rosebrite Diamond Co., 30 N. Dearborn St., Dept. 23, Chicago

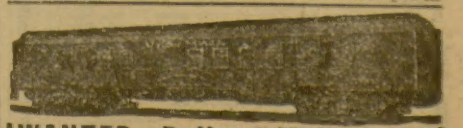
$17.50 ALL WOOL SUIT

Made to your measure, payable after received.

Perfect fit, fine goods and tailoring, $20 saving, *all guaranteed or no pay.* **SAMPLES FREE.** Every man should write at once for our beautiful free book of cloth samples and correct fashions, explaining everything. Write letter or postal, just say, "Send me your samples," and get everything by return mail FREE. Important to every man. Write today sure.

PARK TAILORING COMPANY
Dept D58-3 CHICAGO, ILL.

MENDING TISSUE THE WONDER OF THE AGE. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 15 cents, two packages, 25 cents. Address, **PENN PUBLISHING CO., Blairsville, Pa.**



WANTED—Railway Mail Clerks

$1600 First Year

Every Man or Woman over 16 should send coupon

Examinations Everywhere Soon

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. J 195, Rochester, N. Y.

COUPON

Sirs: Send me, without charge, (1) sample Railway Mail Clerk Examination questions; (2) schedule showing places Spring examinations; (3) list of many government jobs now open.

Name.....

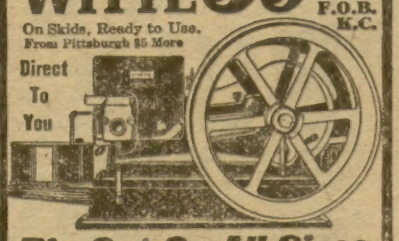
Address.....

ENGINE PRICES Smashed LOOK

This 2 H-P. WITTE $39.95 F.O.B. K.C.

On Skids, Ready to Use. From Pittsburgh $5 More

Direct To You



Big Cut On All Sizes
Up to 30 H-P.

NOW, of all times, is the time to buy your engine—while my prices are cut to the limit, and while you can get quick shipment. Surely you can use engine power at these prices to cut your own labor cost and keep on making money. I sell on

90 Day Test—Lifetime Guarantee

Remember this is my 36th year in the engine business. You take no chances—You buy direct—Cash or Easy Terms if arranged for. Latest Catalog, Price List, and all information FREE. ED. H. WITTE, Pres.

WITTE ENGINE WORKS
2525 Oakland Ave. Kansas City, Mo.
2525 Empire Bldg. Pittsburgh, Pa.

All Ages From 7 to 17

Biggest Value in Five Years Boys' Suits $4.75

The biggest suit value in five years. Made of high grade cloth at the new low price. Firmly woven Cassimere in gray or brown mixture. New York's newest model as illustrated. Durable lining and trimmings. Dressy in appearance, but made for the boy who is hard on his clothes. Roomy sizes. Full lined knickerbockers. **Gives all the wear you would expect from a suit at double the price.** Simply state age wanted. Pay $4.75 and postage on arrival. Or, send money with order and we pay postage. **Your money back if you can find anything even near it in value.**

MAIL BAG STORES
32 Union Square
State Age Dept. 135, New York City

Send Money With Order and We Will Pay Postage

Learn WIRELESS At Home By Mail

Attractive positions open for men and boys. Salaries up to $3,500 a year. Beginners paid $125 a month plus Room and Board, which means more than $200 at the start. One of our recent graduates is getting $6,000 a year. Opportunity to travel or locate in land radio offices. We train you by mail in a short time—some have completed the course in 10 weeks. No previous experience necessary. First correspondence radio school in America. Our new automatic WIRELESS INSTRUMENT, "The Natrometer" FURNISHED EVERY STUDENT.

Send for FREE BOOK, "Wireless, The Opportunity of Today."

NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE, Dept. 531, Washington, D.C.

12 Months to Pay.

Enjoy your 1921 "Ranger" at once. Earn money for the small monthly payments on Our Easy Payment Plan. Parents often advance first small payment to help their boys along. FACTORY TO RIDER wholesale prices. Three big model factories. 44 Styles, colors and sizes to suit your individual taste. DELIVERED FREE, express prepaid, FOR 30 DAYS TRIAL. Select bicycle and terms that suit—cash or easy payments.

Tires lamps, horns, wheels, parts and equipment, at half retail prices.

SEND NO MONEY—Simply write today for big FREE Ranger Catalog and marvelous prices and terms.

Mead Cycle Company Dept. G-53 Chicago Special Offer to Rider Agents

WHY DON'T YOU WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG

WE'LL HELP YOU ALONG

By composing the music FREE and publishing same. Send poems to-day.

D. G. LENOX CO., 271 W. 125th St., N.Y.

Everything in Its Place

By Albert William Stone

ABNER SNODGRASS leaned back in his split-hickory chair, that had seen continuous service since Christmas of 1873, and folded his gnarled hands across the place where his paunch would have been had he possessed such a thing. A sheaf of tobacco-stained whiskers stuck out aggressively from just under his wide, thin-lipped mouth. His shock of white hair stood straight up from his veined forehead, the ends falling in all directions like the jets from a fountain.

"I ain't got nothin' more to say, Jim Snodgrass," he cackled. "I told you what 'ud happen, when we had our last rumpus. I don't aim to have no fightin' boy in my family. You don't need to think you kin come crawlin' back an' git took in ag'in. When I'm done, I'm done. That's all there is to it."

"I ain't asking you to take me back into the family," retorted his son, a burly youth whose big muscles were etched eloquently against his arms, bared to the elbow by reason of his rolled-up shirt sleeves. "I'm getting along all right. I'm just asking you for a job. You need men, and you know it."

The stubborn set of the old man's chin did not slacken. "I don't need 'em had enough to take you," he said. "I guess I'll git th' wheat in without your help. I've done it afore, an' I'll do it ag'in."

"But you're getting old, Dad. You can't get out and handle a pitchfork like you used to. You need a younger man on the place."

The tone of the young man was wheedling, a fact which was not lost on his father. Abner surveyed him thru half-closed lids. His light blue eyes twinkled shrewdly.

"You feel real cons'arned over your old dad all of a suddint, don't ye?" he exclaimed. "Can't bear to think o' me strainin' my back no more. Seems to me ye didn't talk like that th' time we had our last rumpus!"

"You ought to have somebody around," the boy muttered vaguely.

"Course I had. I had you 'round till you got fightin' in your head. After that I didn't have you 'round so much. Every time I wanted ye to do suthin' ye'd be over to Millerville, like as not, fightin' some good-fer-nothin' in back o' Nate Meeker's saloon. Thought you'd git to be th' champeen o' th' world, didn't ye? Boun' ye'd quit work an' make yer livin' bustin' in some other young fool's face. Well, I don't see ye wearin' no di'monds."

Young Snodgrass, whose straight-backed chair was propped against the sitting-room wall, shifted impatiently.

"I admit I haven't made a lot of money," he said. "But you don't need to worry for fear I'll sponge on you."

The cynical expression did not leave the old man's face.

"I know what you're after," he remarked. "I know blamed well why you're so all-fired anxious to come back home. Ye can't fool me none."

"What are you driving at?" demanded the boy, his tone, however, expressing more mystification than his countenance.

"I guess it's Hetty you're cons'arned about, more'n it is me."

Young Snodgrass was saved the necessity of an immediate retort by the clang of the front gate.

"That's her, now," said Abner maliciously. "She's teachin' down to th' deestrict school, where you an' her used to go together. What makes ye change color so? No need to git all het up over a gal like Hetty—even if she is only adopted. She——"

The door opened and a young woman entered.

She was a pretty girl, with the wholesome flush of country health on her round cheeks. Her brown hair, escaping from under the broad-brimmed straw hat, hung in little tendrils over her forehead. Her eyes, blue as the July sky, widened at sight of the visitor. Recognition leaped into them almost at the same instant.

"Why—Jim!"

Jim's chair had fallen forward and he was getting awkwardly to his feet. A broad smile exposed his big teeth.

"My, Hetty, how pretty you've grown!" he exclaimed, advancing toward her, his hand outstretched. "I hardly knew you."

"Is that so, Jim?" she laughed. "I must have been terribly homely when you saw me last, then."

"No, you've just grown to a woman," he explained, looking down into her flushed face. "When I saw you last you were a little girl."

"She's just a little gal yet," asserted the old man jealously. He still sat back in the split-hickory chair, his thin shanks exposed and his gnarled hands across his abdomen. "They don't nobody need to git th' notion that she ain't, neither!"

"My! Hetty, How Pretty You've Grown."

His tone indicated intentional rudeness. The girl's flush deepened. For an instant a retort trembled on her lips. But she smiled, instead.

"I must hurry and get supper," she said, pulling a long pin out of her hat and removing the latter. "Do you still like cream biscuits, Jim?"

"Yes," he returned, his face sobering. "But it won't do me any good to like them tonight, Hetty. I—can't stay."

The old man cackled from his place in the split-hickory chair. "I guess it'll be all right fer ye to stay to supper," he said. "An' maybe all night. But to-morrow——"

"Thanks. I'll go down to Joe's," re-

Your gray hair can be restored in 4 to 8 days

LET US PROVE THIS STATEMENT. Fill out and send the coupon—by return mail you will receive a *free trial bottle* of MARY T. GOLDMAN'S famous HAIR COLOR RESTORER with special comb to apply it. Test as directed on a single lock. Watch the gray vanish! Note how clean and dainty is this clear, colorless liquid. How nice it makes your hair—how easy to apply. Then get a full sized bottle from your druggist or direct from us. But—don't take anything else—there is nothing just as good. Insist on the original MARY T. GOLDMAN.

MARY T. GOLDMAN, 211 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn

Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer.

The natural color of my hair is black.....jet black.....dark brown.....medium brown.....light brown.....

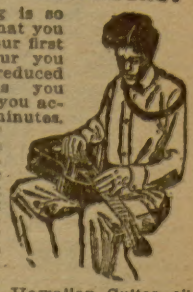
Name.....

Street.....

Town.....

Co.....State.....

Play the Hawaiian Guitar Just Like the Hawaiians!



Our method of teaching is so simple, plain and easy that you begin on a piece with your first lesson. In half an hour you can play it! We have reduced the necessary motions you learn to only four—and you acquire these in a few minutes. Then it is only a matter of practice to acquire the weird, fascinating tremolos, staccatos, slurs and other effects that make this instrument so delightful. The Hawaiian Guitar plays any kind of music, both the melody and the accompaniment. Your tuition fee includes a beautiful Hawaiian Guitar, all the necessary picks and steel bar and 52 complete lessons and pieces of music.

Send Coupon NOW—Get Full Particulars FREE

First Hawaiian Conservatory of Music, Inc.
233 Broadway NEW YORK

I am interested in the Hawaiian Guitar. Please send complete information, special price offer, etc.

Name .....

Address .....

Town & State.....
Write name and address clearly. B & L

TALKING MACHINE FREE

A REAL MACHINE WHICH REPRODUCES TALKING, SINGING AND DANCE MUSIC PERFECTLY

This is the old reliable company—we treat you right.

We pay the postage on everything.

Plays any size or make disc record. Strongly and durably made, will give you pleasure for years. Fully guaranteed. We give machine with record free for selling only 40 packets of G. den Spot Seeds for us at 10c per pack. No money required, WE TRUST YOU. Write for seeds today. When sold, send $4.00 collected and Talking Machine, complete, is yours.

Lancaster County Seed Co., Sta. 20, PARADISE, PA.

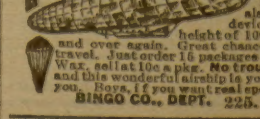
BLANK CARTRIDGE PISTOL PRICES 50c. $1.00

Revolver Catalog Free

Well made and effective; modelled on latest type of Revolver; appearance alone is enough to scare a burglar. When loaded it may be as effective as a real revolver without danger to life. It takes standard .22 Cal. Blank Cartridges obtainable everywhere. A Great Protection Against Burglars, Tramps and Dogs. You can have it lying about without the danger attached to other revolvers. PRICE 50c Postpaid. Better make and superior quality for $1.00. Blank Cartridges .22 cal., shipped express 50c per 100.

JOHNSON SMITH & CO., Dept. 280, 3224 No. Halsted St., CHICAGO

FREE MILITARY AIRSHIP AND PARACHUTE



Boys, here's the great military model airship. Large 6-ft. air bag with inflater; also parachute and dropping device. Will fly for miles a height of 1000 ft. and can be used over and over again. Great chance for boys to study aerial travel. Just order 16 packages of Rinco Perfumed Ironing Wax, sell at 10c a pkg. No trouble to sell. Return money and this wonderful airship is yours. Send today. We trust you. Boys, if you want real sport, send for this airship.

RINGO CO., DEPT. 225. BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

ASTHMA TREATMENT sent you on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send $1.00; if not, don't. Give express office. Write today. W. K. Sterling, 336 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio

plied his son, beginning to roll down his sleeves preparatory to donning his coat. The girl noticed that he was dressed roughly and that a several days' growth of beard was on his face. "You're sure you don't want to take up my proposition?"

"No, siree," replied Abner with obstinate emphasis. "I've took keer o' myself fer two years, 'n I guess I kin keep on doin' it. You made your bed, young feller. Now you kin lay in it."

"All right. You're the doctor." But the boy gazed at the girl with longing in his eyes. The flush had receded from her face and left it pale. Good-by, Hetty." He held out his big hand.

"Aren't—aren't you going to stay?" she faltered, taking the hand.

"You bet he ain't!" shrilled old Abner excitedly. "He kin go back to his fightin' if he wants to. Anyhow, I ain't goin' to have no love-makin' goin' on under my nose any more. I stood all I wanted to. I——"

"That'll do, Dad!" The veins of the young giant's powerful neck swelled above his loose shirt collar. "You've said enough. Hetty's a woman——"

"She ain't!" almost screamed Abner, clawing his way out of the chair. "She won't be 18 fer three months. An' she belongs to me 'till she's 18! You hear me!"

"All right." His son's grim face did not relax. "I'll be around in three months, then." He glanced at the girl, and was rewarded by the rosy glow that flooded her face from her neck to her temples. "If you're so set against both love-making and fighting, you won't be troubled by either, Dad. I'll take them both away where you won't be bothered with them."

Without warning he seized the girl and kissed her. Then he strode to the door, opened it and was gone. They saw his tall form swing down the path to the gate, over which he vaulted. In a moment he was lost to sight.

Old Abner fairly quivered with rage.

"An' you let him!" he accused.

"I couldn't help myself," she replied with spirit. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, to treat your own son like that!"

"Well, I ain't," retorted Abner, his whiskers sticking straight out from his chin. "I'm powerful sot in my ways, 'n I give 'im his choice two years ago." He surveyed her cunningly. "He thot he could come back home to be with you. But I fooled him."

She did not reply. Abner reached into his hip pocket and brought out a plug of tobacco, from which he bit a generous chew.

"I've fooled him fer three months, anyhow," he qualified.

AS FOR Jim Snodgrass, the memory of the kiss was such as to send his heart pounding as he strode along the country road toward Millerville.

He had kissed his adopted sister more than once, in the course of their life together. But none of the kisses had been like this one, he told himself. He had felt her heart beat against his for the instant he had crushed her to him, and he had felt the indescribable response of her lips.

"She loves me!" he exclaimed aloud. "Lord, I can't go down into town now. I'd probably make a fool of myself."

Suddenly he vaulted over the rail fence at his right and plunged into standing wheat almost to his waist, heading for a grove of maples on the other side. It was the grove in which he had spent many of his boyish hours, years before, when his mother was alive and his father's characteristic crabbedness had not developed to its present acute stage. It was the grove, also, in which he had spent many happy hours with the girl whose warm kiss still lingered on his lips.

In a few minutes he had reached the outer edge of the trees. Farther on, where the late afternoon sun did not penetrate, it was gloomy. He vaulted a second rail fence and was treading the firm ground in the shadow of the maples, whose leaves interlocked overhead in an almost impenetrable mass.

Three hundred feet from the fence the ground began to fall away toward a distant hollow.

"That's the creek," he muttered. "I wonder if the old swimming hole's in the same place? Probably it'll look like a mudhole to me now. Anyhow——"

He paused, listening. A rumble of voices—men's voices—reached his ears.

"Wonder who's down there?" he muttered.

A few years before he would have announced his coming with a shout. Now he advanced cautiously, until he reached a place where a fallen log rested on the edge of a slight declivity. He raised his head silently over the top of the log.

Three men sat on the edge of the swimming hole, their backs to the unseen watcher. Their conversation was plainly discernible. He noted that they were dressed in the nondescript habiliments of "hoboes," and his occasional glimpses of their profiles told him that they were unshaven. The man in the middle was talking.

"We gotta do it quick. Th' rattler comes thru here about seven bells. We gotta do it 'iore then, see?"

"But it'll be mighty early yet," objected the man on his right.

"That don't make no difference. Ain't I tellin' yuh there ain't nobody in th' house but th' old man an' th' girl? He's gotta pete full o' coin, too. If we don't make a quick getaway on that rattler——"

"How we gonna grab th' kale?" This from the man on the left of the speaker.

"Well sap th' old guy on th' bean wit' this." The man in the middle raised aloft a heavy railroad spike. "Then we'll make th' girl tell us th' combination, if t' pete's locked."

"Wot'll we do wit' th' girl?"

The man in the middle turned to the questioner and the listener could see the flaring red of his ugly gums thru his beard, as he grimaced savagely.

"That's a fool question," he remarked significantly.

Young Snodgrass could feel the hair rising at the nape of his neck. Something seemed to crawl down his spine, like a trickle of icy water. It came over him that his father kept a safe in his bedroom. The three tramps must be talking of Abner Snodgrass and Hetty!

"Listen, youse guys," the tramp spokesman was saying. "We don't want no slip up on this job. It's th' pen fer us if we don't make a clean getaway.

"Spike, you stays outside 'n keeps yer glims open, see? Nobody lives wit'in a mile o' th' house, but somebody might happen along. If yuh see anybody, make a noise like a locust. That'll give us th' office, 'n we'll beat it out th' back door.

"Bull, you 'n me gets inside, see? If th' dame tries to put up a holler, land on th' back of her ear. That'll shut her up, I reckon. I'll sap th' old guy wit' th' spike. Then we'll make th' dame open th' box, grab th' kale 'n beat it. We'll pull th' job in time to grab th' freight, like I say. By th' time th' old guy wakes up we're fifty miles away an' goin' strong, see?"

"What's to hinder th' dame from makin' a squeal as soon as we beat it, an' startin' th' rube bulls on our trail?" one of the other conspirators wanted to know.

The spikesman laughed disagreeably.

"We takes th' dame with us, yuh poor simp," he explained.

The man behind the log listened with bated breath and huge fists knotted. Twice he was on the verge of making his presence known and bringing the discussion to an unheralded conclusion. He restrained himself, however, and remained crouched thru the ensuing conference, holding himself in only by the exercise of iron self-control.

The filthy character of the comments of the three plotters made his ears burn and his teeth grind against each other. He abandoned a half-formed impulse to hurry to Millerville and inform the sheriff, fearing to leave the men unguarded for a moment.

So he remained behind his shield until the sun had set and the long shadows cast by the maples had thickened into the gloom of early night. The men continued to talk; occasionally one of them lighted a cigarette, the glow of the match within cupped hands illuminating the unshaven, evil profile.

Presently the watcher heard them scramble stiffly to their feet with many profane utterances. Evidently they were about to make the start. Silently as a shadow he slipped away toward the line fence at the edge of the grove. Three minutes later he was hurrying thru the waist-high wheat, his eye on the single light that glowed in the distance.

WITHIN the house the evening meal was in the course of preparation. Hetty's face bore distinct traces of tears as she bent over the cook stove. Old Abner sat in the sitting-room, his skinny form slumped in the split-hickory cair and his thin-lipped mouth a straight line. The appetizing odor of fried ham permeated the room, but the old man's nostrils did not twitch with their usual appreciation of his foster daughter's culinary art. It was evident that he was thinking, and thinking hard.

A single electric globe illumined the room, hanging by a cord suspended from the ceiling. Suddenly the old man saw it quiver, in response to a step on the porch outside. He had just shaped his mouth to call an invitation to enter, when, without the preliminary of a knock, two rough looking men stepped quickly inside. The door closed behind them instantly. One of the men stood with his back to it.

Old Abner stared at the ill-favored pair.

"Who are you?" he demanded in his squeaky voice.

"It don't need to make no difference who we are, cul," the smaller of the invaders growled, showing his teeth thru his ragged beard. "We're after money, see?" His black eyes roved over the room. Thru an opposite door, the outline of a small safe was dimly discernible. "'Twon't do yuh no good to holler. There ain't a body within a mile. Are yuh gonna shell out, or have we gotta land on yer bean?"

The old man was not a coward. Astonished as he was at the unheralded appearance of the thugs, his brain was not slow in grasping the situation. His native craft came to his aid.

"Why, boys, I ain't got much," he returned. "I guess you're welcome to what ye kin find. Jes' go right in that room behind me." He half turned in the chair and jerked his skinny thumb over his shoulder.

"Say, do we look like we jest fell off a load o' hay?" the spokesman growled, advancing toward Abner with one hand held behind him. "Git in there an' open th' box, d—n quick!"

There was unmistakable menace in his tone, and Abner quailed involuntarily. The other man had remained with his back to the door. Hetty, her eyes wide, appeared in the kitchen doorway with a wooden-handled fork in her hand. At sight of the tableau she became rigid. Then she screamed.

"Look out, papa!" she cried. "He's going to hit you."

She had a confused picture of the second tramp springing toward her, and of a cruel-looking spike in the hands of the first one, raised over the head of Abner. She closed her eyes and raised her hands, expecting to hear the sickening thud of iron against bone. She felt the fetid breath of the second tramp in her face; the next instant her ears were assailed by the noise of a double crash, and she was aware that by some miracle she was still unharmed.

She opened her eyes. Standing over the prone figure of the man with the railroad spike was Jim Snodgrass. He was in his shirt sleeves, the latter rolled up to expose the muscles of his brawny forearms. He was facing her. The door

Silk Satin

Beautifully Beaded

Georgette Crepe

Tunic Style

This beautiful Silk Satin and Georgette Crepe tunic is just the thing for Easter and Spring wear. You must see this wonderful garment and actually wear it to appreciate the excellent quality of this material. Send for this advance style at once. If you are not absolutely satisfied your money will be cheerfully refunded. Order now!

Send No Money

While They Last

Don't send a single penny. Just your name and address on a post card. We deliver Free. No transportation charges no matter where you live.

$9.89 Delivered FREE

Latest tunic design with overskirt. Both are heavily beaded in a very attractive design. Round neck has beads encircling. Three quarter length georgette sleeves beaded to match. The skirt is of lustrous silk satin with silk georgette crepe overskirt. Blouse has loose back panel. The waistline is defined with silk satin belt. Closing is at left side. Our tremendous buying power makes it possible for us to offer this beautiful dress at the amazing price of $9.89.

Order By Number 6A33

Act Now! Rush your order in now.

Send No Money—just your name and address on a post card. When the dress is delivered simply pay the postman the small sum of $9.89. We guarantee satisfaction or your money back. Comes in navy blue, brown and black.

Misses Sizes 14 to 20 years. Women's Sizes 34 to 44 Bust Measure.

State Size and Color. Order by No. 6A33.

Gordon's Cloak House 118 S. Dearborn St. Dept. 4103, Chicago

MOVIE MACHINE FREE

HAVE YOUR OWN "MOVIE"

Genuine American moving picture machine complete with film, given free for selling 36 sets Colored Postcards at 15 cents a set. You can earn money giving shows at home. Write today.

COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO. Dept. 704, East Boston, Mass.

PLAY OR SING!

Put Music in Your Life

No longer need the ability to play be shut out of your life. Just mail coupon or postal today for our new Free Book. Let us tell you how you can easily, quickly, thoroughly learn to play your favorite musical instrument by note in your own home, without a teacher, by our New Improved Home Study Method. Different, easier than private teacher way—no tiresome, dry exercises, no inconvenience, no trick music, no "numbers," yet simple, wonderful amazingly easy for even a mere child.

Learn Music at Home

What is your favorite instrument? Is it Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Piccolo, Clarinet, Harp, Saxophone, Mandolin, Banjo, Flute, Cello, Trombone, Ukulele, Drums and Traps, Cornet or Sight Singing? Well, whatever it be, you can now learn to play it beautifully in a few short months. This is your opportunity to secure your heart's desire. Pupils from seven to seventy have enrolled and they all find our instruction easy and delightful. You learn by note—the only real way to learn music!

Startling Offer! Mail Coupon!

We want to have ONE PUPIL IN EACH LOCALITY AT ONCE to help advertise our wonderful, easy system of teaching music. FOR A LIMITED TIME we therefore offer our marvelous lessons and charge only an amount about equal to the cost of postage, sheet music, etc., which is small. Beginners or advanced pupils. Get all the proof, facts, letters from pupils. AMAZING OFFER and fascinating New Book just issued. ALL FREE: Write postal or mail coupon today. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
693 Brunswick Building, New York, City

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,
693 Brunswick Building,
New York City

Please send me your free book "Music Lessons in Your Own Home" and particulars of your special offer.

Name .....
Please print name.
Address .....
City .....
State .....

FRECKLES

March Brings Out Unsightly Spots. How to Remove Easily.

The woman with tender skin dreads March because it is likely to cover her face with ugly freckles. No matter how thick her veil, the sun and winds have a strong tendency to make her freckle.

Fortunately for her peace of mind, Othine—double strength, makes it possible for even those most susceptible to freckles to keep their skin clear and white. No matter how stubborn a case of freckles you have, the double strength Othine should remove them.

Get an ounce from your druggist and banish the freckles. Money back if it fails.

THREE YEARS TO PAY

for this beautiful

MEISTER PIANO

and a guaranteed saving of $100 to $150

Eight exquisite styles to choose from and the one you select will be sent to you on

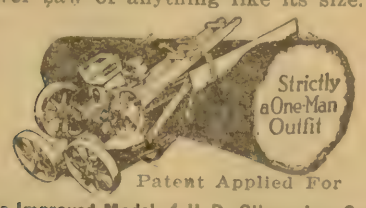
30 DAYS FREE TRIAL—ALL FREIGHT PREPAID

If you like the piano we will sell it to you on small monthly payments to suit your convenience as low as $9 per month. No cash deposit asked. No interest on payments. No extras of any kind. Stool free with piano. Write today for our catalog, illustrated in the natural colors of the wood. It's free. If you are interested in player-pianos send for free catalog. We have a fine selection. Rothschild & Co., Dept. 10D Chicago

A New Log Saw

Cuts Faster, Costs Less, Makes More Money for Users and Works While You Rest.

A new improved power log saw, now being offered, outdoes all other log saws in cutting wood quickly and at little cost. A new 4-cycle, high power motor equipped with Oscillating Magneto—no batteries to fail you—makes the saw bite through logs faster than other log saws. It finishes its cut and is ready for another before the ordinary saw is well started. This log saw—the Ottawa—has a specially designed friction clutch, controlled by a lever, which starts and stops the saw without stopping the engine. Others have imitated, but no other power log saw has this improvement just like the Ottawa. The Ottawa Log Saw sells for less money than any power saw of anything like its size.

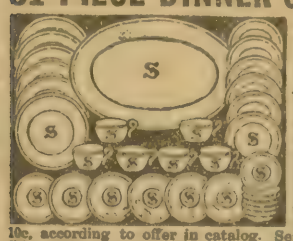


Patent Applied For

The Improved Model, 4-H. P. Ottawa Log Saw.

One man wheels this outfit from cut to cut and log to log like a barrow. Separate attachments cut down trees and cut up branches. Extra power lets the engine do heavy work of all kinds. Owners of the Ottawa Log Saw laugh at coal shortages and are making big money with ease, the machine doing the work. 35 to 50 cords cut any day, rainy or dry, by one man, are normal figures. And wood is approaching $20 a cord! The Ottawa is compact, simple and durable. It sells for cash or easy payments and is guaranteed. If you have wood to cut the Ottawa Log Saw will be the most satisfactory machine you've ever owned. We suggest that you write the Ottawa Mfg. Co., 3514 Wood St., Ottawa, Kas., for their complete new illustrated book and prices, sent free to all readers of this paper.

31-PIECE DINNER SET GIVEN



Full size dinner china, guaranteed against crazing; pure white color. Every piece decorated with royal blue band and your initial stamped in pure coin gold — just the set for a family of six. Simply sell 40 packets Garden Seeds at 10c, according to offer in catalog. Send your name. The Wilson Seed Co., Dept. D-163, Tyrone, Pa.

ALL THIS FREE

Gold-plated Lavalliere and Chain, pair Earbobs, Gold-plated Expansion Bracelet with Im. Watch, guaranteed quality and 3 Gold-plated Rings ALL FREE for selling only 15 pieces Jewelry at 10 cents each. Columbia Novelty Co. Dept. 366 East Boston, Mass.

TAPE-WORM Expelled alive in 60 minutes, with head, or no fee. No fasting. 68 page Book for 2c stamp. DR. M. NEY SMITH, Specialist, 2 Pines, St. Louis, Mo.

to the porch stood open. Old Abner was still seated in the split-hickory chair, apparently dazed by what had happened.

The second tramp had whirled, his back to Hetty. She saw him make a lightning-like movement toward his pocket. An ugly-looking automatic made its appearance. A warning shriek was on her lips as Jim sprang over the prostrate body of Abner's assailant. Then the revolver went flying across the room, and the two men almost instantly locked in close embrace.

They were evenly matched in size, but the thug fought as a rat fights. Hetty saw him sink his teeth in her foster-brother's forearm, causing that member to loosen its crushing embrace. With a snarl of rage Jim thrust outward, throwing his antagonist back against the wall with an impact that jarred the house.

The tramp was not stunned. Like a huge mastiff he shook his head and charged. Jim met the charge with a blow aimed for the head; the tramp dodged it with unexpected skill, delivering an uppercut that caused the other's head to rock.

Abner was shouting something.

"Git in th' other room an' telephone!"

She fled to the kitchen and took down the receiver. Her voice trembled as she called for the sheriff's number. While she waited she could see the contestants struggling just beyond the threshold. It seemed hours before she was rewarded by a masculine "hello!" in her ear.

"Come out here quick!" she cried into the transmitter. "Bring some others with you. They're trying to murder Jim!"

"Who is?"

"Oh, I don't know! Can't you hear them?"

"I should say I can!" the masculine voice ejaculated. "Is this Hetty Snodgrass?"

"Yes."

"I'll be right out."

The arrival of aid was now only a matter of time. But what would happen in the interim? As she replaced the receiver her ears were assailed by an ear-splitting crash, followed by a shrill yell from old Abner. She saw the fighters struggling in a farther corner of the room, an overturned table under their feet.

But she saw something else that gave her infinitely more concern. The tramp on the floor was coming back to life. His outstretched hand lay close to the discarded railroad spike, and Hetty saw the thick fingers extended toward the terrible weapon.

At the same instant Jim delivered a powerful body blow that sent the big tramp backward several feet. Hetty seized the opportunity to warm him.

"Look out for the man—on the floor!" she cried.

With a movement surprisingly swift for one of his bulk, Jim stooped and snatched up the railroad spike. He stepped backward and held it up.

"The first one that makes a move gets this right in the head," he announced. "I'm tired of fooling."

The man on the floor, whose evil eyes were open and crafty, immediately simulated a resumption of insensibility. The other one, who had fallen against the wall, elected to remain in that position. Jim stood in the center of the floor, breathing heavily. His shirt was in tatters, and blood dripped from the place where his arm had been bitten."

"Come in and pick up this revolver," he directed Hetty, pointing with the spike to where the automatic lay.

The girl crossed the room, her eyes ranging affrightedly to the other, and snatched the weapon from the floor. She was about to hand it to Jim when by some intuition she was constrained to glance at the open door. Quick as a flash she raised the revolver and pointed it at the bearded face she saw leering just outside.

"Drop it!" she commanded, surprised at her own coolness.

The sound of metal clanging against the porch floor followed.

"Now, come in here."

The stranger obeyed. As he came within the halo of the light it was revealed that his left eye was nearly closed, as from a blow. Jim Snodgrass surveyed him apprisingly.

"So you came back to life, did you?" he remarked. "I guess I didn't hit you hard enough. I'll take the gun now, Hetty, if you don't mind."

She yielded it to him. Then she collapsed into a chair from the sudden weakness that assailed her legs. Old Abner, who had not ceased to dance up and down, advanced to the newcomer and shook a skinny fist under his nose.

"Thought you'd rob me, didn't ye!" he cackled. "Ye didn't calc'late on meetin' th' fightin'est boy in Carson County—did ye?"

THE sheriff and his half-dozen deputies had come and gone with the three handcuffed and thoroly cowed thugs in their midst. The overturned table had been righted, and the sitting-room restored to some semblance of its former order. Jim Snodgrass, his face rather white under its coating of stubble, was submitting to a bandaging operation performed by his foster-sister.

Old Abner was again seated in his split-hickory chair. He surveyed the pair with bright blue eyes.

"Well," he remarked finally, "all's well that ends well."

They made no answer.

"When you two goin' to git married?"

"In three months," replied his son, wincing as the girl gave the bandage a twist."

Old Abner jumped out of his chair.

"Three months!" he shouted.

"That's what I said." Now that the excitement was over, Jim's countenance registered a gloomy determination. "I'm a fighter in more ways than one, Dad. Hetty's going to marry me the minute she's of age—ain't you, Hetty?"

But Hetty didn't get a chance to answer. Old Abner's mop of hair was awry with excitement, and his skinny fist was under his son's nose.

"If you ain't got the sand to marry that gal tomorrow mornin', you don't need to brag to me about bein' a fighter!" he squawked. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, anyway. You nigh broke her heart, stayin' away from home for two years!"

"But—you don't like fighting," reminded his son. "And you always kicked because I was in love with Hetty."

"What!" roared the old man.

"You always kicked——"

Abner's scanty hair fairly quivered with rage.

"See here, you ungrateful young cub!" he yelled. "Don't you dare stand there an' tell me no sech yarn as that! I've allus tried to git you to make up to Hetty, an' you know it blame well. As fer fightin'——"

"Yes?" grinned the young man.

"There's fightin', an' fightin'." Old Abner spat indignantly. "I ain't sayin' that fightin' don't have its place, now an' then. But——"

"You went off half-cocked, that night," broke in his son suddenly. "This is the first fight I've had since I left home."

"The first fight?" stammered the old man, his eyes popping.

"Yes, sir. I've been working in a foundry at Pittsburgh."

Abner Snodgrass, without taking his eyes from the boy, reached trembling fingers into his shirt pocket and drew forth his pipe. With the other hand he fished for his tobacco pouch. He poured the bowl of his pipe full of tobacco, tamping it down with his stubby thumb. Then he placed the stem in his mouth and began a search for a match.

His son scratched one across the sole of his shoe and held the flame to the bowl. Old Abner sucked out a thick cloud of smoke. Then he removed the pipe.

"Boy," he said solemnly, "I guess I'm an old fool. A durned old, bullheaded, cantankerous fool. Ain't I?"

"Well," began the other cautiously.

"Don't you dare deny it!" shouted Abner. "I won't have my word disputed all the time."

"All right. You're an old fool."

Abner seated himself in the splint bottomed chair, that had seen service since 1873, and replaced the pipe between his withered lips. He crossed his legs, exposing his thin shanks. Across his leathery countenance stole an expression of absolute contentment.

"Now, git out here an' don't bother me," he ordered. "I guess I'm master in my own house, yet."

He was puffing great clouds of smoke as the boy and girl passed thru the kitchen door, their arms about each other.

Cannibals—Tropic Seas—A Waterfall Below Which Humans Live—A Screeching, Mysterious Siren in a Cave—A Crazy Man After the Life of a Savage Chieftain—Headhunters—

You get them all on the

19th

A week from today.

No Money In Advance

This Marvelous CAMERA On FREE Trial!

Only 10,000 of these marvelous, instantaneous picture-taking and making cameras to be sent out absolutely on approval without a penny in advance just to prove that it is the most wonderful invention—the camera sensation of the age. So you must send for it quick! Just think of it—the new Mandel-ette

TAKES AND MAKES Finished Pictures Instantly

You press the button, drop card in developer and in one minute take out a perfect, finished post card photo 2½x3½ inches in size. Camera, itself, is about 4½x6x7 inches. Loads in daylight 16 to 60 post cards at one time.

No Films—No Plates—No Dark Room

Not a bit of the muss and bother of the ordinary kodak or camera. It is instantaneous photography. Universal focus lens produces sharp pictures at all distances. Pictures develop and print automatically. Can't overdevelop; results simply amazing.

We Trust You

No difference who you are, where you live or what your age, we will send you the complete "Mandel-ette" outfit absolutely on approval and give you 10 days to test it. If not satisfactory return it. But when you see what elegant pictures it takes—so quick, so easy, with no trouble at all—if you wish to keep it you simply send us 50c per week until our special price of only $10.00 is paid.

Easy Payments—No References

No red tape of any kind. Weekly payments so small you'll not notice them. Lots of fun and big profits.

No Experience Required

Plain instructions and everything complete with outfit so you can begin taking pictures the moment it arrives. We guarantee that even a child can operate it. Mail coupon right now. No risk or obligation to keep camera.

—The Chicago Ferrotype Co.—
Desk 3533, 1438 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

Send me at once one complete model Mandel-ette Camera outfit including supply of post cards and instructions. I agree to examine and test it thoroughly and if satisfied keep it and pay you 50c a week until your special price of $10.00 is paid. Otherwise I will return it at the end of 10 days.

Name.....

St. and No.....

Town.....State.....

Printed Scrim 10 Yards Only 98¢

36 inches wide. Enough for 2 pair of Curtains

We challenge the world to equal this price-smashing bargain! Printed Scrim, enough for 4 curtains, (10 yards) for only 98c. Less than half the price you paid last year. Popular bluebird pattern. Full 36 inches wide. 10 yards will make 2 pair of curtains. Unequalled value at an enormous reduction. Order as much as you need—at once—while our stock lasts. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

Send No Money

Starr & Starr 910 W. Van Buren St. Dept. 3533, Chicago

Send me 10 yards Bluebird Pattern Printed Scrim. When it arrives I will pay the postman 98c and postage and examine it carefully. If I am not absolutely satisfied with this bargain, I will return it and you will immediately refund my money, plus postage. I risk nothing.

Name:.....

Address.....

Rubs Out Wrinkles

Don't let wrinkles and crow's feet stay on your face. They destroy beauty, make you look years older than you are. Wrinkles disappear under the magic use of

PARISIAN FLESH FOOD

Absorbed by the dry skin and shrunken tissues it fills hollows; replaces that aged, tired look with youthful freshness. You're a new woman and see it!—Send name, address and 10 cents for

Sample Box and Beauty Book "Exclusive Agencies Granted"

Mme. M. Foulaire, 1600 Parisian Bldg., Cleveland, O.

FREE! Shoes value $5.00 durable and neat or beautiful Ukelele. Sell 20 Large Sugar Coated 25c each. Remove 20 cents, stamp and Lasts Lifetime. Just send us cents one. Write today for valuable premiums.

BARGO COMPANY, 625 Jackson Blvd., CHICAGO

ASTHMA RECIPE FREE for Asthma and Bronchitis. Send no money just name and address.

A. O. Meier, Box 655, Dept. B, Milwaukee, Wis.

OLD STYLE MURDER

(Continued From Page 8)

it over the fence—over there." He pointed to a spot near by.

At the signal from the alert sleuth I walked to the spot he indicated, and found a club about the size of a policeman's nightstick.

"What amazes me," remarked Gingold, "is your folly in returning. Of course, I would have nabbed you eventually. No criminal ever escapes me. But you might at least have given me a chase. This is as simple as taking gas before it enters the meter."

"She wasn't in this horrible shape when I left," cried the contrite gentleman. "She was beaten more than I intended to, but not this severely."

"You jealous lovers," philosophized the cunning sleuth, "always do more harm than you intend to. You were so excited you didn't realize the extent of your brutality."

"I was blind with consuming rage," admitted the melancholy Mr. Sarles.

"Bear witness to that," whispered my friend. "This unsophisticated citizen seeks balm for his soul by honest confession. As a matter of fact, he is but doing the electric current people a favor."

"If he doesn't make a fatal test of high voltage," assured I, "it will be because the prosecuting attorney is the husband of a temperance worker, and decides to throw the case out of court."

The great detective turned to the melancholy youth. "Harold," said he, "I presume you are a patron of the local gymnasium?"

"N-o-o," came the hollow reply of Harold, "I have never been there in my life."

"Don't exercise in any way?" questioned Gingold. "You look weak and sick."

"Never exercised in my life," Sarles declaimed, proudly. "But I am healthy and strong!" He expanded his emaciated chest a full inch.

"I am not at all surprised at the dark turn of your mind," reproved the eminent detective. "Your brain as well as your body is weak. You are little better mentally than an imbecile. You are not morally responsible for your deeds!"

"I am!" asserted the aroused gentleman, greatly defiant.

"You are not," denied the city sleuth, with a hard gaze at the almost untraveled path. "Your brain is a seething place for dastardly thoughts. Your mind is a cavern for decayed ideas. The asylum is the logical place for you. The chair is not the place for you."

HAROLD SARLES, already pale and palsied, exerted a visible effort to avoid complete collapse. "Do—do—you—think—I'll—get the chair?"

"Providing a mob doesn't burn you in advance," the confident and cheerful sleuth assured him. "This is what the newspapers will call an avalanche of brutality, an outrage on humanity, or the most lascivious murder of the age."

"Oh, dear!" cried the perpetrator of the avalanche of brutality. "What have I done! Elizabeth! I didn't mean it!"

"No earthly use to rave about it," curtly spoke the deductologist. "I know how you feel. Elizabeth was a beautiful girl. She had money. Now you are likely to have to work for a living the rest of your life."

"That won't be long," slobbered the lackadaisical youngster.

"No," agreed the crime dopester, "not very. Inactivity will get you if you miss the chair."

"Where did you gather the idea of beating women?" I demanded of Sarles. My interest in that subject is always keen.

"From an—er—married man," came the halting reply.

"The married stiff was kidding you," advised my associate. "Married men like to boast. The only married man I know who could get away with beating his wife was a vaudeville actor. The wife-beating scene was in his act."

"Well," said I, "let's get back to town. We must notify the police, and send out an ambulance. We have the murderer."

"Harold," muttered the great deductologist, kindly, "I am now going to put great trust in you. You must go to town alone and notify the police. Wrightsit and I will guard the body." He gazed intently at the slaughterer. "Can I trust you?"

"Your trust is well placed," eagerly responded Sarles.

"Go then," commanded Gingold. I all but flopped over in the sand in pure astonishment.

"I'll send the police right out," said Harold. "And give myself up!"

I am but the humble biographer of Hugh Clueson Gingold, the mighty ratiocinationist, but even I could see on the face of Harold that it would be several centuries before he reported at police headquarters.

After he had walked rapidly for about fifty feet, and then had broken into a brisk trot, I turned and groaned to my precocious companion: "Gone—one more felon!"

"Nonsense," retorted Gingold. "Mark my word—he'll report."

"To the ramblers' club," I sniffed. "That bird is plainly plagued with wanderlust. I saw it emitting in big sparks from his shifty eyes."

"Let it be hoped," quoth my friend, formally, "he does not infringe on the fatherly jailer. He doesn't deserve a gratis meal."

"Certainly," I replied, scathingly, "let us hope. He is only a murderer—the foulest of them all!"

"Walter," returned the great man, patronizingly, "your eternal obsoleteness oftimes affords me mirth. "That man was innocent!"

His cackling horse laugh was maddening.

"Sure," I snarled, "he was innocent! I refuse to take his own word for it. He was innocent in spite of his obvious desire to confess his guilt. Somebody's always falsely confessing to murder!"

"Think, Wrightsit!" admonished the sleuth, "use your dome a bit. That weakling could never overcome a strong woman. He'd die of fatigue before he had done half the job we have here."

"He said he did it. That is enough."

"For the crude police—yes," granted Gingold. "But not for me. I know. Possibly he hit her. She considered it a rare joke. Pretended helplessness, perhaps. He was furious—and hit her several times. She feigned collapse. Why, Walter, Elizabeth Marie Comeau is a famous woman athlete!"

"I've heard of her," I retorted. "But the fact sticks out——"

"That he couldn't have done it," interposed the cunning rascal who is the greatest deductologist on earth. "He hasn't the strength of a grasshopper, mentally or physically."

"Anyway," I argued, "one of us should go to town after the police and ambulance. Sarles will never report."

"The police can wait," replied my bewildering associate. "We must await the return of the murderer."

"You emaciated fish," I rapped, disgustedly. "So you expect another man to sneak up and confess to this murder, eh?" I glared. "This is the kind of thing any boastful beast would like to claim as his pet job, what?"

"No," came the soothing answer of my magnanimous companion. "I have this affair all settled. While waiting for Harold to return Elizabeth was standing in the road. Along came one of those murderously inclined joyriders. He or she ran over the dead woman. There was no traffic cop in sight—hence no slackening of speed. So the murderer went on up this lane. It has no outlet. And it only extends about three more miles. See the tracks there in the road. The one car is all that has passed. It hasn't returned. It must come back this way. Our duty, Walter, is to wait for the foul scoundrel. We have him trapped!"

❦ ❦ ❦

He Was a Fast Worker.

SVEN had been nursing logs down the chute to the buzz saw for several hours when the boss came along.

"This bane too much work for one man," Sven told him.

"All right," said the boss. "I'll send John down to help you."

An hour passed and the boss came past again. Sven made the same complaint.

"This bane too much work for one man."

"But I sent John down to help you. Where is he?"

"John, he ain't bane here some time. He went down between two logs. I tank he quit his yob."

❦ ❦ ❦

Then She'll Need Shoes.

"FATHER, I need a new riding habit."

"Can't afford it," he growled.

"But, father, what am I to do without a riding habit?"

"Get the walking habit."

TREMENDOUS VALUE FOR 10c

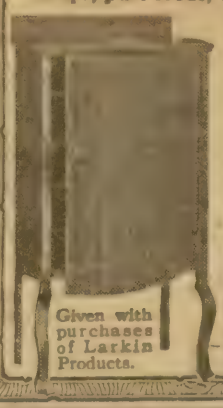
Leading Weekly Paper of Nation's Capital Makes Remarkably Attractive Offer.

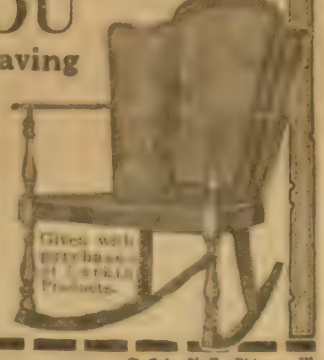
Washington, D. C., Mar. 4—People in every section of the country are hurrying to take advantage of the Pathfinder's wonderful offer to send that splendid illustrated review of the whole world eight weeks for 10 cents. It costs the editor a lot of money to do this, but he says it pays to invest in new friends, and in spite of the high cost of paper and postage he will keep this rare offer open for a short time longer. You will like this paper; it is 28 years old and now better than ever; splendid stories and rare miscellany. Only a dime mailed at once to Pathfinder, 127 Langdon Sta., Washington, D. C., will keep your whole family informed, entertained, helped and inspired for the next two months.—Adv.

GIVEN TO YOU

Larkin Factory-to-Family Saving

Just through buying every-day household needs, soaps, pure foods, toilet articles, etc., direct from the Larkin Factories or through a Larkin Club you obtain this Music-Cabinet or Rocker as your Premium. 1000 reduced prices make Larkin Factory-to-Family Dealing more attractive than ever.





New Catalog FREE

Illustrates 1600 beautiful Larkin Premiums and 900 Larkin Products with which they are given. Send today—NOW—for our money-saving Catalog. Mail Coupon to nearest address.

Larkin Co. Inc. Buffalo, N. Y., Chicago, Ill. Peoria, Ill.

Please send your new Spring Catalog No. 14

Name_____

Address_____

GP437

Free for 10 Days' Wear

Send no money—just your name and address. We will then send you one of these genuine Tifnite gems to wear for 10 days. Note its dazzling brilliancy. Put it alongside the costliest diamond. If you can tell the Tifnite from a real diamond send it back.

Like a REAL Diamond

A genuine Tifnite has all the fire and flash of a real diamond. And like a real diamond, every Tifnite is set in a beautiful **solid gold** mounting.

Gents' Ring No. 1
Genuine Tifnite gem. Almost 1 karat in weight. Solid gold mtg. Wide flat band. 8-prong setting to hold stone securely.

Ladies' Ring No. 2
Newest style mounting. Solid gold and hand-made, guaranteed. Genuine Tifnite gem, almost 1 karat weight, in exquisitely rich setting.

Order Quick

We have only 5,000 of these rings to [illegible] your customers. Prices specially low, terms very easy. Everything on pre-war basis. [illegible] send you your [illegible] Genuine Tifnite gem. When it arrives, deposit $2 and with [illegible] our expenses. If [illegible] send us $2 [illegible] and we will refund your money. If you desire to [illegible] merely pay the balance at $3.00 per month until the special price of $12.50 is paid. Write today.

THE TIFNITE COMPANY
511 S. Plymouth Ct., Dept. 1412 Chicago, Ill.

Why Fear Childbirth?

DR. J. H. DYE, obstetric specialist, devoted his life to women's sorrows. He discovered a means of lessening the suffering of labor and unnecessary pain. Write us about irregularity and sterility.

Illustrated Booklet FREE

SENT IN PLAIN WRAPPER

If you wish to give birth to healthy babies, without unnecessary pain, write today for your copy of this booklet. Thousands benefited in last forty years.

DR. J. H. DYE MEDICAL INSTITUTE,
101 Lincoln Building, BUFFALO, N. Y.

BEAUTIFUL PREMIUMS EASILY EARNED

—Send no money—simply name and address. Merely give away FREE 12 beautiful art pictures with 12 boxes of our famous White Cloverine Salve, which you sell at 25c each. We will send you this Genuine American Watch, also Chain and Two Gold Shell Rings, according to offer in our premium catalog which you receive with the Salve. Millions are using Cloverine for cuts, burns, etc.

LADIES YOU CAN ALSO EARN THIS **42-Pc DINNER SET,** or **SIX LACE CURTAINS**

and many other beautiful premiums. Our plan is the easiest and absolutely square. Write quick. Pictures and Salve sent promptly post-paid. Be first in your town—big cash commission.

THE WILSON CHEMICAL CO.
Dept. L222 Tyrone, Pa.

WANTED—30,000 BOYS TO MAKE MONEY

WE HAVE 30,000 boys who sell our great papers—The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger and Lone Scout. Thousands of them earn from $1.00 to $5.00 a week. People in every town and R. F. D. know our great papers and we have received thousands of letters from people asking the name of the local agent so they could buy the papers from them. We want 30,000 more agents, so that there will be an agent in every town and R. F. D. route, and to get them we have a wonderful new plan which gives our agents cash profits on every paper they sell and

VALUABLE PREMIUMS FREE In addition to big profits on every paper you sell we give you valuable premiums free. When you start we send you a premium catalog from which you can select the premiums you want.

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED We show you when you start just where to get customers, how to sell the papers, and just what to do. No town or R. F. D. route is too small to sell our papers in. Thousands of our agents in the smallest towns and R. F. D. routes are making the biggest money every week.

NO RISK Remember, you can't lose anything. You only pay for the papers after you have sold them. We send the papers so that they come to you on Fridays. You have a paper to sell to every man, woman, and boy. We show you just how to build up a route of regular customers that means steady profits every week.

IT IS EASY TO GET STARTED TODAY

but you must hurry, for the agencies are being grabbed up quickly by boys. It takes no money to start. Just fill out the blank below and we will send you a complete agent's outfit absolutely free and your first week's supply of papers.

W. D BOYCE CO. DEPT. 3, 512 N. DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Name .....

Street or R. F. D. No. .....

Town ..... State .....

I accept the agency for your 3 papers. Send me as many copies of each as you think I can sell the first week. If I qualify, it is understood you pay my expense of joining the Lone Scouts of America if I want to join. Also tell me how to get the valuable premiums.

PRINCESS or ADVENTURESS?

AUGUSTIN W. BREEDEN

This Will Enable You to Enjoy the Final Installment

RICHARD HERBERT GLADNEY, a young portrait painter, accepted his wealthy cousin's invitation to join a mining expedition about to be sent to Mexico to open up an abandoned gold mine which its New York owner believed still contained a vast storage of the precious mineral. In the party engaged by

HENRY JARNDYCE, the wealthy cousin of young Gladney, were several bosses and a score of common laborers, all supplied with the proper machinery, etc., for their proposed enterprise. Chief of the party was one

PROTHRO, whose first aids were a man named Barnette. Senors Aguaros and Mora, both of Spanish blood, Mora being a midget, or very small man. Also in the party and rated considerably above the laborers were

NELSON, the engineer, whose past activities were little known;

SIFERT, believed to be a professional gambler, whose side partner was Seriano, a Mexican of doubtful character. Among the laborers was

"BATTLING" BOURKE, an ex-prizefighter, faithful, perhaps, to his employers—and perhaps not. And among the first-class passengers, supreme above them all, in her characteristic beauty, charm, and alluring manners, was

SENORA TRABAJAR, who claimed to be Princess Inez Tchacalca (with half a dozen added names), who set up the claim that the mine to be reopened had been wrongfully taken from her father before he died, and that upon her arrival in Vera Cruz she would marry the man who would deliver to her the blueprints of the mine and aid her in establishing her ownership, thereby foiling the wealthy New Yorker in his costly enterprise.

When the ship reached Vera Cruz, both Gladney and Nelson were refused permission to land, the former for an assault with a pistol, as charged, the latter because his passport was faulty and because Prothro, his chief, wanted him returned to New York. During their voyage Nelson had become almost insanely jealous of the young artist because of his desire to paint the lovely senora, or princess, and these rivals were greatly chagrined to see her go ashore with her baggage, as did the other leaders of the mining party. However, with Prothro's assistance, Gladney crawled thru a porthole and gained the shore shortly after nightfall.

Soon after arriving in the interior, at a point where the several carloads of machinery were to be transferred to a branch line running to the mine, the laborers struck, seven who led the strike being badly mauled by the bosses. These seven finally agreed to stick on the job and the places of those dismissed were filled by lazy Mexicans.

After Gladney had accompanied the alleged princess to an underground crypt, where he witnessed a weird ceremony by a band of strange men whom the princess said were Sun Worshipers, during which orgies Gladney was nearly convinced that his inamorata was really no impostor or adventuress; hence, he might decide to make an attempt to convince his wealthy cousin that the woman actually possessed certain rights to the mine. Our hero next found himself, with Prothro and others, on a runaway freight train, which was wrecked on a switchback section, presumably by a gang in the employ of the self-styled Spanish princess, or by Mexican bandits out for most any kind of deviltry or plunder. The casualties had not been ascertained when the preceding chapter was ended.

This story began in No. 9, the Ledger for Feb. 26. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER XII.

A MOMENT later McCarty and I had to lie down and cling desperately to the casings to stay upon the rocking car. "This is the end of a desperate adventure," I thought; and then I saw Prothro's purpose. He was making a nice calculation of the momentum we were gaining and our chance to run to the first dead end of the switchback which was a rather wide cut, with no sheer drop below as here and no curve whatsoever. In that moment I got a new idea of what a cool-headed man can do. At precisely the safest moment, as figured by the calculus of engineering, Prothro with a swift, clean cut severed the hose. It popped like a rifle. There was a jumbled wreck, which threw me against the upper wall of rock in the dead end, which hurt my shoulder for the third time.

While I was trying to scramble to my feet Prothro came running along the ground.

"Hurt?" he asked.

"Not much."

He rushed on, leaping over the wreckage. Barnette came behind him, and I got to my feet and raced after them.

"I think everything's good at this end; it was back by the caboose that they caught it."

We heard a faint, low moaning and scrambled thru the wreckage as best we could. In a moment we were gathered around a pitiful object. It was Battling Bourke. He had tugged at his brake wheel to the last moment and had been thrown beneath the wreckage. His legs were all but severed from his body.

Prothro knelt above him and gave him some brandy from a bottle he had in his pocket.

"Prothro," murmured the dying man, "I know about Sife——"

"Tell me, Bourke, old man, what about Sifert?"

Sifert and Seriano—killed—that—go-between."

"Killed 'im? When? Where?"

"Night of the storm—throwed him overboard—I saw 'em."

"But, Bourke, why didn't you tell us before?"

"I was scared o' them—they'd ha' stuck me—— Is that the bell? Hey, help me up. Don't let 'em count me out!"

"He thinks he's in the prize ring," said Barnette in a husky voice. A moment later the man was dead."

"Good man," said Prothro, solemnly. Every man present removed his hat.

"'E wos a good man," said Spinks.

"Anybody need my attention? Any broken bones?" asked Prothro briskly. Every one had been pretty severely jolted up, but there were no more serious hurts than my little hurt and a couple of sprained ankles.

Two men were left with the dead, while McCarty, Barnette, Prothro and I started back over the track, rifles in hand, to look for any man, able-bodied, wounded, or dead, that might need our attention.

We found one man, a Mexican brakeman. He was dead, with three clean holes thru his body.

"Retributive justice," muttered Prothro grimly; and I wondered how it felt for one to know that he had killed a man even in a righteous cause

We walked on till we came to the snow banks at the top of the grade where the track entered the longest of all the tunnels, and there we found the locomotive brough to a standstill and abandoned. Why the engineer and fireman—the conductor was also in the cab—abandoned it there instead of staying on and running down the grade on the other side I have never learned. It may be that they were lying in ambush for us in the tunnel. None of them were wounded, evidently, for altho there were many bullet marks about the cab and tender, there was no blood about anywhere.

"Do we follow them?" asked Barnette, who was spoiling for a fight.

"And walk into a well-placed ambush?" said Prothro. "No, we need the engine. Hop on and let's run back to the wreck."

We got on and Prothro backed the engine carefully back to where the dead Mexican lay.

"Put him up on the tender, men," said Prothrow. "There's no dirt here to cover him with."

While we were burying the two dead men, Prothro was busy looking at the most forward car of the wreck. From the rubbish he drew some scraps of twisted steel which he called Spinks to look at.

"That was clever, Spinks," he said. "They jammed that train pipe with all the air it would stand and locked it down with that device. Say, they've got one real mechanic with them, anyway, the murderous devils."

It was now far past lunch time, and altho our food hamper was badly wrecked our Mexican cook managed to get us up a good meal; and then we took a look at the wreck to see what could be done. The two cars nearest the tender had not left the track, and there was about two engine lengths of clear track on the dead end, so our communication with Guanajuato was not cut off. We worked all the afternoon in the high, cool air of the mountains, altho we had only a couple of rail frogs and some screwjacks to work with, but as the moon was rising Prothro and Spinks, with five cars ready to roll and McCarty acting as brakeman, started slowly back to Guanajuato, leaving Barnette and I and the Mexican cook to guard the wreck.

I WILL long remember that first night there in the mountains. We had a campfire of pinol and scraps of wreckage to keep off the cold, which became intense as the night drew on. I have never seen the stars so large or wonderful as they are in that high and dry region. Then there was the air of danger to add excitement to the scene. We did not know that we would not be attacked during the night by the bandits who had wrecked us. Then a mountain lion found our fire and sent us a challenging cry, and a bear spent the night prowling around our camp.

That night I made the acquaintance of Barnette. To know a man, go thru danger and excitement with him or camp all night with him in a lonely spot. Barnette was a simple man of violent desires. Women and horses, and gaming and drink—these seemed to be the things by which he had lived—But there was a better and tenderer side to his nature in spite of the many wild storms of passion that had swept over it.

"Gladney," he said to me, "I reckon you consider me a sort of devil; most people do. And I'm going to tell you I've been into many a scrape, but I'll tell you one thing, in spite of a few adventures in Paris and Monte Carlo and Port Said I've never lost my respect for a pure, good woman; I don't think you have either, and that's the reason I'm telling you this."

I told him a great deal about my adventure with the "princess."

"I know her sort," he mused aloud. "Boy, I'll bet you fall for her before another month."

"No, I'll stick to you and Prothro," and then I laughed and told him what Prothro had said to Nelson about her father's being a hot tamale vendor, that morning on the ship.

"Well, you're a good scout, Gladney," he said. "But, do you know, if a thing like that offered itself to me, all that chance of a big fortune, the gambler in me would just naturally assert itself and I'd fall for it before I knew it."

"No, you wouldn't. You'd stick to Jarndyce and the thing you came down here to do. By the way, Prothro's a dandy, isn't he? Has he ever had a real love affair?"

"Has he? You should see the lady. Now, if I could ever meet one like her. She dwells in the realms of purest Knickerbocker society, and Mrs. Henry Jarndyce herself could not be more exclusive. But, of course, that isn't what makes her what she is—she somehow made me think of my sister when she was a girl, my sister that lives out in a college town in Ohio."

"You have seen her, then?"

"Yes, at close range. He had her and her mamma meet me and Mora at the Waldorf one night and we all had dinner together. I imagine she had been after him about the kind of men he associated with him in his work and he was holding us two up as the best specimens, tho I didn't know why he should have picked me for that. She seemed to find us both very amusing savages, tho I must say that she treated me with all due cordiality."

"Has she good common——"

"Good hoss sense? The best in the world. It didn't take her two minutes to decide that I was a bold, bad man and not at all fit for Bob Prothro to associate with, not that she showed it by any look or speech—I just naturally read her mind. But I think both she and her mother rather approved of little Mora. His discreet style won her over. Oh, but she's some dame!"

"Looks?"

"Well, looks, yes; but not altogether that. She's just naturally a thorobred. But Prothro is a thorobred when it comes to that. He's high-proof white alcoholic spirits, what I'm telling you."

"So, you're looking for a girl like the prospective Mrs. Prothro?"

"No, I can't say I'm exactly looking for one. But I believe this, Gladney, that the worst man in the world would be better if he had a girl like that waiting somewhere back in the States for

NO! —Not Christmas
—Not the Fourth of July
—Not New Year's Day
but the day

on which J. P. Copp's colorful story, staged among the man-eating savages of the South Sea Islands, begins in the Ledger. If you miss this, you miss one of the most vivid yarns of the tropics ever penned. *The 19th is the day! Don't overlook it.*

him to come home some day and marry her."

Our long night watch was out at last, and we aroused the cook to get us some breakfast while we rolled up in our blankets and stole forty winks of sleep.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE accident to my hurt shoulder served me one good purpose—it gave me an excuse to leave off painting the princess for a few days; and I spent those few days constantly in Prothro's presence. Two days after the wreck we made our first thru trip to Tieximal, and I got the first look at our mine. It was a great hexagonal hole twenty feet in diameter inside a yard at the back of a church. The stone wall around the yard was twenty feet high and three feet thick, with towers at the angles like a prison wall. Prothro took me to the mine at high noon. A most musical sound composed the harmony of the deepest and the shrillest notes caused from the plunge of water down its sides came up to me; and at this hour when the sun penetrated its depths a series of most beautiful rainbows could be seen far down in the gaping hole.

"That shaft is six hundred feet deep," said Prothro. "In the old days and up to forty years ago it was worked by peons, who carried the dirt up "chicken ladders" in baskets on their backs, and even as late as forty years ago the water was pumped out by small hand pumps, in relays from tank to tank. A small army of men have been killed in that mine and enough gold taken out of it to furnish the entire coinage for twenty years of many a European nation. Now all the lower levels up to four hundred feet below here are entirely flooded and even the upper series of tunnels are in such a ruinous state that any man risks his life that enters them. You see now how important our pumping machinery is for us."

"Has no one at all worked the mine for forty years?" I asked with a smile, for I knew very well that all Madame Trabajar's resources came from the illicit working of this very mine.

"Yes," replied Prothro, "a gang of these native brigands have tunneled in from some shaft that I cannot locate and are taking regularly several thousand dollars a month from some of the upper levels."

As he spoke a long, mournful, chanting wail came up to us. I have never heard anything at all like it in point of weirdness.

"What is it?" I asked Prothro.

"I hardly know," he replied gravely. "It was always the custom of the poor slaves who worked the mine in the old days to sing as they climbed their chicken ladders. It is still the custom in some old mines that are still being operated in this country. We lost all our native workers here three months ago, because they believed that this was the echo of that. For myself, I am not superstitious."

While he spoke it came again, louder than before, more hair-raising. I crept to the margin and peered down into the yawning hole. The sun had shifted now and the rainbows had all disappeared, but as I gazed down into the chaotic depths whence the sound rose with increasing volume above the music of the falling water, I saw a brilliant light flash thru the mist and turn the spray into a sort of silvery rain. Somehow it was all very uncanny, and in spite of the bright sunshine where I stood I felt a chill creep over my flesh, and at that moment had a premonition that our whole expedition was ill-fated, that a something ominous was about to happen to us all.

I think Prothro had started to try to give me a logical explanation of the strange sound, when suddenly the telephone in the little wooden shack that served him for an office rang loudly, and we hastened to the phone. Standing behind Prothro I could hear Mora's excited voice at the other end of the line in Guanajuato.

"There's been a raid and a jail delivery, and Sifert and Seriano are both at large."

"When did it happen?"

"Early this morning."

"Why didn't you telephone before?" asked Prothro.

"I tried to but the wires were cut about two miles from town and I couldn't use the phone till our men had repaired the line. But, listen, that isn't all the bad news"—I strained my ears to catch every word, feeling again that chill up and down my spine—"Barnette has disappeared."

"What?"

Cannibals—Tropic Seas—
A Waterfall Below Which
Humans Live—
A Screeching, Mysterious
Siren in a Cave—
A Crazy Man After the Life
of a Savage Chieftain—
Headhunters—

You get them all on the

19th

A week from today.

He was at his hotel and in his room last night after 11 o'clock. He told me then he aimed to sleep late this morning, but when I heard a little after daybreak about the raid on the jail I rushed to his hotel, but he was gone and had left no sign or word of any sort. The hotel people apparently know nothing. My theory is Barnette was chloroformed and gagged and so abducted from his room. There was no sign of a fight, and you know how quick Barney always was."

"Have you seen Madame Trabajar this morning?"

"Not yet; I have been busy with the local police trying to keep them at work. That's the main reason I haven't phoned sooner; I've had a difficult time. It looks to me like that woman's got this whole town under her thumb. I didn't go to her because I thought it perhaps you and Gladney could talk to her to more purpose. If we can't win her over or force her out of the country, it looks like we might as well shut up shop. How soon can you come down?"

"Right away. Anything else you'd like to tell me before we start?"

"Well, I don't know, Prothro; there's a rumor going the rounds this morning, still it's only a rumor."

"What rumor?"

"It has come over the wires. Only a rumor as yet, mind you, that President Madero has been assassinated."

"The hell you say?"

"It is not yet confirmed; but the town is in a turmoil over it."

"We'll start right away, Mora." Prothro turned from the phone and spoke to me. It was the first time I had ever seen tears in his honest blue eyes.

"That man was one of my best friends, Glad," he said; "and something tells me that the news is true. Glad, we're up against it. Jarndyce was one of Madero's special friends; we hold our concession from him; we were going to back his government to the limit. But that isn't the main thing that bothers me. He was a good man, a d—n good man. Say, I wish you hadn't got your

(Continued on Page 20.)

GASOLINE 2¢ A GALLON!

$200.00 Weekly For Agents.

$1.00 Worth of Gasoline Will Give You 50 Miles

$1.00 Worth of NU-GAS Will Give You 450 Miles

NU-GAS IS NEW
Not a tablet, not a liquid. Powerful energizing chemical. Dissolves at once. Guaranteed harmless

$1.00 Worth of NU-GAS Will Treat 200 Gallons of Gasoline

Remarkable Discovery Opens Road to Wealth for You!

2c WORTH OF NU-GAS EQUALS A GALLON OF GASOLINE

Necessity is truly the mother of invention. While nine million motorists were facing with alarm the problem of the INCREASING COST and INFERIOR QUALITY of gasoline, American inventive genius has come forward with the solution. Don't be like the men who ridiculed Henry Ford, and lost millions thereby. Read with an open mind and we will convince you that the American Motorist has been emancipated forever from the Gasoline Octopus. The Great Discovery, NU-GAS, will positively give you from 15% to 40% more mileage from every gallon of gasoline you use. It will positively prevent the formation of carbon. Don't misunderstand us. We HAVE NOT discovered a new motor fuel. That was not necessary. The problem was to improve the old fuel (gasoline). NU-GAS is used with gasoline. It is the combination, the blend of the two ingredients, gasoline and NU-GAS, which gives such amazing, positively astounding results.

$1000.00 GUARANTEE!
We guarantee that NU-GAS is absolutely non-injurious to the finest motors; that it will not clog the feed pipe, and is sold with the positive guarantee that your money will be refunded if NU-GAS does not do all that we claim. We further agree to pay $1000.00 to any charitable organization upon proof from anyone that NU-GAS is injurious.

Here is an example: If 200 gallons of gasoline gives you 3000 miles, 200 gallons of gasoline and one package of NU-GAS (costing only $1.00) will give you 4000 miles. You increase your mileage ONE-THIRD. In other words you save ONE-THIRD of 200 gallons or 66 gallons of gasoline at a cost of only $1.00—or less than 2c per gallon for this 66-gallon saving. Remember, $1.00 worth of NU-GAS treats 200 gallons of gasoline. If you gain 1000 additional miles for $1.00 isn't it worth while? Is it any wonder that motorists are enthusiastic about this Wonder Product?

Consider the value of CARBON PREVENTION alone. By using NU-GAS you can prevent fully three-fourths of all motor troubles. Automobile experts admit that 75% of all motor troubles are due to carbon. Carbon increases gasoline consumption, causes pre-ignition, which results in loss of power, scored cylinders and a tremendous strain on the bearings. NU-GAS eliminates all this by absolutely PREVENTING the formation of carbon.

NU-GAS is powerful. It is harmless. It will keep your cylinders, valves, pistons, spark plugs, etc., absolutely clean. Positively free from carbon. It will give you an increase of from 15% to 40% in power and speed on the hills and on level by giving, at all times, a perfect mixture that flows freely and constantly with every touch of the throttle.

The concentrated oils in NU-GAS allow you to use a little more air to enter the carburetor, a proof that you are getting more miles to the gallon.

Why NU-GAS Is Needed

The greatest weakness in the automobile engine of today is this: It is designed to burn gasoline of ten years ago, when automobile engines were fed upon a high-test, quick-acting, powerful grade of gas. Then the number of automobiles increased by millions and the refiners substituted heavier fuels. The fuel we now buy is a blend of gasoline and kerosene that will not vaporize as readily as it should. It contains many impurities such as tar, asphaltum, iron and sulphur, causing a quick accumulation of carbon in your cylinders. Your car lacks pep and you use more gasoline. NU-GAS vitalizes this low-grade gas and allows the motor to get the last ounce of energy by thorough evaporation. It increases your mileage 15% to 40% and absolutely prevents carbon.

NU-GAS

$1.00 Package FREE

To prove that NU-GAS will save up to 40 per cent of your gasoline and prevent carbon, we make the following liberal offer: Mail the coupon below with $1.00 and we will send you TWO dollar packages ($2.00 worth), giving you one package FREE, with this understanding: After you have used the two packages, if you are not entirely satisfied, just write and tell us so and we will refund your dollar. You don't have to return anything. We take your word absolutely. Remember, for $1.00 we send you enough NU-GAS to treat 400 gallons of gasoline. Whether you want the agency or not, you can take advantage of this offer. As soon as an agent is appointed in your county, however, the price will be $1.00 per package.

Exclusive Agency for NU-GAS May Make You Rich!

Tremendous Profits

The automobile game is the business where men grow rich quick. Think of the men you know who have accumulated great wealth through the sale of some automobile or accessory. Haven't you envied their success? Well, here is your chance to duplicate it. Here is your opportunity to secure the EXCLUSIVE COUNTY OR STATE AGENCY for that Wonderful Discovery of the Twentieth Century, NU-GAS. We do not say that NU-GAS will make you a millionaire over night, no; but we do say that if you accept the agency for this sensational seller, and work as diligently and as earnestly as you are now working at your job, you should make five, yes, ten times the amount of money you are now making. You should be able to make from $50 to $100 per week. You should be able to gratify all your dreams of success and independence. You should be able to rank with the leading business men of your community. Start with a County Agency and you will soon be able to work up into a State Agency. Start in your spare time if you prefer. Prove what you can do with NU-GAS. Then devote all your time to this wonderful business. Hire sub-agents, get dealers working for you. Make money on their efforts. Then you will know the meaning of the word SUCCESS.

Experience Unnecessary

No experience needed. It doesn't matter if you never before sold anything. Would a man need experience to sell bread in a famine? NO!—and neither do you need experience to sell NU-GAS to the nine million motorists in America who need it. Users are delighted; glad to recommend YOU and NU-GAS to their friends. Sales come easy, fast. Money rolls in. Isn't that the kind of business you want? And remember, your money back if not satisfied. Sign the coupon right now. Attach a dollar bill and mail at once. Prove to yourself it does all we claim.

We Help You Sell

We make success easy for you. We supply you with display posters for dealers, billboards, etc., ads for newspapers, mailing cards, etc. Also tell you how to get a list of all automobile owners in your territory, how to get dealers to sell for you, how to get sub-agents, etc. With our help you should make more money this year than you have made in the last five years. But action counts. Beat the "other fellow" to it. Mail coupon without delay.

NU-GAS COMPANY Dept. S 5650 W. Lake St. **CHICAGO, ILL.**

Mail This Coupon TODAY

NU-GAS COMPANY, Dept. S,
5650 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find $1.00 for which send me TWO full size dollar packages of NU-GAS. It is understood if you are entirely satisfied, as above stood that you will refund my dollar. Send full particulars in regard to agency for same in _____ County.

Name _____

Mrs. Margaret Sanger, the great birth control advocate, and her two sons

"WOMAN AND THE NEW RACE"

By Margaret Sanger

This book, just published, is Margaret Sanger's greatest effort for the birth control movement. It contains the very essence of her life's work. It pleads and instructs the women of the world in the greatest step of their emancipation. "WOMAN AND THE NEW RACE" contains the sum total of her experience—the knowledge she dared to utter and print! The knowledge for which she faced jail and fought through every court to establish as woman's inalienable right to know.

—PART OF CONTENTS—

Woman's Error and Her Debt
The Struggle for Freedom
Two Classes of Woman
Immorality of Unwanted Large Families
Cries of Despair
Women who plead for Abortion
When should a Woman avoid having children?
Legislating Woman's Morals
Continence: Is it Practicable or Desirable?
Contraception or Abortion?
Are Preventive means certain?
Battalion of Unwanted Babies Cause of War
Woman and Morality
Why not Birth Control Clinics in America.

Any one of the above chapters are worth the price of the book

THE KNOWLEDGE IS PRICELESS

This book, "Woman and the New Race," by Margaret Sanger, contains so much that is vital, thorough and necessary to every married couple, that it would require a book to explain it. The knowledge between its covers is priceless. **The knowledge of Birth Control will bring happiness to every marriage.**

Send $2 today for "Woman and the New Race," and if you are not satisfied it is worth its weight in gold we will refund your money. Order direct and at once while we still have the privilege of sending it to you. Don't Delay.

"Woman and the New Race" Sent Prepaid Anywhere, only **$2**

TRUTH PUBLISHING CO.
1400 Broadway, Dept. 3-R, New York, N. Y.

Ends Stubborn Coughs in a Hurry

For real effectiveness, this old home-made remedy has no equal. Easily and cheaply prepared.

You'll never know how quickly a bad cough can be conquered, until you try this famous old home-made remedy. Anyone who has coughed all day and all night, will say that the immediate relief given is almost like magic. It is very easily prepared, and there is nothing better for coughs.

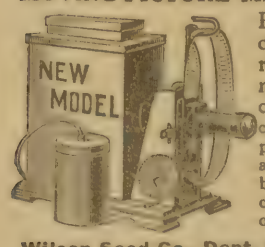
Into a pint bottle, put 2½ ounces of Pinex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to make a full pint. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, the full pint saves about two-thirds of the money usually spent for cough preparations, and gives you a more positive, effective remedy. It keeps perfectly, and tastes pleasant—children like it.

You can feel this take hold instantly, soothing and healing the membranes in all the air passages. It promptly loosens a dry, tight cough, and soon you will notice the phlegm thin out and disappear. A day's use will usually break up an ordinary throat or chest cold, and it is also splendid for bronchitis, croup, hoarseness, and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, the most reliable remedy for throat and chest ailments.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

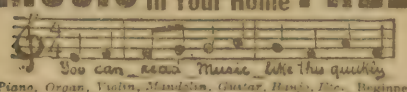
MOVING PICTURE MACHINE GIVEN



Boys, here is your chance to have a real moving picture machine with film complete without cost. Simply sell 40 packets Garden Seeds at 10c each. Many other beautiful premiums—catalogue sent with first order—write quick.

Wilson Seed Co., Dept. M1780, Tyrone, Pa.

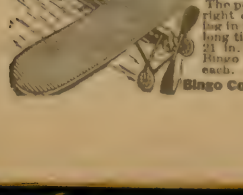
MUSIC TAUGHT In Your Home FREE



Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, Etc. Beginner or advanced players. One lesson weekly. Illustrations make everything plain. Only expense about 2c per day to cover cost of postage and music used. Write for *FREE* booklet which explains everything in full.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 37 Lakeside Building, CHICAGO

FREE AEROPLANE



Boys, we have a real Aeroplane for you. Modeled after famous war machines. Gains the height of a long soaring flight. The powerful motive power carries it right off the ground. Looks like sailing in the air. Strongly built, will last long time. Length 28 in. Wing spread 21 in. Free for selling 24 packages Bingo Perfumed Ironing Wax at 10c each. Order today. Send no money.

Bingo Co. Dept. 187, Binghamton, N.Y.

A Band There Was

(Concluded From Page 4)

natives fought to get to the ticket stand. Alonzo Skillings stood in plain view. Every one waited, nerves on edge, ready for the circus; ready for the fight; ready for anything.

"Yonder come Fernando!" some one exclaimed. Every neck craned to catch sight of the bad man. But it was a false alarm. The minutes slipped by. The crowd waited.

Then the performance started. It was a good show—or so the audience thought. And the ticket seller thought so, too. Seven hundred and fifteen dollars had found its way into his strong box. The next two nights would be better. . . . The crowd had the fever now. The program would be changed at each performance. The crowd was as certain to be on hand as the sun was sure to appear over the eastern hills at morning and disappear in the west at evening.

Only one thing was lacking—the fight between Fernando and Alonzo. Perhaps later. . . . Anyway, it was a great show.

Finally the performance came to a close and Pete, highly jubilant, turned away from the tent. The lodge would get the band instruments and Shack and his crowd were contributing no small part of the purchase price. That was great. Pete would be a greater man than ever when he presented the instruments to the lodge, for, of course, his connection with the circus must never be known, and he would receive credit for great generosity.

Shack and his crowd would be humiliated.

Pete felt a touch on his arm. Whirling he faced Kid Scoot. "Whut you wants, Kid?"

Kid was frowning. "I wants infohmation. Whuh is Fernando?"

Pete grinned. "Don' you worry 'bout Fernando. He'll be back heah in jes' 'bout one week—when de fruit steamer whut wuz in heah today comes back."

Kid shook his head. I don' see——"

Pete chuckled. "I don' espec' you do, but Fernando's 'bout two hundred miles fum heah on dat steamer boun' foh New 'Leans."

Kid gasped. "How's dat?"

Pete placed an arm about his friend's shoulder. "It's lak dis, Kid. Out on de steamer dis a'ternoon, I see Fernando lyin' down behime some boxes, fas' asleep. De White Eye he's been drinkin' got him down, an' he ain't gwine wake up 'till 'bout dis time tomorrow. Dat's de way dat stuff does."

Kid nodded. "Den whut?"

Old Pete's eyes were sparkling. "Den I jes' picked up some ol' sacks I foun' dah on de deck, an' layed 'em over him so's nobody's see him——"

Pete laughed. "An' den I came on away, leavin' Fernando to sleep on!"

Fourth Pete Paggley Story Next Saturday:

"Projeckin' Sons"

More Triangle Stuff

By Justin Fair

THE Editor of the Queen Magazine laughed scornfully.

"My dear chap," he said to Lindsey, a writing man of reputation, "I beg of you—don't." And he fell to laughing again.

Lindsey was plainly nettled.

"Why, you don't mean to say that the yarn's so impossible as all that? Ordinarily you know, you seem to think my work is worth buying, and publishing in the first signature of The Queen.

"Certainly, certainly," assented Blackwood, the editor. "But you must realize, Lindsey, that these stories founded upon the 'eternal triangle' are not wanted. The theme is moth-eaten. It is not in vogue. Why don't you confine yourself to those really delightful pastorals, those fresh, clean love stories, you do so well?"

"But they weren't true to life," objected the author. "This story you have, is; I happen to know that the facts I have used are actualities. I borrowed the plot from life."

"Tush," said the editor, plucking at his beard. "My dear fellow, you are becoming morbid. I'll tell you, Lindsey, the only way you may become normal is to be married. Now there are a lot of fine girls in New York who would jump at the chance to have you." And the editor, a big red-faced man, laughing in a peculiarly shrill treble, that ill-fitted his heavy frame.

"Nevertheless, this is all true," said Lindsey, shortly, tapping the rejected manuscript. And he left.

It was weeks before Blackwood saw the novelist again.

They chanced to meet in the coffee-room of the Lion's Claw, a rather obscure club, frequented almost entirely by writers and artists.

"Oh, there you are, Lindsey!" cried the big-bodied editor, gayly. "Where have you been keeping yourself? Why aren't you at work? I need some good stories for our Brides' Number, coming in June. Come, old man, buck up and write something for me." And then, as an afterthought, he said slyly:

"But no more eternal triangle stuff. You know the dear public won't swallow it any more than I."

"I guess you were right about that," admitted Lindsey slowly.

"Huh!" snorted Blackwood, "of course I was right. I tell you, Lindsey, that sort of thing doesn't happen in real life. Let's see—you had the age-worn idea of the two men who were good friends and business associates, didn't you?"

The writer nodded his head gloomily.

"And then the fellow who was in love with the other chap's wife, he went away awhile, didn't he? And he found that he couldn't forget, so he came back and he went to the friend and tried to tell him that he loved his wife, and that she loved him, and that they wanted to go away and be happy? How original. What did you call this masterpiece, Lindsey?"

The novelist squinted at the cigarette in his hand. He sighed heavily and said: "The Husband Who Couldn't See."

"Bah!" exclaimed the editor. "Junk, just junk! Better forget that sort of thin gruel and do us something worth while. . . . I'll wager you haven't been able to get a nibble on that story. Well, I'm glad you've given it up. It will teach you to stick to the fine things after this."

"Lindsey!" cried Blackwood in a shocked way.

"No," said Lindsey, "I know that my story is literature because it is life. I shall never put my pen to paper again till it is published."

It was a month later, when the magic spell of the new spring was over the world, that Blackwood stood in his tiny, cluttered office, a telegram in his hand:

We couldn't stand it any longer, Berthe and I, so we have gone away to find our happiness together.
LINDSEY.

The bearded editor smiled.

"Ah," he said, softly, "so it was my wife after all. It's a hell of a stiff price for Lindsey to pay to convince me that I should have printed his story."

⁂

Standing Up for Them.

"SOMEBODY ought to stand up for railroads," said the chairman of the meeting.

"I do," protested Mr. Crosslots; "I haven't had a seat in the last six months."

Every Married Couple

and all who contemplate marriage should own a complete book of life, such as the "Medical Adviser." It unfolds the secrets of married happiness, so often revealed too late. No book like it to be had at any price, 1008 pages—bound in cloth. Sold formerly for $1.50. We can mention only a few of the chapters here: Mechanism of Life, History of Marriage, Sex Problems, Advice for Mother and Babe, Nervous Troubles, Anatomy, Physiology, Medicine, etc.

SPECIAL OFFER: For a limited time we will send one copy for $1.00 to introduce book to readers of this paper. Address Medical Press, 643½ Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Locomotive Engineer

Driving his engine across the sun-baked desert, then up to snow line on the mountain pass, must carry a watch that defies the extremes of heat and cold—a watch wholly dependable under all conditions. That is why the Santa Fe Special is purchased and praised by the vast army of railroad men, rendering service on the biggest and best trunk lines of America. It is also worth remembering that so many of the most exacting time inspectors for these great railway systems pass and approve the Santa Fe Special Watch for railroad service. No stronger endorsement can be accorded any time piece—I'm proud of the high standing of this famous and popular watch. You'll be proud to own one—I will send it for you to see and inspect—to carry and test for a month if you desire—then buy it on small easy payments or return it at my expense.

The ILLINOIS Famous Santa Fe Special 21 JEWEL RAILROAD WATCH $3.50 A MONTH

The Standard Railroad Watch

that is GUARANTEED FOR A LIFE-TIME OF SATISFACTORY SERVICE. These watches are now in service on practically every railroad in the United States and in every branch of the Army and Naval service. Thousands of them are distributed around the world. Your name or monogram and any emblem you may desire will be engraved in the case to suit your own ideas. Write today for my Free Watch Book—make your selection now. Save One-Third to One-Half the price you pay for a similar watch made by other Manufacturers. Most Liberal Offer Ever Made. Our "Direct-to-You" low Wholesale terms and Extra Special Distribution Plan means a big saving of money to you and you get the best watch value on the market today. Watch sent for you to see without one penny down.

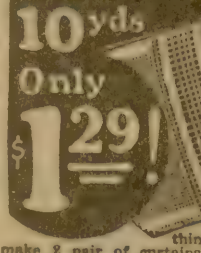
A letter, post card or this coupon will bring my beautiful Watch Book FREE

THE SANTA FE WATCH CO.
333 Thomas Bldg., TOPEKA, KAN.
(Home of the Great Santa Fe Railway)

SANTA FE WATCH COMPANY
333 Thomas Bldg., Topeka, Kan.
Please send me your New Watch Book with the understanding that this request does not obligate me in any way.

Name .....
Address .....
State .....

Double Border Scrim 10 yds Only $1.29!



36 inches wide. Enough for 2 pr. of Curtains

Here is the world's greatest bargain in piece goods! 10 yards of this beautiful white and cream double border scrim for $1.29! Just the thing for curtains! 10 yards will make 2 pair of curtains. Full 36 inches wide. A value you won't find in years! Order today at this money-saving price. We will refund your money immediately if you are not satisfied.

Send No Money

Starr & Starr 910 W. Van Buren St. Dept. 3543 Chicago

Send me 10 yards Double Border Scrim. When it arrive I will pay the postman $1.29 and postage, and examine it carefully. If I am not absolutely satisfied with this bargain, I will return it and you will immediately refund my money plus postage. I risk nothing.

Name.....

Address.....

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM

Invaluable for lovers and for keeping recipes, addresses, secret memorandum or other information safe and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers or friends. Don't miss it. Send 10c and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address

PENN PUBLISHING CO., Blairsville, Pa.

Vacant Government Land

HOW TO GET A FARM FREE

A Billion Acres Open to Homestead Entry and Purchase : :

FULL INFORMATION to LAND SEEKERS

About the United States Vacant Lands and How to Secure Them

also, the number of acres and the kind of land described that is open to settlement in each county of every public land state and territory. The Location of Each Land Office to which Applications are made, with blank form of application. It tells about Irrigation and Irrigated Lands, Oil and Saline Lands, how to acquire Townsites and Millsites, with Diagrams and Tables Revised to Date. 113 pages.

PRICE, PAPER COVERS, 50c, POSTPAID.

W. C. WATKINS, Box 1505, Parnassus, Pa.

SEND NO MONEY

BIG Easter OFFER

Wear better clothes at less than half price. We manufacture every dress, eliminating middleman's profits. Read descriptions of dresses pictured here. You will agree these wonderful styles present a great money saving opportunity. Select to-day. Save money.

Guaranteed All Wool Men's Wear French Serge $7.48 post paid

Guaranteed All Wool Tricotine $14.99 post paid

Guaranteed All Wool Double Warp Serge $7.58 post paid

HOW TO ORDER
Send no money. State size, style and color desired.

Guarantee
Money back if not satisfied after examination.

We Pay Postage

STYLE No. 239. Guaranteed All Wool Double Warp Navy Serge. Handsome Zephyr Embroidery All Around. Made with Navy Embroidery or Tan Embroidery. Misses' sizes 14 to 20. Ladies' sizes 34 to 44. Pay $7.48 on arrival. Actual Value $15.00.

STYLE No. 240. A very handsome model of Guaranteed All Wool Tricotine. Silk lined. Trimmed with 4 rows of beads all around neck, sleeves and at bottom of dress in a pretty design. Made in Navy only. Sizes: Misses', 14 to 20; Ladies', 34 to 44. Pay $14.99 on arrival. Actual value $29.75.

STYLE No. 241. Guaranteed All Wool Navy Men's Wear French Serge. Deep Zephyr Embroidery All Around. Pay $7.58 on arrival. Made in Navy only, trimmed with Tan Zephyr Embroidery or Rose Zephyr Embroidery. Sizes 14 to 20 years, 34 to 44 in. bust. Actual Value $16.00.

Pictures do not give justice to these exquisite styles. Suitable for all seasons. Order at our risk.

DIRECT OUTLET MFG. CO.
61 WEST HOUSTON ST.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

GET RID OF THAT FAT

Free Trial Treatment on Request

Ask also for my "pay-when-reduced" offer. My treatment has often reduced at the rate of **a pound a day.** No dieting, no exercise, absolutely safe and sure method.

Mrs. E. Bateman writes:— *Have taken your treatment and it is wonderful how it reduces. It does just as you say. I have reduced a pound a day and feel fine.*

Mrs. Anna Schmidt writes:— *I weighed 178 pounds before I started your treatment and I now weigh 138 pounds. You may print this if you like.*

These are just examples of what my treatment can accomplish. Let me send you more proof at my expense.

DR. R. NEWMAN, Licensed Physician

286 Fifth Avenue, New York, Desk H-99

7-PIECE GENUINE Cut Glass Water Set

Tall 8-pint pitcher and 6 stylish ball-shaped tumblers—real hand cut, thin blown clear crystal glass. Beautiful, popular "Vistaso" design. Retail Value $4.00 at least. A set you would be proud to have. Given for selling only 24 large colored pictures or 24 packages of beautiful post cards at 10c each. Order your choice. DO IT NOW

GATES MFG. CO.
Dept. 745 CHICAGO

Dr. Isaac Thompson's EYE WATER

strengthens weak, inflamed eyes, and is an ideal eye wash. Good since 1795. Keep your eyes well and they will help keep you.

35c At All Druggists or sent by Mail Upon Receipt of Price

Write for our Booklet. It is FREE

JOHN L. THOMPSON SONS & CO.
105 River St., Troy, N. Y.

FREE OVER 2 FEET LONG TELESCOPE

Guaranteed, powerful lenses, scientifically ground. Most everyone wants a telescope. Get this fine, large one FREE for selling 24 pkgs. of Bingo Perfumed Ironing Wax at 10c each. Send no money.

BINGO COMPANY, Dept 252, BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

The 30th Window

(Continued From Page 6)

tremely heavy; in fact," he added, with a pardonable touch of local pride, "the intersection of Broad and Market streets is the second busiest four corners in the United States."

THEIR luncheon finished, the two drove off for an inspection of the broken windows. Brandt explained that at the request of Captain Guthrie the stores had refrained from disturbing their show-window decorations. At the Elmo Department Store on Broad street the wax models of pretty girls were in use for the exhibition of furs and gave the impression of smiling at the curious throng outside, engaged in examining the clean, round hole in the window. The hole, in this instance, was about six feet above the sidewalk. The store management permitted Fenwick to make an examination of the interior of the window, but no trace of bullet hole or missile could be found within.

At Amberger's store, on Market street, Fenwick found a hole at a height of twelve feet in a window given over to a display of nursery furnishings. At a Market street furniture house there were two holes in one window. The window had been trimmed to represent a living-room and contained tasteful furnishings and three wax figures representing a child and its parents.

The rode north and south on Broad street, east and west on Market street, stopping for a few minutes at each scene of vandalism. In no instance was the slightest tangible clew encountered. Brandt drove the car up a side street.

"Another funny thing," he commented. "There are three undertaking establishments in this street. The first one had a window broken, the second did not, but the vandals resumed depredations at the third. Here's the first one."

The car slowed up at the curb, but neither man left it. The establishment was unpretentious and bore a sign reading, "Burial Parlors." It was of the variety usually referred to as an advertising undertaker. In the window was displayed a cheap casket. The hole in the window was plainly discernible from the car.

They drove on and slowed up at a dignified building bearing the words, "Joshua Rainley—Mortuarian." The window displayed a handsome vase flanked by immense potted plants. This establishment had escaped damage. The next place resembled the first in its poor appointments, and the window contained a child's casket.

"Seen enough?" inquired Brandt, after Fenwick had briefly surveyed the aperture in this window.

"Plenty," assured Fenwick. "Let's go back to the hotel and talk things over."

They returned to the hotel and to Charlie's room for discussion. As they lit cigars Brandt directed an expectantly curious glance at Fenwick, as tho half-attempting to read his mind. It did not escape the latter, and he promptly opened the conversation.

"I suppose you're wondering what I think about the case, and you are surely entitled to know, Mr. Brandt. I'll admit I have a half-formed theory, but it is so outlandish that I'd never disclose it to your Captain. He'd rage and rant as he did this morning. We can talk it over, however, and if you're willing, can work together."

"Suits me," responded Brandt.

"Very well. In the first place, I believe that you and your associates have gone at this thing from the wrong angle. There are two, you know. One is the method of destruction; the other is the motive for destruction. You have paid more attention to method than to motive. I'm not attempting to deny that knowledge of the method would simplify matters and perhaps lead to the ultimate detection of the offenders. Since the chances of obtaining such knowledge seem singularly remote, motive should be sought. In this connection there are certain features that occurred to me on our tour this afternoon which seem to have been ignored. These should be used as a basis for further investigation."

"What are they?" inquired Brandt, quickly.

"Aside from those in the undertaking establishments, every window damaged by the vandals contained something to simulate a human being. There were wax models in some of them, a nursery with dolls the size of a child, dressed in baby clothes in another. One window displayed a flat cardboard figure of a boy, also lifesized and very lifelike, too. At Amberger's store there are a number of windows, but the only one damaged was the one containing the large dolls. That furniture house on Market street has two large windows, but only the one containing the wax figures was damaged. Just mentally review the places we visited and see if I'm not right."

Brandt nodded silent assent and waited for Fenwick to continue.

"Now, let us consider the undertaking establishments. The two windows containing caskets were damaged, while the other place was unmolested, despite the fact that it would have to be passed to reach either of the others. Doesn't that mean something?"

"No doubt it does—but what?" inquired Brandt.

"That's what we must find out," returned Fenwick. "Frankly, I haven't the least idea. I'm merely seizing on these two points because Captain Guthrie claimed the damage was wrought without rhyme or reason. Was it?"

"Apparently not," conceded Brandt.

"My next assumption is that it is useless to look for a crook or an ordinary vandal as having formulated and executed a plan for the destruction of the windows. No loss other than that of the glass has been involved. No valuable store property has disappeared. No crook would continue depredations after the publicity this affair has received, especially if he knew the entire police force was looking for him. Who, then, have we to look for?"

"I don't know," confessed Brandt.

"In order not to arbitrarily reject any conceivable theory, let's look at every angle of the affair. The manner of the destruction is most mysterious. It savors of the occult, spiritualism, black magic or wizardry! You and I don't believe in those things. We know certain things have happened, however, and that the result of the happenings are materially evident. Can we afford to ignore this lead, since we know that what has happened is not an optical illusion? Are we not justified in looking for a wizard?"

"Well—er—hardly," commented Brandt. "This is the twentieth century."

"Granted; therefore we must look for a twentieth century wizard. But to continue, the undertaking establishments lend a grewsome aspect to the case. There's something ghastly or ghoulish about the occurrence at those places, especially when one considers the effigies of human beings in certain windows and the caskets in the others. Is there any

$5.25 BLUE SERGE BOY'S SUIT

A Wonderful Bargain Send Your Order TODAY!

LATEST STYLE

Just the suit for Easter. A wonderful bargain at $5.25 for this boy's suit of clothes. The greatest value offered in years and can only be duplicated elsewhere at a much higher price. This handsome slashed pocket model with removable belt is made of a good quality navy blue manipulated serge—50% worsted—a serviceable and dressy suit of clothes that will give lasting satisfaction. Well made—correctly designed—durable linings and trimmings. TROUSERS ARE FULL LINED. We guarantee complete satisfaction or your money refunded.

Send No Money

Mail your order at once, when suit arrives pay the post man $5.25 plus postage. Then have your boy try it on. If size, quality and style are not more than satisfactory, return suit at our expense and every penny you have paid will be refunded at once. Sizes 7 to 17 years. Order by style No. 802 blue serge — STATE SIZE AND CHEST MEASURE.

THE FREEMAN COMPANY,
Department 109
104 Fifth Ave., New York

A REAL CAMERA FREE
Made by the Eastman Kodak Co. Takes snap shots or time exposures 2¼ x 3¼ on real film Given for selling only 40 packets Garden Seeds at 10c each. Write quick.
WILSON SEED COMPANY
Dept. M80, Tyrone, Pa.

GLASSES ON TRIAL FREE

Send No Money

Just send the Coupon below. I'll send the Glasses at once.

My large size "True Vision" glasses will enable you to read the smallest print, thread the finest needle, see far or near. They will protect your eyes, preventing eye strain and headaches. These Large Size "True Vision," 10 karat gold filled glasses, are the finest and most durable spectacles and will give years of satisfaction.

DON'T SEND A PENNY
I Trust You

I ask you to send no money, simply your name and address. I know that these scientifically ground glasses will give you such "True Vision" and splendid satisfaction that I insist on sending them on FREE TRIAL, so you can see what a remarkable bargain I offer. When they arrive, put them on and see with what ease and comfort they will enable you to read, work and sew, see clearly at a distance or close up, by daylight or lamp light. Note how easily you can read the fine print in your Bible. You'll be amazed and delighted.

Try them NOW—They are SENT FREE. Sit right down this very minute and fill out the coupon. Mail it at once. The glasses will be sent to you postage paid, without any charge whatever. All glasses sent on Free Trial Only. You are to pay for the glasses only after you have worn them 10 days and have decided that **You Want To Keep and Pay For Them.** They will come packed in a beautiful velveteen lined, spring back Pocket-Book Spectacle case. Try them for 10 full days at my risk and expense. Send the coupon NOW.

CHICAGO SPECTACLE HOUSE
Dept. A-581, 1462-64-66 W. Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois
MAIL COUPON NOW SEND NO MONEY

CHICAGO SPECTACLE HOUSE, Dept. A-581, 1462-64-66 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose herewith this coupon, which entitles me, by mail, to a pair of your 10 Karat Gold-filled, Large Size "True Vision" Spectacles complete, also a fine leatherette, velveteen-lined, spring-back pocketbook spectacle case, without a penny of cost to me, so I can try them out, under your own offer, of a full ten days' actual test. This free trial is not to cost me one cent. And if I like the glasses and keep them, I am to pay you $2.95 only. But if, for any reason whatsoever, I do not want to keep them (and I alone am to be the sole judge) I will return them to you without paying you a single cent for them as you agreed. Do not fail to answer the following questions:

How old are you?.....How many years have you used glasses (if any)?.....

Name .....

Post Office .....

R. R. ..... Box No ..... State .....

"Gets-It" Tickles Corns to Death

First Stops All Pain—Then Peels the Corn Off.

Don't try to fox trot on corn tortured feet. Get rid of your corns. If you have

Make Your Feet Happy! Remove Those Corns With "Gets-It."

never seen a corn tickled to death, just apply a few drops of "Gets-It" to yours. Then watch the corn die—peacefully as if it had gone to sleep. Soon it is nothing but a loose piece of dead skin that you can lift right off with your fingers.

Get after them now. Your druggist has "Gets-It." Costs but 35 cents—or nothing at all if it fails. Mfd. by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago.

PILES

CAUSE MANY DISEASES

—Yet you will NEVER be rid of such diseases until YOUR Piles are REALLY CURED—and in a NATURAL way.

(The best proof of all this is that nothing you have ever done has given you any permanent relief.)

My proposition to all:

"I CURE every case of Piles treated by my Mild Serum-like Treatment or you need not pay me a cent.

WRITE TODAY FOR 7-DAY TRIAL OFFER FREE

DR. McCLEARY, 220 Parkview Hotel, 10th and Paseo **Kansas City, Mo.**

LAYMORE FREE

Over ten million hens are given Laymore every day and if thousands of poultry people say Laymore more than doubles the egg supply we have enough confidence in Laymore to let you try it at our risk. So if you too want to increase the number of eggs from your flock send for a full size regular $1.00 package for trial. Just enclose 10c to cover postage and packing. This is not a sample package but a full size ($1.00) package for you to try.

MAYERS HATCHERY,
615 Washington Ave. No.,
Minneapolis, - Minnesota

HAMILTON 22 CAL. RIFLE WITHOUT COST

1000 SHOT ALL STEEL MAGAZINE AIR RIFLE FREE

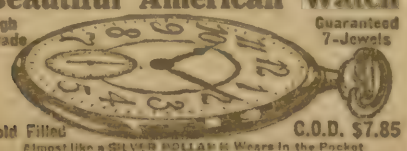
WE GIVE TO BOYS
Choice of Six Guns (on four easy plans) for selling our Magic Healing Wave-Less at only 25c Box. **WE TRUST YOU!** Order Six Boxes Today On Postal Card—We send promptly, Prepaid! Easy to Sell—the Healing Ointment needed in every home! Sell at once, return money, as we direct, choosing your Gun according to one of the Plans shown in our Big Premium List. 200 Other Gifts! Or Big Cash Commission! Just for promptness a Free Gift—SO ORDER TODAY!

35c SHOT REPEATING AIR GUN GIVEN

WAVERLY SUPPLY CO. 207 Tower Bldg. Monongahela, Pa.

Beautiful American Watch

High Grade — Guaranteed 7-Jewels



Gold Filled — C.O.D. $7.85

Almost like a SILVER DOLLAR to Wear in the Pocket

The 7-Jewel Movement is made by one of the best Companies in the UNITED STATES. We GUARANTEE it for 20-years. This watch is known all over the world as the best time keeper and one you can depend upon and be proud of. This is fitted with a HIGH GRADE, GOLD FILLED Case, screw back and bezel. Here is your chance to get it for half its regular price. Guaranteed not to be rebuilt. **FREE** Sport Camera and Gold Filled Chain, Stamped ten years, free with each watch. Remember this is the wholesale price and the offer is for a short time only.

CHAIN SUPPLY CO., 864 N. Carpenter St., Dept. 31, Chicago, Ill.

relevancy between the two? Are we dealing with a ghoul?"

Brandt stirred uncomfortably, but made no reply.

"There may be relevancy which we do not see, between the store windows and those of the undertaking establishments. Perhaps your colleague, Mr. Donnelly, is right. Those are my two guesses; no habitual criminal, but a ghoul or a wizard! What do you think?"

For a moment there was silence; then Brandt jumped to his feet excitedly and banged his fist on the desk.

"By God! you're right! You've hit on it!" he shouted. He crossed the room to pick up a newspaper provided by a thoughtful hotel management, and turned the pages eagerly.

"Look here!" he insisted, his forefinger pointing to a group of theatrical advertisements. "Sherman the Great, and Heller, rival magicians, playing at the Liberty and Star, respectively!"

"Well, what of it?" inquired Fenwick, exhibiting mild curiosity.

"Wizards! Their press agents have been waging a bitter fight, and it culminated, a day or two ago, in a challenge from Heller to Sherman. In brief, the challenge was to the effect that Sherman could not perform a feat which Heller could not solve or duplicate. Sherman accepted the defi—and has apparently made good!"

Brandt paused to note the effect of his reasoning on Fenwick. The latter reflected for a moment.

"You are evidently more inclined to the 'wizard' theory than to the alternative suggestions that the culprit may be a ghoul or a vandal," he said. "I'll not deny that your reasoning is interesting, too. It seems improbable, however, when one considers the value of the glass which has been destroyed. Nevertheless a careful investigation should be made along the lines you suggest. At the same time I'd like you to gratify a whim of mine."

"Gladly," assented Brandt.

"Arrange with some store on Broad or Market street which has suffered no damage to have a window dressed in a manner which I will indicate. Choose a small window with inexpensive glass, since my object is to induce the mysterious offender to attack it."

"You mean to watch the window?" demanded Brandt.

Charlie nodded.

"Very well; I'll attend to it at once. In the meantime I'll follow up my idea and by the time you have dined I may have something of interest to report. How do you want the window baited?"

Fenwick gave Brandt the necessary instructions and the latter departed. An hour later he returned to the hotel, his manner plainly indicating that he was in possession of important information.

"Well, what's new?" quizzed Charlie.

"Window's being fixed up, right now. Clauson's Department Store on Market street."

"And what else?" demanded Fenwick.

"I went to see Sherman the Great. Merely asked him to give me his word that he had nothing to do with the window mystery. He bluntly refused, but stated that he would make an announcement at this evening's performance. He acted strangely, but had the nerve to present me with a couple of tickets. I suggest that we go to see the performance."

"But I want to watch the window," objected Fenwick.

"All of the windows have been broken after midnight," countered Brandt. "The show will be over before 11 o'clock."

Fenwick hesitated for a moment, but finally agreed to accompany Brandt. He would have preferred to snatch a few hours sleep, in view of his contemplated midnight vigil, but the promise of an announcement concerning the window mystery by Sherman the Great, had aroused his curiosity.

AT THE Liberty Theater the two sat thru the usual feats of legerdemain, sleight-of-hand and telepathy, performed in a slightly more pretentious manner than is usual. Sherman the Great was a keen psychologist and appreciated the fact that an evening devoted wholly to magic would be tedious. Accordingly, he arranged his program of mysteries in two parts, with an olio of vaudeville specialties to furnish relief.

At the conclusion of the olio the magician stepped before the curtain. Tall, thin, bald, and with dark, piercing eyes and Mephistophelian features slightly accentuated by make-up, he was a curious figure in his faultless evening clothes. He paused theatrically, imperatively raising his hand for silence.

"My friends," he began, his voice steel-like and deep, wholly devoid of feeling, "you have doubtless read in the local papers the challenge issued by another magician to the effect that I could not perform a feat which he would be unable to solve or duplicate. That challenge I have accepted, and the charlatan challenger is even now awaiting the performance of the feat. Today I was honored by a visit from the local police authorities. The police wished to inquire whether I could shed any light on a certain 'window mystery' which has apparently set the town agog. I refused to make a statement, but promised that I would do so this evening. It would be the height of folly for me to needlessly incriminate myself in the affair, and I therefore take this opportunity to reiterate my statement that I have nothing to say to the police. On the other hand, I wish to defy my esteemed rival, Mr. Heller, to solve the Newark window mystery or to perform a similar feat! You may draw what inference you will. I thank you!"

A gasp of astonishment followd by an excited hum of conversation spread over the audience as Sherman smiled sardonically and disappeared. Fenwick turned to his companion, chuckling. Brandt's eyes were wide with amazement.

"He did it!" he murmured, decisively.

"He did not!" retorted Fenwick. "But, oh boy! what publicity!"

The audacity of the magician met with the approval of the majority of his audience, for he was greeted with spontaneous applause when he next appeared to continue the performance. A scattering sally of hisses also met him from an intrepid few who took that means of acquainting him with the fact that his wanton destruction of property was not approved. The announcement apparently added zest to the remainder of the program, for each succeeding feat was a signal for fresh and prolonged applause.

At the conclusion of the performance Fenwick and Brandt left the theater and walked up Market street to Clauson's Department Store. It was an unpretentious establishment, with a doorway in the center, flanked by small show-windows on each side. In one window a miscellaneous assortment of aluminum kitchenware met the eye; in the other, women's and children's clothing was displayed on wax models. Both windows were well lighted.

"Good job," commended Fenwick, surveying the window-dresser's effort with approval. "Now for an observation post."

Next door to Clauson's was the All-Night Drug Store, a not uncommon example of the kind which specializes in everything but drugs. Near the door of this store was a cashier's booth at which soda checks were on sale.

"If I were allowed to stand near that cashier's booth I'd have a pretty good place to observe things," Fenwick decided.

"That's easy," declared Brandt, leading the way in and introducing Charlie to the night manager. A brief explanation from Brandt was all that was necessary to complete the arrangement and Fenwick took up his station at the vantage point he had selected. Brandt returned to Police Headquarters to await an emergency call, should further vandalism be reported.

Here is a mystery deep enough to test the powers of a master sleuth, and yet an amateur in the art of deductions and theories has undertaken to match his wits against a number of the country's ablest detectives—picked men of long experience and brilliant records. Who among them will land the Newark window smasher and lay bare the motive behind the miscreant's strange acts? Who and what is the evildoer. The second and concluding part of the story will tell. Next week.

* * *

Valuable Advice.

"A CAT sits on my fence every night and makes the night hideous with his infernal row. Now, I don't want to have any bother with my neighbor, but this nuisance has gone far enough, and I want you to advise me what to do."

The young lawyer looked as solemn as an owl and answered not a word.

"I have a right to shoot that cat, haven't I?"

"I would hardly say that," replied the young lawyer. "The cat does not belong to you, as I understand."

"No, but the fence does."

"Ah," exclaimed the light of the law, "then I think you have a perfect right to tear down the fence!"

* * *

Avoiding the Rush.

"ANY trouble getting a drink in your town?" asked the farmer.

"Not a bit," replied the city man. "Why, the bootleggers are so thick that they have to wear badges to keep from selling booze to one another."

* * *

Two Ways of Looking at It.

SITTER—But, Mr. Smilers, that doesn't look like me, I'm sure.

Portraitist—But, madam, if it looked any more like you I'm sure you wouldn't like it.

HOOTCH!

Agents Making Wads of Money

No House-to-House Canvassing —Sales Made to Dealers— Big Profits for All

If you are making less than $15 a day clear, write for information about the newest, easiest, quickest seller ever offered. We want active agents to sell Hootch, the new confection with *the* flavor, to drug stores, candy stores, news and cigar stands, restaurants, cafes, etc. All time or part time. Experience not necessary.

$18.00 The First Day

Holzer made $18 the first day out. Goldsmith sold 7 dealers out of 8. Olson took 12 orders in an hour. Nothing else like this rapid fire seller. No effort at all to get the orders. Dealers just take Hootch away from the agent. Some of our men say that their stocks are sold before they get around to all the places. Repeat orders come all the time because the dealers sell it so fast. They pass it out to one man and there's another waiting for his. A man buys and then goes back for more and brings his friends. And these friends bring others. That means a stream of cash for the agent who takes the dealers' orders. Orders, Orders, Orders and a fat commission on every one of them. Big money, made easy—do you want it? Then hurry your request for confidential information and special agents' prices. Don't try to compare this with the old fashioned agency propositions. They all fade away beside this—it's a world-beater—the one best bet today. Big money right from the start.

Write—Quick!

Territory is being snapped up everywhere. So don't wait—don't put off. No money to send. Just ask us to tell you the whole story. Particulars are free. We will tell you how to get in on this without risking a penny. You can't lose—and you are bound to make a roll. Write a post card or letter today.

HOOTCH CANDY MAKERS
229 W. Madison St. Dept. 150 Chicago

Feather Bed Outfit

NOW ONLY $16.50 Sent C. O. D.

Send us your name and nearest express office and we will ship you this wonderful outfit, consisting of one 40-pound new Feather Bed, one pair 6-pound new Feather Pillows, and one pair full size Bed Blankets or full-size Bed Spread —all for only $16.50 and express charges to be paid at express office. All new, clean, sanitary feathers, best 8-ounce C. A. feather-proof ticking. Positively biggest bargains offered by any one. About half store price. Money Back Guarantee. Our bargain catalog mailed FREE. Write today.

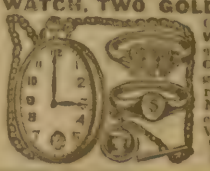
SOUTHERN FEATHER & PILLOW CO.,
Department 3 GREENSBORO, N. C.

LUCKY HORSESHOE RING ON 7 DAYS TRIAL

Believed by many to be a Charm of Good Luck. **The Horseshoe Top** is Solid Gold and the Nail Solid Silver, set with Genuine Garnet. It is odd, unique, attractive, admired by everybody. Send your name, address and ring measure (strip of paper around finger.) When you receive Ring, pay $4.95. Wear it seven days and follow the seven golden rules which come with Ring. All your money back if not entirely satisfied.

KOSMOS CO., Dept. M. 828 North Clark Str., Chicago

WATCH, TWO GOLD RINGS AND CHAIN GIVEN Genuine American Watch guaranteed by maker and these Gold Rings and Chain all for selling 4 packets garden seeds at 10c each and returning the $4.00 collected. Many other premiums. Big cash commission if desired. Write quick.



WILSON SEED COMPANY
Dept. C21, Tyrone, Pa.

CORD MILEAGE TIRES

Not a Scared, Patched or Retreading Tire—but a sturdy full size cord tire of new materials, which we are convinced will give mileage equivalent to a cord tire. Standard non-skid, geared-to-the-road tread, of same high grade rubber same as cords, which should give 6000 miles service. **A Brand New Tube Free With Every Tire Ordered.**

Size	Price	Size	Price	Size	Price
[illegible]	$7.30	31x4	$10.95	32x4½	$12.55
[illegible]	8.00	32x4	11.30	33x4½	13.10
[illegible]	9.10	33x4	11.75	34x4½	13.75
[illegible] SS only	9.70	34x4	11.95	[illegible]	[illegible]

State SS or Cord. SEND YOUR ORDER TODAY with $5.00 deposit. Tire shipped balance C. O. D., with section left unopened for examination. If not satisfactory, return tire and tube at once. Deposit will be promptly returned as soon as tire is received.

Field Tire & Rubber Co., Dept. 114, 28th & Wabash Ave., Chicago

The Rebel

Continued From Page 9

varting to something her father had been saying only the day before about untractable horses going more kindly under a woman's hand, and how, if you could combine a woman's voice and hands with a man's firm seat and determination you would have indeed the model horseman.

"There's just a chance." She hurried to her room and changed her dress for a spit of knickerbockers in which she was used to ride astride when going out with the musterers. Then, pinning on her cap securely, and picking up a light riding switch as she ran, she darted across the garden and down among the darkening buddah-bushes to the stockyard.

THE big-boned chestnut horse stood in the yard with his head down. He had been confined within these forbidding rail fences for many hours, and he was hungry and ill-humored. In a dim way he realized that it was man, his arch-enemy, who had shut him up here without food or water; and he feared, and was ready to resent with tooth or heel, further indignities. He heard a light step approaching the yard; immediately he was on the alert. When he saw in the dim light a slight figure, bridle in hand, stoop and come under the slip-rails, he was uncertain whether to be frightened or angry. The figure approached him rapidly without any sign of fear and held the bridle up to him. Now, The Rebel had only once in his lifetime been approached without fear or indecision, and that was in the days when Red Mick, who feared nothing in heaven or earth, had given him his first harsh lessons in obedience. This figure which approached him now was not the figure of Red Mick, but it had Red Mick's confident and almost careless way of coming up to him. He was surprised, and he forgot to be angry.

Maisie was a brave girl, and of the ordinary station horse she had no fear; but no one knew better than she the risks she was taken when, bridle in hand, she walked up to The Rebel in the open yard. She knew that the last time he had been thus approached he had killed his man with a blow of his quick forefoot, so, tho she was apparently careless, in reality she was watchful and wary to a degree.

Surprised into obedience, and with memories of Red Mick before him, The Rebel bent his head for the bit, snorting a little as the forehead-band slipped over his nose. Then Maisie began to speak softly to him, more softly than any human being had ever spoken to him before, and the horse stood quietly while she slipped the bit in place and buckled the throatlash.

Altho she had won one move in the game, the girl knew that the contest was scarcely begun. She felt strangely small and helpless beside the great bulk of the chestnut as he stood above her in the failing light; but nothing would now turn her from her task. If he let himself be so easily bridled by her, this notorious outlaw, why should he not let himself be ridden as well?

With a firm step, but a hand that trembled a little on the reins, Maisie led the big horse to the fence. She was determined to saddle him inside the yard for fear that when he felt the first pinch of the girth he should plunge and pull away from her, and so jeopardize her last chance of bringing the doctor to her mother. Holding the bridle with one hand, she lifted from the fence her frail little saddle, a specially constructed, soft-seated little pad of doeskin, with the lightest of girths and leathers, a hopeless piece of tackling to put on anything but the quietest of horses; but Maisie knew that if she could ride The Rebel at all she could ride him as well bareback as any other way, for if he bucked she would be powerless on his back in the best saddle in the world.

As she placed the saddle on his back she crooned to him in her soft musical voice, and the horse stood perfectly still, with his head turned towards her. Evidently he did not connect in his mind this fairy-light toy with the huge, unwieldy knee-padded saddle which the breaker had been wont to buckle on his back with trebled girths and a ring-curcingle, which cut him nearly in two. Even the pulling-up of the light girths did not disturb his equanimity. He neither shrank nor plunged, mesmerized, as it seemed, by that sweet, low voice.

Encouraged by his quietness, Maisie pulled down the slip-rails and led the horse out of the yard; and now it required all her nerve and all the urgency of the occasion to brace her for the crucial test. Would he let her mount, or, mad when he felt her weight upon his back, would he buck and fling her from him on that iron ground—perhaps cripple or kill her? She shuddered to think that she might be caught up in the stirrup and kicked to death by those savage hoofs; and there was no one to help her; and her mother lay ill—perhaps dying. This last thought nerved her to her final effort. Her mother was in danger, and what was her own danger in comparison?

LETTING down her near-side stirrup to a convenient height for mounting she climbed cautiously into the saddle. The chestnut stood like a rock while she pulled up the stirrup again to its proper height, then, handling his mouth as lightly as tho it were a butterfly's wings, she urged him to walk forward. On the lighted veranda of the house she could see figures moving, and could hear her name called—"Maisie! Mai-s-ie!" The horse paddock gate was open, the men galloping the bush fire had left it so to save time, as all the horses were away. She walked The Rebel thru, and then, speaking soothingly to him, she raised herself in her stirrups and started him into a canter. She remembered that Red Mick, the breaker, had told her four years ago that The Rebel was a determined puller and bad to hold, but tonight he went as gently as a lady's hack, arching his strong neck to her hand.

Mile after mile he cantered steadily on, scarcely aware, as it seemed, of the light weight on his back, bound by the spell of the soft voice and the caress of the light hand as it lay upon his neck. Soon the white foam began to show upon his shoulder. The Rebel was fat and soft and in no condition for hard work, and the black sweat ran in channels down his forearm. Foam gathered on his snaffle-bit, and he tossed his head uneasily; but always he went on with tireless stride.

"You beauty—you beauty!" She crooned to him as she felt the strong muscles beneath her and heard the rhythmic beat of his bare hoofs upon the road. How he cut down the miles—and so easily! She had never ridden any horse half so good before. They reached the ten-mile gate, and The Rebel wheeled round to the latch of it as cleverly as a boys' pony; he had not forgotten Red Mick's teaching.

The moon came up, red and splendid above the myall trees, and Maisie's spirits rose with it. She was already nearly half-way on her journey, the horse was quiet and docile, and covering the miles with a determined stride. She would reach the town and send the doctor on his errand, and all would yet be well. How glad she was that she had found courage to mount the notorious outlaw. Even at this hour of her mother's danger she could take pride in the feat that she had accomplished—the riding of a noted buckjumper that even the finest riders of the back country dared not mount. With renewed confidence she drew her whip smartly down the shoulder of the sweating chestnut. A few more miles at this pace and he would have forgotten all about bucking; she would conquer him as Red Mick had conquered.

GAME horse as he was, the long canter was beginning to tell on him in his soft condition, and when the girl felt his heart beginning to thump under her knee she drew him into a walk. After a couple of hundred yards at this pace her fear for her mother's safety made her urge him again to a quicker speed, and The Rebel, tho breathing heavily, gathered himself into a canter as she touched him with her heel.

A mile further on a little mob of sheep that had been camped near the road started up and went rustling thru the long grass. The Rebel, nervous and high-strung, plunged to one side; as he did so, the girl, taken unawares, lurched awkwardly, on to his withers. With a snort and a squeal of rage the great horse came out of the trance into which her courage and soft voice had thrown him, and only remembered that one of his hated enemies was on his back, and must be thrown from it if he was to recover his freedom.

Snatching the reins from the girl's slender hands he dropped his head between his forelegs and gave one stupendous buck—such a buck as had tried even the superb skill of Red Mick, the champion horseman. It was enough, and more than enough, for poor Maisie; with a little scream she was hurled roughly from the saddle, and thrown heavily upon her back in the road.

And now the horse, partially tired tho he was, became like a mad thing. Turning off the road he went bucking and plunging thru the darkness, the little white saddle flashing ghostily above him. Maisie, lying hurt and frightened in the road, could hear the myall boughs cracking as he dashed thru them; then the beat of his hoofs grew fainter, and the bush became strangely, weirdly still.

The girl tried to get up, but one of her shoulders was hurt, and she soon realized that she could not move. She was suffering excruciating pain; but even this became as nothing before the thought that she had failed in her object, and that the last chance of bringing help to her mother was gone. She shouted and coo-eed, but the silent bush seemed to have no help to give her.

* * * * * * *

The fire on the boundary was subdued long before midnight, and the tired bushmen were riding slowly homeward. Just where the bush-track joined the main road Albert pulled up his mare. "There's a coo-ee, Boss!" The Boss and the others pulled up. "It is, by gad! Some one in trouble!" And putting spurs to Witchery he galloped up the road in the direction of the sound.

It took poor Maisie but a few moments to sob out her story to her father; and in a few more one man was riding hot-foot to town for the doctor, while another raced on to the station to tell of Maisie's rescue and to harness his horse to a light trap to bring her home.

The girl soon recovered from her injuries; the timely arrival of the doctor crowned her brave deed with success, and the happenings of that daring night became little more than the memory of a fevered dream. The little white saddle was found torn and broken in the myall scrub, and The Rebel tangled in a six-wire fence—into which he had dashed in the dark—hopelessly crippled and dangerous no more.

MAKES GAS IN ANY STOVE

New Burner Beats City Gas for Cooking and Baking—Burns 94% Air.

A wonderful new burner which works in any stove and beats city gas, coal or wood for cooking and baking, is the proud achievement of the International Heating Company, 3813 Laclede Ave., St. Louis, Mo. This amazingly simple and inexpensive invention makes the hottest kind of a fire controlled by a simple valve. It is perfectly safe and can be installed in twenty minutes. It does away with all dirt, smoke and kitchen drudgery, and is ideal for summer cooking. The manufacturers offer to send this remarkable invention on thirty days trial to any reader of this paper. They make a special offer to one user in each locality to whom they can refer new customers. They also want agents. Write them today.—Adv.

* * *

$12.50 Goodyear Raincoat Free

Goodyear Mfg. Co., 253-R Goodyear Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., is making an offer to send a handsome raincoat free to one person in each locality who will show and recommend it to friends. If you want one, write today.—Adv.

* * *

LEG SORES

The Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.—Adv.

* * *

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa. —Adv.

"The Joyce" Very Latest Style POPLIN DRESS

$4.95 For This Sale

Look the world over and you won't find a more striking bargain! Just to introduce the David Strong Company to thousands of new customers, we offer this beautiful, lustrous Silk Poplin Dress for two-thirds of price named. The Joyce is an exact copy of a very expensive model. It has all the grace and charm of a real Parisian creation. A [illegible] We [illegible] see it you will say it is easily worth double this special advertising price. But don't take our word for it. We gladly send it to you without one penny in advance. Just send coupon or letter and the dress will be sent to you at once. Don't delay—this is a special introductory offer and may be withdrawn.

Beautiful Lustrous Silk Poplin

$9 VALUE

Richly Embroidered

David Strong's Famous Guarantee Protects You

Send No Money

The woman's most charming style—The Joyce—is made of a shower fine quality [illegible] silk poplin in [illegible] embroidered with beautiful gold tinsel embroidery. Stunning triangle of French Knots in contrasting color on waist. Cut full in one-piece effect—all the rage. Charming sash of self material. Popular three-quarter length sleeves with double cuffs. The bewitching beauty, the tailored smartness and the choice materials of this beautiful frock cannot be appreciated until you have it on. It is not to be confused with ordinary poplin dresses generally offered at much higher prices.

Send Now! Just mail coupon or write letter quick, before this sale closes. Send no money. Deposit $4.95 and postage with postman on arrival. Try on and examine. If not convinced it's greatest Silk Poplin dress bargain you ever saw, send it back and we will refund your money.

Colors: Navy Blue and Black. Sizes: 32 to 44 bust measure, regular lengths. Misses' sizes: 14 to 18 years. State color and size.

DAVID STRONG COMPANY

Dept. PD163 *Same Management Since 1885* CHICAGO

David Strong Co., Dept. PD163 CHICAGO

Send Joyce Silk Poplin Dress at once. I will pay $4.95 and postage on arrival and examine carefully. If not satisfied I will send it back and you will refund my money.

Size ..... Color .....

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

OWN YOUR BUSINESS—MAKE $50.00 WEEKLY

Absolutely new formula for Silver Plating and Polishing. Never offered before. Costs 10c; sells for 50c. Easy to make. Money back guarantee. Sells on demonstration to Homes, Garages, Fountains, Restaurants and Hotels. Send $1 for formula. APCO CHEMICAL COMPANY, Box 434, East Liberty, Pittsburgh, Penna.

Send No Money

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Why pay big prices for clothing when you can sew most of your own clothes on an Improved Thiery Sewing Machine and save all those big profits?

See the wonderful Thiery Sewing Machine yourself. Try it FREE in your own home for ten days—use it—test it—compare it with other machines. Don't pay us one cent until you have convinced yourself that the THIERY is the best Sewing Machine you have ever seen at the prices asked. Ship it back at our expense if you are not more than pleased. You take no risk—no chance at all.

Unlimited Guarantee

Shipped Direct From Factory To Your Home

$1.00 AFTER 10 DAYS

Only $1.00—yes, that is all we ask you to pay after 10 days' trial and then the balance in easy monthly payments. Terms so liberal that the money you can save by doing your own sewing will easily pay for the machine. The most surprising values ever offered on a high grade Sewing Machine. Don't be without one of these Thiery Money Savers in your home!

MAIL THIS TODAY

THIERY SEWING MACHINES ARE HUMMERS

Thiery Sewing Machines are not ordinary machines. They are made of the finest selected materials, have all of the newest and best improvements: Automatic Tension Release, Positive Take-up, Extra High Arm, Self-Setting Needle, Automatic Bobbin Winder, Ball-bearing Stand. Silent and easy running. Everything the best. It is a machine you'll be proud to own.

Remember, we ship direct from the factory to your home. You save all the inbetween profits. Keep the extra $25.00 or $40.00 in your own pocket and get a genuine Thiery Sewing Machine. Built to give you lifetime service and satisfaction.

J. B. THIERY CO.

Dept. M MILWAUKEE, WIS.

WRITE FOR FREE COLOR PRINTED PORTFOLIO

Send coupon below for free postpaid portfolio showing Thiery Sewing Machines in colors, with full particulars of this wonderful selling plan, FREE TRIAL and easy payment offer. Don't delay—Write NOW before this offer is withdrawn.

J. B. Thiery Co.
Dept. M
Milwaukee, Wis.

Please send me free postpaid color-printed portfolio of Thiery Sewing Machines and full particulars about your special offers.

_____

_____

_____

SLOW DEATH

Aches, pains, nervousness, difficulty in urinating, often mean serious disorders. The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

bring quick relief and often ward off deadly diseases. Known as the national remedy of Holland for more than 200 years. All druggists, in three sizes.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

STOP WHEEZING!

DO IT with ATLAS

It hits the spot and relieves all ASTHMA and Bronchitis—no more wheezing, coughing, sneezing, choking spells or gasping for breath—no more restless, sleepless nights—you feel better from the first dose. Marvelous results in hopeless chronic cases. Free Trial of genuine Atlas treatment to everyone suffering with Asthma or Hay Fever. Tell your friends. Write today, giving name, address, age and description of condition.

ATLAS MEDIC CO., 648 Byers Bldg., BUFFALO, N. Y.

$200.00 A MONTH

with NEW MODEL COMBINATION CAMERA. It takes and instantly develops twelve entirely different styles of pictures, combining 3 sizes and 6 styles of PAPER POST CARDS, and also the same sizes and styles of Tintype Pictures. Requires no experience whatever. Everybody wants pictures. 500% profit. THE WORLD'S BIGGEST MONEY-MAKER. Small investment secures complete outfit, including Camera, Tripod and material for 150 pictures. Make money the first day, no matter where you live or what you are doing. WE TRUST YOU. Write today for free information and our great half-price "Special" offer.

J. B. Ferris, 615 W. 43d St., Dept. 167, New York

TYPEWRITERS

Guaranteed standard makes, fully inspected, strongly rebuilt, $5.00 down, 6 months to pay balance. Send us your address and we will mail you at once details of the

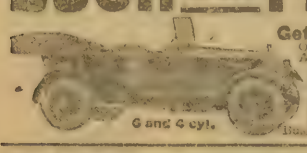
Most Startling Offer

in typewriter values. Don't miss this genuine opportunity to secure your machine at a price you'll gladly pay.

$5.00 DOWN

International Typewriter Exchange
Dept. 50, 177 North State Street, Chicago

BUSH Car FREE



Get BIG PRIZE OFFER and BUSH Auto Agency. Write today. Send your name and address. Write plainly and quickly. Don't wait. Dept. C43 Bush Motor Co. Bush Temple, Chicago

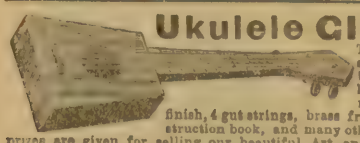
6 cyl. 6 cyl.

High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home inside of two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

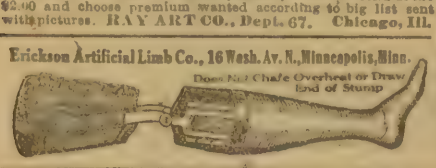
AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. HA313 Drexel Ave. & 58th St. CHICAGO

Ukulele GIVEN



This Special sweet toned UKULELE beautiful mahogany finish, 4 gut strings, brass frets and instruction book, and many other valuable prizes are given for selling our beautiful Art and Religious pictures at 10 cts. each. Order 20 pictures, when sold send us the $2.00 and choose premium wanted according to big list sent with pictures. RAY ART CO., Dept. 67. Chicago, Ill.

Erickson Artificial Limb Co., 16 Wash. Av. N., Minneapolis, Minn.



Does Not Chafe Overheat or Draw End of Stump

FREE — POWERFUL AIR GUN AND 500 BUCK SHOTS

Big 31-inch lever-action rifle, fine walnut stock, free for selling 24 large colored Pictures or 24 pkgs. Post Cards at 10c.

Order your choice. GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 845 CHICAGO

LADIES! I positively guarantee my great Successful "Monthly" Compound. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 9 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Mail $2.00; Double Strength $3.00. BOOKLET FREE. Write today. DR. B. C. SOUTHINGTON REMEDY CO., Kansas City, Mo.

PATENTS Write for free Illustrated Guide Book and EVIDENCE OF CONCEPTION BLANK. Send model or sketch and description of invention for our opinion of its patentable nature free. PROMPT ATTENTION. REASONABLE TERMS.

Victor J. Evans & Co., 697 Ninth, Washington, D.C.

CARDS Send 5 cents for large Sample Album of Hidden Name, Silk Fringe, Envelope, Friendship, Joker's, Lover's and all other Kinds of Cards, Post Cards and Premiums. Star Bean Catcher and Ret 980 Songs given Free. No trash. OHIO CARD CO., B- 23 Columbus, Ohio.

PILES FREE TREATMENT

We pay postage and send Red Cross Pile and Fistula treatment free.

REA CO., Dept. 75, Minneapolis, Minn.

Princess or Adventuress

(Continued From Page 15)

shoulder hurt again, but it's a good thing you can handle a pistol with your left hand. We'll have to take some precautions going down today; both locomotives are at the other end of the line and we'll have to run down on the speeder. Those bandits haven't taken to plain murder yet, and I suppose you bear a sort of charmed life with them; still——"

He handed me two loaded automatics, and himself thrust two more into his pockets, and picked up two rifles and a belt of cartridges. "The road is guarded after a fashion," he said, "still it is impossible to guard every foot of it."

HE CALLED Spinks and put him in charge. "Mount your machine gun, Spinks," he said. "Mount it there on the platform above the machinery where it will command the gate, and place your men in sheltered places among the machinery. Don't try to guard the wall. You've got all the advantage so long as you stay inside the patio. There'll probably be no dirty work up here, but there's nothing like being prepared."

We started up the short grade in the brilliant afternoon sunshine, I with the feeling heavy upon me that we were at the end of our desperate venture. We ran safely up to the tunnel at the pass and there spoke with the tunnel guard, an old Mexican absolutely loyal to Prothro. Then we ran cautiously thru and started down the other side, running for the most part under our own weight and with brakes playing to control our speed. We reached the switchback and stopped and spoke with a gang of track men there, who reported everything O. K. for four miles down. We ran thru four more short tunnels successfully, but in passing along a high loop we found ourselves suddenly the target of long range firing. Three or four bullets sang above our heads and Prothro laughed.

"Feel nervous?" he asked.

"A little." It was my first experience of the sort.

"I'll wring that woman's neck when we get to Guanajuato," he said grimly, while he cautiously eased off on the brakes and we shot forward and out of range.

And then before us, we both saw it at once, two rails carefully bent out of place by removing the angle bars. Simultaneously he killed his motor and clapped on all the brakes we had, and the little car rattled over the place and came to a dead stop just beyond. We were both off it and upon the sills in a jiffy. But while we were lifting it back upon the track a hail of bullets began to fall thickly about us. Two or three passed so closely that I felt the wind of them, and I suddenly had a sickening sensation near the pit of my stomach.

This was the second time that I had an opportunity to witness the supreme coolness of the engineer. He did not pretend to return the fire but bade me be seated and busied himself once more starting off the car. As we started off the firing redoubled, and just as the engine hit a few times a bullet plugged our gasoline tank thru and thru. But we had our start and we rolled on down the grade with a speed that was too great for the precarious condition of the trackway and entirely too slow for me when I considered those bandits in the pinol above us.

We soon rolled out of range for the second time, however, and then on a level piece of track two miles below were about to come to a dead stop, and had to get out and push the car for half a mile, before we could roll again down the grade.

"Brave men," grunted Prothro in disgust. "They might have murdered us at their ease in any tunnel along here, but they were afraid of getting pinked themselves. Brave men! Were you nervous that time?"

"Somewhat."

"You'll get used to it," he laughed, "sniping is a Mexican pastime."

CHAPTER XIV.

PROTHRO decided upon reaching Guanajuato that it wouldn't do for him to see Madame Trabajar, that it would only result in an open breach with her, and so sent me as the company's representative, agreeing to keep a close lookout to see that I was not murdered or kidnaped by the minions of the adventuress. The rumor that the President had been assassinated was confirmed before we reached town, and that was the first news with which Mora greeted us. The little Mexican was plainly nervous and advised his chief that we drop our enterprise, at least till political conditions became more settled. Prothro's look and words wilted the little man in a minute.

That scene at the dinner table of my "princess" that night was in sharp contrast to the adventure I had been thru during the day. She was surprised when I told her that Barnette had been spirited away and that I had been fired upon. I think she was actually annoyed at hearing the latter information. I gradually warmed up and began to speak quite frankly to her.

"I admire you," I said. "I admire your grit, your nerve, and at times I feel that I love you. You have professed repeatedly your love for me. Is this a way to treat a lover, to have him ambushed and murdered?"

"Believe me, Herbert"—she had long since taken to calling me by my middle name—"I knew nothing at all of any of these acts. Neither did I know of that murder done at sea, of which you accuse Sifert and Seriano."

"No, you perhaps do not direct these things," I said, "but you employ a gang of cutthroats and give them carte blanche to do what mischief they please. You are morally guilty of the death of three men that I know of, and of no telling how many more. Say, Ynez, do you have any idea what sort of men you are dealing with in Prothro and Jarndyce? They will crush you absolutely. Prothro has already warned me that he will crush me if I go over to you."

She clinched her little white fist and beat the table. "Gringoes!" she cried.

"And very dangerous men for you to deal with."

She threw up her head and laughed. I wanted to make her angry, to make her show her hand; but I failed to do so, because I did not dare come to an open break with her. In a few moments she began to try cajolery with me; but she had become in the last few days as hateful to my sight as a snake, so that all her sweet cajoleries only made me despise her the more. But she made me believe that she still loved me—perhaps that was my man's vanity—and succeeded in making me believe before I left the house that she knew nothing absolutely of the movements of Sifert and Seriano or of the whereabouts of Barnette.

Before I left the house I offered her the most flattering terms to quit the fight and come in with us; in my desperation to save Prothro and his schemes I even offered to marry the woman. She seemed flattered, but said she would make no deal whatsoever with Prothro and Jarndyce, and then she reminded me with a smile that Madero, "Prothro's dear friend," was no more. It was with the greatest effort that I controlled my temper till I could get out of her presence.

Prothro lost his temper when I told him and Mora of our interview.

"We can't stoop to their methods," he said; "but we'll crush them. Jarndyce has never yet failed to put over any deal he undertook; and he will put this one over. They may get me, and they may get you; but Jarndyce will defeat them in the end."

I found that rather poor consolation, and little Mora found it still poorer, but we didn't tell Prothro so.

I hardly know how I lived thru the following week, spending as I did so many hours of it in the presence of this vixen. She was madly fond of the game of parchesi. Imagine me sitting and playing that silly game with her hour after hour while Barnette was perhaps rotting in some mountain gulch and Prothro was in Vera Cruz cabling cipher messages to my cousin, or in Mexico City trying to find out who was in the saddle, in order to offer them golden bribes for a renewal of our concessions and such military protection as they could produce. Mora was also gone, but I made it a point to talk with Spinks over the phone every day, and also to see Hatfaway, who was in charge of guarding our railroad.

But I was not entirely idle. I decided I should come at the bottom of this woman's mischief if I had to play the traitor to myself to do it. I finally yielded to her cajoleries and agreed to give over my friends and go over to her completely, to marry her and to raise the money she needed to drive out Jarndyce and his crowd and help her develop the mine. The time seemed propitious. She proved to me that Madero had been greatly helped in his political ambitions by my cousin's money and influence, and now Madero and his forces were out of the saddle, it looked even to me like her inning had come. I had hinted to Prothro that in order, if possible, to get a line on Barnette I might play this game, but gave him my word that I would be true to him and Jarndyce to the death.

THE woman was completely taken in and began at once to plan a sort of wild honeymoon in some out of the way spot I had never heard of, but within riding distance of Guanajuato. The morning of Prothro's expected return

FREE TO ALL WOMEN

Our MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM is a wonderful remedy for women who suffer from ailments peculiar to womanhood. Write us for a free trial package. Try it and it may do for you what it has for so many others.

SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO., BOX E, South Bend, Ind.

RITA or, the OUTCAST SISTER

By LIBBIE SPRAGUE PHILLIPS

SPECIAL SALE PRICE with a six (6) months' subscription to THE ILLUSTRATED COMPANION ONLY 25 CENTS.

This Book contains one of this noted author's best novels.

Pressed close against the window pane was a wan, white face.

The pathos of this story sweeps all before it. It touches the heart of humanity everywhere. Even the man with a heart of stone learns from this story that deep down under the cold, hard strata of stone, he has in his heart a deep well of human sympathy for the erring one; that he has also a heart capable of love and admiration for the good and noble character of Luella, the gentle, loving, self-sacrificing sister. Righteous indignation is aroused toward Silas Lockwood, her relentless and unnatural father. The heart's emotions like a great ocean billow, rolls on from the beginning to end of the book; when you lay it down and say blessed is God who rules over all for the good of all. Thousands will want to read this book and pass it on to their friends. Libbie Sprague Phillips writes exclusively for THE ILLUSTRATED COMPANION; has done so for 19 years. One minister has furnished it with sermons for 13 years; other writers have contributed regularly for years. THE ILLUSTRATED COMPANION is 26 years old. The years of continued service of its writers show that our magazine is one of fixed and standard worth. We know you will enjoy reading it. THIS OFFER of magazine 6 months and book, for 25 cents is made to get new trial subscribers. Book without paper 10c. Address

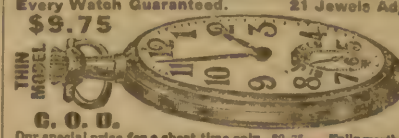
F. B. WARNER CO., Dept. B, 96 Chambers St., New York

ELEGANT 21 JEWEL Gold Filled WATCH

Popular 16 size for men or 12 size for boys. Open face or hunting style case, very fine gold filled, plain polish or handsomely engraved. Fitted with a 21 Jewel movement, stamped and guaranteed.

Every Watch Guaranteed. 21 Jewels Adjusted

$9.75



THIN MODEL

Tax Paid the War

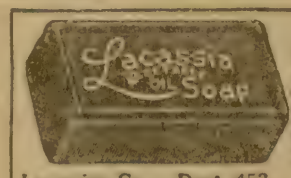
C. O. D.

Our special price for a short time only, $9.75. Fully worth double. Send us your name and address and watch will be sent by parcel post. When you receive it pay Postman $9.75 and watch is yours. If not satisfied after ten day's trial, we will gladly refund your money. A 20-year gold filled double or single vest chain or a Valdemar chain and gold filled knife, only $2.25. Hunting case style Watch $10.75. Write today for Catalog and full information about our Special Premium Offer. DIRECT SALES CO., Dept. 3A 7732 Saginaw Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

AGENTS WANTED

DO YOUR EYES BOTHER YOU? Agents wanted to sell glasses. Send for catalog.

COULTER OPTICAL CO., Dept. A, CHICAGO, ILL.



Big Money

Made by agents selling our wonderful Facial Soap, Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Spices, Extracts etc. Free cake of soap & agents terms mailed to any address.

Lacassian Co., Dept. 452 St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS $6 a Day

Should be easily made selling our Concentrated Non-Alcoholic Food Flavors, Soaps, Perfumes and Toilet Preparations. Over 100 kinds, put up in collapsible tubes. Ten times the strength of bottle extracts. Every home in city or country is a possible customer. Entirely new. Quick sellers. Good repeaters. Not sold in stores. No competition. 100 per cent. profit to agents. Little or no capital required. Elegant sample case for workers. Start now while it's new. Write today—a post card will do—for full particulars FREE

AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO., 2097 American Bldg. Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS: $70 a Week

taking orders for brand-new line of All-weather Guaranteed Waterproof Raincoats. Latest styles. Best and finest line of coats ever offered. Get a big paying business of your own—right at home.

$70 a Week Guaranteed

for only 2 average orders a day

Some of our representatives make from four to five thousand dollars a season.

No experience necessary. No capital required. All you do is take orders. We deliver by parcel post and do all collecting. You get your commission same day order is booked.

Don't pass up this big opportunity. Busy season on right now. Send for free swatch book showing over 25 samples of cloth. The very best and latest patterns for men and women. All prices.

Get in business for yourself at once. Send for sample coat to wear and show to customers. Don't stop for lack of capital. We take care of you.

Thomas Mfg. Co., R-3117 Dayton, O.

BIG MAIL FREE!

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive.

We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are success for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer you to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agent's Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address

Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

REMOVE YOUR WRINKLES

"Beautiful Eyelashes and Eyebrows, Beautiful Figure Merely a Question of Willingness to Try."
—HELEN CLARE.

Superfluous Hair, Pimples and Blackheads Disappear "Like Magic," Say Letters

This clever woman has perfected a method simple and yet "marvelous" in the opinion of hundreds of sister women, and the result has brought a wonderful change in her facial charm. "In a single night," says Helen Clare, "I have sensed the working of my method, and for removing wrinkles and developing the form, reports from nearly every state in the Union are even more pronounced than my own—and rapid."

In an interview Helen Clare said: "I made myself the woman that I am today. I brought about the wonderful change in my own appearance, and there are hundreds of my friends who know how I did it (in a secret, pleasant, quiet, yet harmless manner). My complexion today is as clear and fair as that of a child. My figure, formerly almost scrawny, I have developed into a beautiful bust and well developed form. Thin, scrawny eyelashes and eyebrows, so poor they could scarcely be seen, have become long, thick and luxuriant; and by my own method." Referring to pimples, blackheads and superfluous hair, Helen Clare continued: "I banished mine in my own way and by my own method, using nothing but my own simple home treatment, which any other woman can now have the personal benefit of and do as well as I have done "if"—"if"—"if"—they will only make the effort and have even a little, teeny bit of faith in themselves as well as in me.'

Hundreds of women are so delighted with the results from Helen Clare's methods that they write her personally the most enthusiastic letters. Here are extracts from just two:

"Thank you for what your Beauty Treatment has done for me. It has cleared my face of black heads and pimples. My complexion is as smooth as a child's now. It will do all you claim."

"And your treatment for removing wrinkles is wonderful—removed every wrinkle from my face."

The valuable new beauty book which Madame Clare is sending free to thousands of women is certainly a blessing to women. All our readers should write her at once and she will tell you absolutely free, about her various beauty treatments, and will show our readers:

How to remove wrinkles;
How to develop the bust;
How to make long, thick eyelashes and eyebrows;
How to remove superfluous hair;
How to remove blackheads pimples and freckles;
How to remove dark circles under the eyes;
How to remove double chin;
How to build up sunken cheeks;
How to darken gray hair and stop hair falling;
How to stop perspiration odor.

Simply address your letter to Helen Clare, Suite A637 3311 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of secret information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

Don't Wear Pads

Use

The NATIONAL

and enlarge your busts to their natural size and beauty.

The National is the special Developer Dr. C. S. Carr formerly recommended in the Physical Culture Magazine, as the only safe, reliable Method known for enlarging the bust in a natural way. Of this method Dr. Carr said: "Indeed, it will bring about a development of the busts quite astonishing."

Valuable Book FREE

If you want a beautiful, plump, full bust, write for our valuable book on bust development, containing the article by Dr. Carr, in which he tells specifically the causes of non-development and how the bust may be developed harmlessly to its most beautiful proportions. Sent free to every woman in need of development. If you wish book sent sealed, enclose 6c. postage.

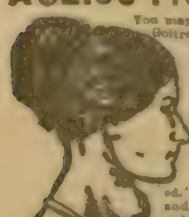
THE OLIVE COMPANY, Dept. B, Clarinda, Iowa

GOITRE

REMOVED AT HOME

Without Operation or Danger

A $2.50 Treatment FREE



You may test my simple Home Treatment for Goitre **Without Cost or Obligation.** Hundreds report immediate results after other remedies had failed. "My goitre is cured and am feeling fine. I improved before taking medicine a week," says Mrs. O. W Hahn of North Jackson, Ohio. Mrs W. A. Peace of Creston, B. C., Can., writes: "A friend in Alberta got your treatment and was cured. I concluded to try it, and after using one treatment, my goitre entirely disappeared." The treatment quickly stops choking and other disagreeable symptoms. Does not interfere with work. No danger. Prevents operation. Send coupon to-day.

$2.50 FREE COUPON

This Coupon is good for $2.50 Test Treatment mailed free in plain package if accompanied by 10c to cover postage. Address Tan W. T. B. Laboratory, Battle Creek, Mich.

Age?.....How old is Goitre?.....yrs.
Nervous?.....Hands Tremble?.....
Do eyes bulge?.....Does heart beat too rapidly?.....Health?.....
Name.....
Address.....
City.....

she and I rode out of Guanajuato on two magnificent horses she had furnished for the purpose. Our destination was a lonely mountain convent where she said she had been imprisoned as a girl in order that she might be trained to give up her heresies. The nuns there were all fond of her, she said, and would gladly sanction our marriage and call in a father to perform it, since it would be thereby celebrated as a Christian wedding—so much for her claim of being a sun-worshiper by conviction.

We reached the convent in the early afternoon and there passed the night and the following day, which was Sunday. She seemed to be having trouble to get the mother superior to approve of her wedding. These mother's superior are often shrewd and ambitious women, and this one was probably trying to strike a rich bargain before she took the heretic back into the fold, or it may be she knew things in the life of my "queen" that I had only guessed at vaguely, and which would bar her absolutely from marriage with me. At any rate, she said nothing further about an immediate marriage, but proposed another week of dalliance there before we returned to Guanajuato, there to be married.

That Sunday afternoon as we walked together in the convent grounds she indicated to me her room in an upper story of the building in a different wing from mine. Possibly she had a dream of a gallant intrigue with a rope made of bedclothes or what not. But on that Sunday night and on the next night I watched the window of that room, but with quite a different purpose. Then on Tuesday night I was rewarded. Sure enough, a rope ladder concern was lowered from the tine window, and presently I saw her, fully dressed and heavily veiled, come climbing down. I hid myself and when she swiftly left the grounds by a little side entrance I was close behind her.

Outside she mounted a burro that she found tethered there, and started up a winding trail, and I used my long legs and kept her in sight, at the same time keeping my good hand on my faithful automatic. We proceeded thus for perhaps three miles, and then she halted before a low stone hut just discernible in the pale moonlight, and hallooed for some one to come out.

Two Mexicans came out to her and she got down from her mount and talked with them for a long time. Then they led the burro away and she stood there for some moments alone, while I crept cautiously forward to get within earshot if possible.

Presently the two men came back leading between them what appeared to be a frail young girl. The two men again withdrew and then I heard Ynez speak in her natural tone and terms for the first time since I had known her.

"So, Senorita Felicitad Tchacalca," she shouted angrily. "You persist in your heresies, do you? Do you know it's no crime to kill a heretic? Suppose I stab you where you stand, you poor weak baby, who would know? Who would care?"

"You can kill me—you have the power"—the girl's voice was very weak and very gentle. I amagined in, hearing it that she had been starved or tortured for weeks perhaps—"but I am no heretic. Three weeks ago I embraced the true faith."

"Oh, you did, did you, you little scheming drab—then I shall drag you back to Tieximal and have you flayed alive by my faithful followers there. You confess it, do you? Then I confess to you that I have never embraced your crazy religion nor any religion—my religion is the Yankee doctrine of get all you can get. But Christian or pagan, you are in my way. If you believe in prayer you'd better get to praying. I'm going to kill you here tonight. But first you shall sign a paper saying that I am the true heir to the Veta de Oro mine."

"You would be the heir if I were dead, as your followers evidently believe I am, but I will never sign such a paper."

"Then I shall kill——"

"Stop!" I had seen the gleam of a dangerous-looking knife, and I shouted the word at the top of my voice.

At the same instant I heard a loud oath uttered in English inside the stone hut, and the thud of rapid blows.

"Hallo, in there," I yelled in English. "I'm an American—what's wanted?"

Ynez Tchacalca wheeled upon me, her knife still in her hand, her face drawn with rage. I pointed the pistol at her heart. "The game's up, Madame Trabajar. If you touch that girl or try to call for help, I'll kill you. Who's that in the house there?"

A loud blow resounded from within the oaken door of the hut and Barnette leaped thru into the moonlight. He carried a long club in his hand and the two villains I had seen before leaped after him—one with a knife, the other with a rifle.

Swiftly as a panther Barnette leaped toward the frail girl who had sunk down upon the ground near me, and wheeled and gave the man with the knife a blow with his club that cracked upon his head like the report of a pistol and sent him reeling upon the ground. The man with the rifle fired simultaneously with me. Then I knew how it felt to wound a man. He stumbled and rolled over on his back, clutching at his left arm and began to groan horribly, and I turned away to avoid the sight.

I think Ynez Tchacalca had the idea for a moment of fighting us both single-handed. She did not cry out for help, which made it evident to me that no more of her followers were near by at the moment; but she backed against the stone hut and poured into my ears such a stream of vituperation as made me shudder to hear. Meanwhile Barnette was lifting the fainting girl from the ground; and at the sight of him and her this virago began to pour out her foul language upon them—it was the language of the slums, more horrible than can be imagined, and I was thankful that the innocent-looking young girl probably hardly understood a word of it. But the words flew over Barnette. He leaped to his feet and started toward the woman to stop her, altho she was waving her long knife frantically. I saw that he was as insane as she, and pointed my pistol once more at her.

"Madame Trabajar," I said. "I would nearly as soon kill you as a snake. Hush or I will silence you with this."

CHAPTER XV.

BARNETTE had now secured the rifle of the dead Mexican, and he made the live one take the knife from Madame Trabajar; then tossing him a riata rope, had him bind her hands securely behind her.

"And, Madame," he said, "if you utter one more vile word in the presence of this pure young girl, I will have you gagged as well, or if you must utter

Send No Money Delivery Free.

SAVE ½ ON SHOES

104-A big bargain in Men's Dress shoes. Made of smoky black Gun Metal Leather. Comfortable, full round toe last; neat perforated tip. Oak leather soles and heels. Good style and service. Don't hesitate. Order today!

$3.75

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

UNITED STORES CO.
DEPT. 12 LANCASTER · PENNA

Big Band Catalog Sent FREE

Anything you need for the band—single instrument or complete equipment. Used by Army and Navy. Send for big catalog, liberally illustrated, fully descriptive. Mention what instrument interests you. Sold by leading music dealers everywhere.

FREE TRIAL—EASY PAYMENTS

LYON & HEALY
63-87 Jackson Boulevard CHICAGO

Search Your Memory
For *Even* Equal Styles or Bargains!

I bring in my latest Style Book, the opportunity all women have long been seeking—a real chance to have pretty clothes at prices within reason. Every style I show in my latest book is at a price that I urge you to compare with any bargain you have ever procured anywhere, at any time.

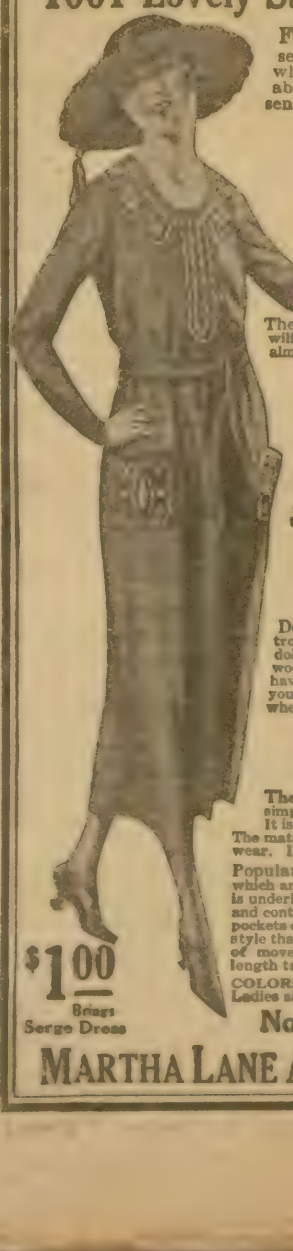
I ask you to search your memory for even equal styles or values. In hundreds of cases, the savings I am able to show you are so great that the old times could not compare with them.

Post Yourself on the Latest Styles

My Style Book frequently brings first information about new widths and lengths of skirts, the right height and designs of shoes, newest cloths, latest weaves, the smartest trimmings. It is a real treat to glean from it the most popular modes in dress, the newest and most fashionable colors, the correct ideas in millinery. Having it in your home is like chumming with a famous style authority.

My Book is Free

1001 Lovely Styles—Credit Without Asking



Fully one-half million women await my new book each season before they even think of buying their new clothes anywhere. Now I want you to have a copy. I will gladly send it absolutely FREE, just for the asking. With my book I'll gladly send a credit certificate opening your account with my house.

Pay As You Please

I have always thought that this is really a most delightful way to arrange clothes expense. I extend long credit to everybody without asking. There can never be any embarrassment or annoyance. All women enjoy this privilege equally. I have no discount for cash and do not desire it. So nobody feels under the slightest obligation in accepting my unusual liberal terms.

There isn't the slightest red tape. I have no collectors. I simply will not allow you to be bothered or troubled. You pay me little by little, almost as you please.

It Is Pleasing to Shop Free From All Worry

I prefer that you actually see every selection before you ever need risk a decision, so arrange to see everything on approval, delivery costs fully prepaid. When you return things, you do so at my expense.

You can never get a wrong idea about fit, becomingness, materials, workmanship or style. You have every opportunity to compare prices.

Send One Dollar
For this Sample Bargain

Don't imagine there will ever be any bother, annoyance or trouble in getting any of my bargains. For instance, just enclose one dollar with your letter giving sizes and colors, and I'll ship you this all wool French Serge Dress on approval, delivery charges prepaid. You have six months to pay if pleased. Return it at my expense and get your money back, if you prefer. That's the way with everything, when you have my book.

All Wool French Serge Embroidered Dress

The Style of this very good looking dress is one of charming simplicity with the daintiest and most fashionable touches of trimming. It is dressy enough to wear anywhere, and will give excellent satisfaction. The material is all wool serge. It is a lovely weight for spring and summer wear. It has a soft and yet firm weave and drapes prettily.

Popular one-piece style, relieved by soft folds at the waistline, which are produced when the sash belt is tied in front, as pictured. The waist is underlined with silk finished mull and is prettily embroidered with silk floss and contrasting color wool yarns in very fascinating designs. The square patch pockets on both sides are embroidered to match. Neck is prettily rounded in a style that will be much effected. Ample width at the skirt bottom for freedom of movement. Still the general effect is a slender, graceful outline. Full length tailored sleeves.

COLORS: Navy and Black. Sizes to fit misses, 14, 16 and 18 years old. Ladies sizes, 34 in. to 46 in. bust measure. No larger. Also give length.

$1.00 Brings Serge Dress

No. D4X4515 Price Prepaid, for Dress Only **$12.97**

MARTHA LANE ADAMS, 3872 Mosprat St. CHICAGO

A Sure Guide to Better Gardens

It will show you how to produce large, healthy, vegetable crops—how to have beautiful flowers.

THE MAULE SEED BOOK FREE

This 176-page illustrated catalog tells what seeds to use; when and how to plant them. All the secrets of garden success. Send for it today.

WM. HENRY MAULE, Inc.
2172 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Maule's Seeds
Once Grown—Always Grown

SIX ELEGANT LACE CURTAINS FREE TO LADIES

Send no money. Simply name and address. We will send you postpaid 40 packets of our famous **Garden Seeds** which you sell to your friends at 10c each. Return us $4.00 collected and we will immediately send you six (three pair) beautiful Nottingham Lace Curtains nearly three yards long. You will be proud of them. Write today.

WILSON SEED CO.
Dept. A 611 Tyrone, Pa.

FREE THIS 26 PIECE SILVEROID SET

is given to you for selling only 40 packs "Quality Brand Garden Seeds" at 10c per packet. Order to-day. SEND NO MONEY. WE TRUST YOU. When sold return $4.00 collected and the **Silveroid Set** is yours. Cash commission if preferred. Many other valuable presents. Catalogue with order.

National Seed Co., Dept. 82, Lancaster, Pa.

THIS DANDY MANDOLIN GIVEN

Not a toy, but full size and well made. Sweet tone, ready to play. Sell 40 ten-cent packets Garden Spot Seeds and get this Mandolin Free and postpaid. Send no money. We trust you with the seeds until sold. Write today—

Lancaster County Seed Co., Station 99 Paradise, Pa.

Wrist Watch FREE

Get this handsome watch free. Stem wind and set, with pretty wrist strap. **Given to you** for selling only 40 packets of our Big Value Garden Seeds at 10c per Mammoth packet. Seeds sell easily. Everybody wants them—8 or 4 packs sold at each house. **No Money Needed.** We trust you. Sell seeds and Wrist Watch is yours. Write for it today.

HAWKEYE SEED CO., Dept. 434, Independence, Iowa

60 BREEDS BEST laying, BEST Paying Varieties. Fine pure-bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese and Turkeys. Choice hardy northern raised. Fowls, Eggs and Incubators at low prices. 29 years experience and my valuable new 100-page Book & Breeders Guide for only 5c.

W.A. Weber, Box 5, Mankato, Minn.

Money in Poultry and Squabs Small Investment. Big profits. Our stock pays best. Thousands of prizes at big shows, best layers, lowest prices, all varieties. Big Free Book tells all about it. Write today.

CRESCENT POULTRY FARM, Box 16, Des Moines, Ia.

64 BREEDS Most Profitable chickens, ducks, turkeys and geese. Choice pure-bred, hardy northern raised. Fowls, eggs, incubators at low prices. *America's great poultry farm.* 28th year. Send 5c for large valuable book and catalog.

R.F. NEUBERT Co., Box 879 Mankato, Minn.

GREIDER'S FINE CATALOG of fine bred poultry for 1921; all choicest breeds illustrated and described; information on poultry, how to make hens lay, grow chicks—all facts. Low price on breeding stock and hatching eggs. 30 years in business. This book only 15c.

B. H. Greider, Box 61, Rheems, Pa.

POULTRY AND PIGEONS FOR PROFIT

Foy's big book tells all about it. Contains many colored plates—an encyclopedia of poultry information, poultry houses, feeding for eggs, etc. *Written by a man who knows.* Sent for 5 cents. Low prices, fowls and eggs.

FRANK FOY, Box 22, CLINTON, IOWA

POULTRY Miller's American **GUIDE**

—tells all about raising chickens, care, feeding, etc. Contains beautiful colored pictures of best paying varieties and best layers, sent absolutely **FREE**. **Eggs and Poultry** for hatching at special low prices.

J. W. MILLER CO., Box 423, Rockford, Illinois

MAKE MONEY RAISE GUINEA PIGS

for us. We buy all you raise. Easy to raise—very profitable—big demand. Pay better than poultry or squabs. Particulars, contract, booklet how to raise **FREE**. Write today.

CAVIES DISTRIBUTING CO., 3124 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

MOVIE MACHINE FREE

Have Your Own "Movie" at home. Wonderful moving picture machine, complete with gas generator and 3 acts reels, all different (96 views). Powerful lens, showing large, clear pictures. Given for selling 24 large colored pictures or 24 post cards at 10c each. Order choice today.

GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 445 CHICAGO

vileness, since that is your nature, please speak it in English so that she will not understand."

He himself switched from Spanish to English and began to speak with such passion as I had never suspected him of. "You vile hog you, you dragged her here and tried to starve her, and then you imprisoned me here alone with her to try to make her the unspeakable thing that you have been for years. You thought I was a devil, a lady-killer if you will; you picked upon me to drag her down to what you are. But you have defeated your own purpose. This girl and I are betrothed, and she has proven to me, and I shall be able to prove to Henry Jarndyce, that she has a just claim to a half-interest in the gold of the Veta de Oro. And what is more, she will be able to remove every obstacle to our working of the mine, and this in spite of the fact that she has embraced Christianity. That underground following you have held her in the utmost veneration. They will follow her lead in anything. I know, Madame Trabajar, because three nights ago your Cousin Manrique, your so-called High Priest of the Sun Temple, visited us here, and agreed to come back before a week to rescue us. Wait, that is not all. The girl has converted him. You will see that your former entire following in Tieximal and Guanajuato will desert the old faith and come over to her and her way of thinking. But I warn you: Do not go back to Guanajuato if you value your miserable life."

Madame Trabajar threw up her head and started to laugh.

"You poor fool," she began.

"Oh, yes; I know what you are going to say. You are going to tell me that there is a counter-revolution in Mexico and that Madero is dead; but what good will a counter-revolution do a thoroly discredited woman? Do you imagine that the new government will not need money? With the gold that we will be taking from the Veta de Oro within six weeks we can put any government on its feet. Prothro warned you that he would crush you. We knew from the first that there was another and a better claimant to the mine than you and have spent thousands of dollars looking for her. Thanks to your special brand of chicanery, we have found her. Now march. We will turn you over to the tender mercies of the police as soon as we get to the nearest hacienda."

We found the burro the woman had ridden up there and Barnette placed Felicitad Tchacalca upon it and walked by her side behind us while I drove Madame Trabajar and her one living follower down to the convent for safe-keeping.

The nuns at the convent were full of tearful delight at the return of Felicitad Tchacalca to life—she like Ynez had been a former pupil there, and was dearly loved by all of them it seemed. She had been reported dead three months before, and had never for a single day been out of the lonely hut on the mountain in all that time. But their delight at her return to life was as nothing to their delight to learn that without benefit of priest or book she, who had for years, out of respect for what she regarded as the honest belief of her kinsmen and followers, been the stubbornest of heretics, had embraced Christianity, and had the promise that her followers would do likewise.

She was so weak that we remained three days more at the convent and meanwhile Manrique Tchacalca of Tieximal and Guanajuato and Para came with twenty armed followers, and we rode altogether back to the city. Don Manrique reported something resembling a stable government set up at Mexico City, and said that he supposed that Prothro had renewed his mining concession, since they were already beginning to install the machinery at the mine, and that he himself had furnished him with fifty workers, who already knew all the upper levels of the mine.

On reaching Guanajuato we found this to be true. How much money it had cost I never learned, but my cousin had secured a guarantee of protection from the de facto government, and had also made a deal with Don Manrique Tchacalca to pay all just claims to heirs of the mining property, whether said claims were recognized by the de facto government or not.

"There's enough gold in that main lode," said Prothro, one day, "to make everybody connected with it rich. In three years it will make old Barney"—meaning Barnette—richer than your cousin Jarndyce. And say, Gladney, I found out what that queer singing was. Those followers of the Princess Patchoula, or whatever it is, used to go there from the parts of the mine where they were working and sing heathen praises to the sun every day at noon."

Two days later there was a grand church wedding in the Chapel of Saint Ynez Tchacalca, and Barnette was married to the one pure girl that amid all his revels in many lands had always haunted his dreams as an ideal, and had always stopped him short of base debauchery and made him treat all women as his sisters, so that he was known in four continents as one of the most chivalric of men of the world.

At the wedding, Prothro handed me a cable from Henry Jarndyce. The cable praised me for the part I had taken in the whole affair and informed me that a block of stock representing one-fortieth of the whole property had been deeded to me in consideration of my "distinguished services."

As for Sifert and Seriano and Madame Trabajar: The two scoundrels had escaped out of the country after the jail delivery with ten thousand dollars each, of the woman's money, and she herself sailed for Europe well provided for, since she was one of the Tchacalca heirs. Today she is receiving a quarterly dividend check with Prothro's signature as manager of the famous Veta de Oro.

The End.

The Evolution of the Bicycle

(Concluded From Page 2)

every hue known in the realm of colors. Many girl riders provided themselves with two-piece suits made from cashmeres and other dress goods of various tints, embellished here and there with rosettes, bows, streamers, shiny buckles, and what-not, and with their natty jockey caps could not be distinguished from their male escorts at any great distance. Some of the fair ones clung to the bloomer costume, but many others tossed all modesty aside and pedaled along in tight-fitting knickerbockers and gaudy silk and woolen hosiery.

Oh, yes, those were the great days! It should be recalled, too, that there were tandems for loving couples, tandems with an extra seat for the wedded pair's wild-eyed baby, three-seaters for the three good pals, quads for the quartets who desired them—even eight-seaters for others who aimed to create a sensation.

But, speaking of sensations, the advertisers' wreath and palm of victory should have been passed to a mountain of human flesh known as "Baby Bliss, a 400-pound person who would make "Fatty" Arbuckle look like an overgrown kid. "Baby's" bike was built to carry a ton, judging from its ponderous construction, and its rider was surely the "cynosure of all eyes" whenever he loomed up from the distant horizon. Bliss was the undisputed Jumbo of the Pike, while the gigantic fad endured, which was not long, altho in recent years the bicycle seems to have come back as an individual vehicle for quick transportation and strictly business uses.

The Faults of Others

ONE of the easiest things in the world is to play the role of the critic. Perhaps that is the reason it is so often essayed.

None of us like to be subjects of criticism. We are quick to censure the traits of the critics in others, and yet latent in each of us is that spirit which leads us to see fault in others and perhaps to hold up to ridicule the very things for which we might, ourselves, fairly be criticized.

Many a home is made unhappy by the spirit which prompts its members to continually find fault in little things—"faulting" is what it was termed in the days of the long ago, and a very apt word it is, too.

"Faulting" does not make life any smoother and easier, and is certainly not conducive to happiness. It is nothing more or less than a very bad habit. We cannot make over those around us, and if we could it is very doubtful if it would prove worth our while.

It is a mighty good rule to let other people live their lives in their own way. You cannot regulate the universe, and if you try you are sure to come a cropper sooner or later.

❧ ❧ ❧

Why Not Be Explicit.

A PROUD young father telegraphed the news of his happiness to his brother in these words:

"A handsome boy has come to my house and claims to be your nephew."

The brother, however, failed to see the point, and wired back: "I have not got a nephew. The young man is an impostor and a fraud."

HOW TO HEAL LEG SORES.

A new illustrated book sent free to readers by the successful specialist, Dr. H. J. Whittier, Suite 108, 421 East 11th St., Kansas City, Mo., tells how to be rid of Leg Sores and Varicose Ulcers without pain or knife by using his unique discovery, result of 32 years specializing. Write for your free copy today.—Adv.

"Cure Your Rupture Like I Cured Mine"

Old Sea Captain Cured His Own Rupture After Doctors Said "Operate or Death."

His Remedy and Book Sent Free.

Captain Collings sailed the seas for many years; then he sustained a bad double rupture that soon forced him to not only remain ashore, but kept him bedridden for years. He tried doctor after doctor and truss after truss. No results! Finally, he was assured that he must either submit to a dangerous and abhorrent operation or die. He did **neither!** He cured himself instead.

"Fellow Men and Women, You Don't Have To Be Cut Up, and You Don't Have To Be Tortured By Trusses."

Captain Collings made a study of himself, of his condition—and at last he was rewarded by the finding of the method that so quickly made him a well, strong, vigorous and happy man.

Anyone can use the same method; it's simple, easy, safe and inexpensive. Every ruptured person in the world should have the Captain Collings book, telling all about how he cured himself, and how anyone may follow the same treatment in their own home without any trouble. The book and medicine are FREE. They will be sent prepaid to any rupture sufferer who will fill out the below coupon. But send it right away—**now**—before you put down this paper.

FREE RUPTURE BOOK AND REMEDY COUPON.

Capt. W. A. Collings (Inc.)
Box 220E Watertown, N. Y.

Please send me your FREE Rupture Remedy and Book without any obligation on my part whatever.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

BEATS 15c GASOLINE

Starts Car Easy in Cold Weather

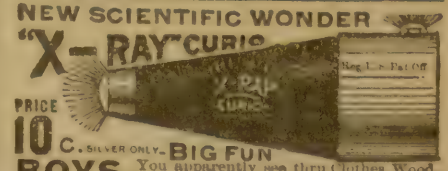
Amazing auto invention. Wonderful new carburetor. Guaranteed to reduce gasoline bills from one-half to one-third and increase power of any motor from 30 to 50 per cent.

Sent on 30 DAYS' TRIAL

Fits any make of car. Put on in a few minutes. Fords make as high as 40 miles to a gallon of gasoline. Other cars show proportionate increase. Take advantage of our special 30-day trial offer. Name your car. **AGENTS WANTED.**

AIR FRICTION CARBURETOR CO.
1320 Madison Street Dayton, Ohio

NEW SCIENTIFIC WONDER "X-RAY" CURIO



PRICE **10c** SILVER ONLY— **BIG FUN**

BOYS You apparently see thru Clothes, Wood, Stone, any object. See Bones in Flesh. A magic trick novelty FREE with each X-Ray.

MARVEL MFG. CO., Dept. 30, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

BIG MONEY IN POP-CORN CRISPETTES

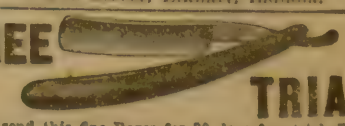
Perrin Sold $350 One Day

Meisner, $250 in one day. Shook, $317 one day Sept. 1920. Erwins boy (going to school) makes $35 every Sat afternoon. Erwin says $6 yields $25. No theory! No guesswork! Actual proven record of successes. Send for booklet.

Long Eakins Co., 345 High St., Springfield, Ohio

HEART DISEASE. $2.50 TRIAL FREE Dr. Miles, the great specialist, will send a new and remarkable Special Treatment Free to those having Enlarged Valvular, Rheumatic, Dropsical, Weak, Fatty or Nervous Hearts, Short Breath, Palpitation, Smothering, Irregular Pulse, Pain, Swollen Ankles, etc. Wonderful success. Many, so-called "incurable," report cured after 3 to 15 doctors failed. Write now for Two Pound Free Trial, Book and Astonishing Testimonials. Address DR. FRANKLIN MILES, Dept. H 283 to 293, Franklin Street, Elkhart, Indiana.

FREE



TRIAL

Let me send this fine Razor for 30 days free trial. When satisfied after using, send $1.85 or return razor. Order Today. JONES MFG. CO., Dept. 908, CHICAGO, ILL.

Dopey

Continued From Page 7

one was following him! At first he had not been sure, but whoever it was had gained on him until by now he could hear his labored breathing.

Dopey thought of the box car thieves. At Momma's table much had been told concerning these desperate gentry; how they robbed with perfect impunity, and stopped not even at murder. Only a few nights previous a watchman had been shot for daring to interfere with their ungentle pastimes. Dopey thought of the stories he heard, and he heard the footsteps of the man behind him; and he connected the two. Instantly an icy perspiration enveloped him.

"I bet it's one of the thieves," he thought, breaking into a run. His wobbly legs carried him perhaps fifty yards when he stumbled over some unseen object and fell headlong.

For a time he lay there, too frightened to breathe. Then, his spasm of fright passing somewhat, he noted that the sounds behind him had ceased. Save for the exhaust of a far-off engine, the switchyard seemed silent as the grave.

Dopey took courage and seated himself upon the obstruction over which he had tumbled, a railroad tie. One of his feet came in contact with something that rolled. Investigation proved it to be the can of corn he had filched from the stranger's closet.

The can of corn served to bring back Dopey's thoughts to the mysterious stranger. Where had he gone! Also it brought to mind other memories. "Wish I'd brought the bottle along instead," he grumbled.

It was at this point that Dopey discovered how very badly in need of a drink he was. And when Dopey felt the need for a drink gnawing at his system, he usually found it impossible to remain quiet for long. Very shortly he arose from the tie, and started, as he supposed, back home. He intended, by means of the fire escape, to revisit that room and finish the rest of that remarkably smooth wine.

He did not make it, however. His fall to earth must have turned him about, for an hour's steady groping ahead failed to bring him to his starting point. After a time, sensing his mistake, he turned back. Then, somewhere in the distance, he heard the whirr of a belated trolley. In the endeavor to reach the street, Dopey, as mentioned earlier in the chapter, nearly encompassed an untimely end. The hairbreadth escape frightened him nearly to death. Not for worlds would he have crossed another set of rails. Instead, he set his course between two lines of box cars and kept sedulously to the middle of the path.

Another half hour of futile endeavor brought him to the icing station. It was then that he became aware of music; from far off came the sounds of a violin; of muffled conversation and laughter.

Dopey halted in amazement, then cautiously moving further into the dense shadows, he crept slowly forward. Visions of the box car robbers still remained with him.

The sounds became more distinct; he could now distinguish the tune that was being played; the laughter took on a more human tinge. The next moment he had cleared the corner of the icing station, and with bulging eyes was surveying the extravagant splendors of the most opulent "special" train the P. & D. W. railway system boasted.

CHAPTER XI.

SOFTLY Mr. Jones crept along the hall, determination expressed in every lineament of his chubby face, his trusty revolver drawn, ready for instant use. Right behind him came Momma, nervously expectant. Closer she drew the folds of the washed-out red wrapper about the ample form.

The boarders, who, in the first blush of the excitement, caused my Myrtle's screams when she discovered that her diamonds had been stolen, had swarmed up the stairs like so many flies, but had finally been shooed back by Mr. Jones. Myrtle, considering her great loss, was bearing up wonderfully. She was now down in the office telling a young cub reporter exactly how it happened. Also, after much urging, she handed over to the inquisitor her photograph, her latest, along with that of her husband. "I hope you won't print them," she remarked coyly as she handed them over. To which the young reported made answer that he certainly wouldn't; that he only wanted them to remember her by. And Myrtle smiled and congratulated herself that she had kept him waiting until she had gotten her hair up becomingly.

Upstairs, Momma and Mr. Jones crept along the dingy, ill-lighted hallway like a couple of ghosts. Once Mr. Jones paused and looked behind. "You'd better go back, Momma," he whispered.

But Momma thought differently. With a great show of determination she shook her head. "You go on and open the door, Mr. Jones, and don't mind me," she whispered back. "I can take care of myself."

Carefully, very carefully, Mr. Jones tried the knob of the door leading into Mr. Snooks' room. Then, also carefully, he turned it the other way. "It's locked, Momma," he finally whispered.

Momma, however, knew her doors better than that. "It turns hard, that knob does. Twist it and put your knee against it."

Mr. Jones hesitated. Not that he was a coward; he simply didn't relish the idea of getting shot. With all his heart he regretted having sent the rest of the crowd back downstairs. There is a certain safety in numbers. Then, too, he devoutly wished to be rid of Momma's presence. He would have liked mighty well to have stood around awhile and listened before opening that door. But Momma was right there beside him, and she feared nothing. That is, if she did fear to do a thing, she did not let it interfere with her actions; she went ahead and did it anyway. Well he knew that if he didn't open that door, and without further hesitation, she would step forward and do the job for him. Mr. Jones gritted his teeth, secured a fresh grip upon the revolver, turned the knob real hard, and shoved with his knee. With an alarming suddenness the door swung open.

"Hands up!" Mr. Jones uttered the command fiercely and stepped inside. The next instant he lowered his gun and smiled rather foolishly. As far as he could judge, the darkened room was empty.

Momma advanced and raised the blind. She sniffed suspiciously. "Smells like a brewery in here," she said. "I always thought——"

What Momma thought must forever remain a problem, for she did not finish the sentence. Instead, she broke off and gasped: "Some one's left their shoes out on top of the porch!" Quickly she raised the window and stuck out her head to obtain a better view of them.

The next moment her head was withdrawn with a jerk. "Oh, Mr. Jones," she all but shrieked, "It's a man! A dead man is laying over on the edge of the roof!"

Who was the victim, and how did his body come to be there? Was it Dopey or Snooks, or some one else? And was the man really dead? If so, who killed him? These are questions that cannot be answered here. The author will probably explain this new mystery in the next and concluding part, of his exciting story. Don't miss it.

* * *

Lion and Lying.

THEY were big game hunters and they were trotting out their usual stock of "reminiscences."

When each had told his best lie the only member of the party who had never been to Africa was asked to tell a story.

"Well, I'm afraid I've nothing very exciting to tell you," he piped in a small, still voice. "I once had a small affair with a lion, but he was only a lion escaped from a menagerie. He bounded on me as he got clear of his enclosure—and, well, of course, I wasn't armed."

"What on earth did you do?" chorused the others.

"Well," retorted the little man, "I just seized his lower jaw with my right hand and his upper jaw with my left and held his mouth open till he starved to death."

Use Pyramid Be Happy

If Endurance is Being Tried to the Limit Get a Box of Pyramid Pile Suppositories

If you are struggling with the pain and discomfort of itching, bleeding, protruding piles or hemorrhoids, go over to any drug store and get a 60 cent box of Pyramid Pile Suppositories. Take no substitute. Relief should come so quickly you will wonder why anyone should continue to suffer the pain of such a distressing condition. For a free trial package, send name and address to Pyramid Drug Co., 606 Pyramid Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

FREE! Fine Quality Silk Finish Sateen BLOOMERS

With Each Stylish Plaid Skirt During This Sale!

Tell Your Friends About This Amazing Offer!

Another sensational record breaking **David Strong Company** bargain! Just think of it! A beautiful smartly tailored Plaid Skirt at about half price and these fine quality, dainty Silk Finish Sateen Bloomers, **absolutely FREE.** Never before were such values possible. This is a special limited offer made because we took the entire lot of an overstocked manufacturer. When this stock is gone, this sale will close. Write quick before it is too late. **Send no money.** Just the coupon or letter. Every David Strong bargain is sent on approval.

Newest Style, Smart PLAID SKIRT

No description or picture can do justice to this charming skirt. Its tailored smartness, excellent materials and faultless workmanship can only be appreciated when you see it. Made of **Strongwear** Plaid Cloth—soft finish and firm texture, in red or blue overplaid. Not only rich in appearance but **wears splendidly.** Two chic novelty pockets trimmed with two-tone buttons. Skirt has full sweep and is shirred at top so that it drapes perfectly on every type of figure. Medium width belt with button. The kind of skirt sold in big city stores for about double.

$3.89

Send No Money

Let us send you one of these stylish Plaid Skirts together with **free bloomers—without a penny in advance.** Deposit only **$3.89** and postage with postman on arrival. **If not satisfied return them and you won't be out a cent.** Colors: Red or blue overplaid. **STATE COLOR. Sizes 22 to 40 waist, 34 to 42 length. Give your size.**

The Bloomers — Lustrous Silk Finish Sateen. Popular three-quarter length. One of the best makes in America. Neatly finished at bottom with two rows of elastic. Cut extra full with reinforced crotch. Elastic waistband. **You pay not one cent for this beautiful garment — sent free with every skirt.** Colors: Black, blue, rose or lavender. **State Color.**

DAVID STRONG COMPANY
"Same Management Since 1885"
Dept. G163 **CHICAGO, ILL.**

DAVID STRONG CO., Dept. G163, Chicago
Send Stylish Plaid Skirt and FREE Bloomers at once. When they arrive I will deposit $3.89 and postage with postman for skirt. I pay nothing for bloomers. If not satisfied after examination will return both and you will refund money.

Length.....Waist.....Color of Skirt .....
Color of Bloomers.....
Name.....
Address .....
City.....State .....

Want Nice Hair Growth?

Would you like such a result as this? Investigate and test Koskott.

Do you want, free, a trial box from the **Koskott Treatment** that has proved successful in so many cases? Would you like also **a book** that tells about falling out of hair, **dandruff, gray hair** and baldness? If so, you need only to answer this adv. asking for our book and **FREE BOX.** This famous preparation is for dandruff, thinning hair and several forms of **BALDNESS.**

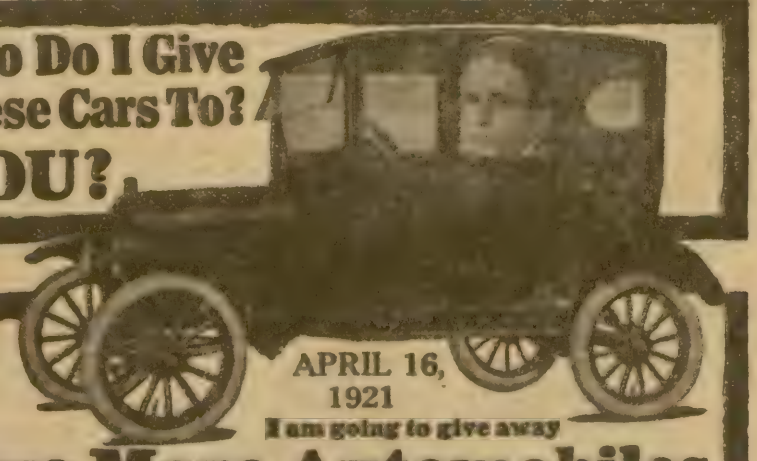
Stop losing your hair!

In many cases a new hair growth has been reported when all else had failed. **So why not see for yourself?** Koskott is used by **men and women;** it is perfectly harmless and in many cases reports show the starting of a new hair growth in a few days. Enclose 2 stamps for mailing and adv. expense on **free box and book.** *Address:*

Get Box FREE

KOSKOTT LABORATORY, KB-473, Station F, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Who Do I Give These Cars To? YOU?



APRIL 16, 1921

I am going to give away

Two More Automobiles

I have been giving away automobiles for a long time. Now I'm going to give away two more. Send me the coupon down in the corner and I'll tell you about it. The Ford Sedan I am going to give away is the latest 1921 model, fully equipped with electric starter and lights, demountable rims, tire carrier, and sliding plate glass windows in doors and sides. I am going to deliver it at someone's door without its costing them a cent.

Don't you want to get it? Send me the coupon and I'll tell you how. The other car I shall give away is a 1921 model Ford Touring Car, also fully equipped. Would you rather have it? As soon as I receive the coupon I'll send you full details of my offer. Besides the two cars, I'm going to give away the other rewards listed below. Surely there is something in that list you want.

MAIL THE COUPON FOR FULL DETAILS

Mail me the coupon now, today. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. Just as soon as I receive it I'll mail you full details of my plan, my Auto book which gives full description of both the cars, and a surprise that will help you to become the owner of one of these splendid rewards. Mail the coupon — you can not know all the features of my plan unless you do.

Don't send me any money—not even a postage stamp, but mail the coupon before you forget it.

$1800 in Rewards
- $795 Ford Sedan
- $510 Ford Touring Car
- $300 Piano or Motorcycle
- $100 Diamond Ring
- $75 Victor Victrola
- $50 Elgin Gold Watch
- $25 Eastman Kodak

Rewards duplicated in case of ties

SEND NO MONEY
Cut out and mail —Do it now

The Reward Man
Box 1622
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Reward Man, Box 1622, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me full information about the automobiles you are giving away. The signing of this coupon does not obligate me in any way. 150

Name.....
P. O.....
State .....R. F. D.....Box.....

For Ledger Girls and Boys

The Unexpected Gift

"NOW you'll surely remember!" shouted Florence, as the conductor called, "All aboard! You won't forget your promise?"

Two boyish faces pressed against the glass of the car window and two eager mouths made the words, "Don't you worry—we won't forget!" Florence could tell by their lips what they were saying tho the noise of the moving train made it impossible to really hear a word they said. And, satisfied that they would keep their promise, she turned to go back home.

Florence, John and Bob lived in a small city some distance from the lake and one of the dreams of all three children was to some day visit at the lake and see all the wonders they had heard about and go swimming. Then, only yesterday, had come the word that Uncle Tom was going up to the lake for four days' fishing and that he would be glad to have his nephews go with him. "Sorry not to take Florence," the letter had said, "but maybe she can go some other time."

Then came the jolly scramble of packing up and getting off two boys who were so excited they could hardly do a thing to help. There were bathing suits to fix and fishing tackle to sort and pack to say nothing of such commonplace things as shoes and stockings and clothing.

"I do wish you were goin', too, Flo," said John as the grip was at last being shut, "I truly do."

"That's all right," replied Florence bravely, "but I tell you, John, bring me something from the lake, will you?"

"That I will," promised John, "what'll it be?"

"Oh," and Florence thought a minute, "you decide that. Bring me something that'll be a surprise."

And John had promised that he would get the surprise-y-est sort of a surprise for her. And so they had gone.

Of course, you know all the fun they had at the lake. The swimming stunts they learned and the fish they caught and the fun they had even when they didn't catch anything. And the playing in the sand and learning to row. If you've been to the lake you know all about it from experience and if you haven't you'll know sometime when you go.

But of all the jolly things they did, getting the gift for Florence was the most fun. They didn't write and tell her what they were bringing; of course not, because they wanted to surprise her—and they surely succeeded.

They arrived at home about 4 in the afternoon—carrying bag and baggage and a good sized box that they certainly had not had when they started from home.

Florence and her mother met them at the station and tho she was just simply bubbling over in her eagerness to ask what they had brought her, she didn't say a thing—she wanted to wait till they got home.

But they went in the house and took off their traveling clothes and washed their hands and it seemed to Florence they never would say anything about her gift, so finally she suggested, "wouldn't you like to go out and see the chfckens?"

"You bet!" answered John, "and we'll take your present out there."

"Why, John Borrows! Aren't you ashamed of yourself!" cried Florence. "I'll not take any nice present of mine out to the barn!"

"Well, I don't know," replied John with a sly wink at Bob, "the barn's a pretty nice place."

"Better open the box out there, Flo," advised Bob.

"Isn't it a nice present?" demanded Florence.

"Couldn't be better, said Bob, "but that proves nothing."

So the three children hurried out to the barn where John pried off the top of the box and there inside—of course, you have guessed tho Florence, who had never been to a lake never even suspected—was a big, sleepy-looking turtle.

"Why, it's nothing but a rock!" exclaimed Florence disappointedly.

"Rock! She thinks it's a rock!" giggled John, and he reached into the box, picked up the "rock" and set it on the barn floor.

"Look!" he exclaimed proudly.

"Ugh!" cried Florence, with a shrug of her shoulders, as the "rock" stuck out a head, four feet and a tail and made a slight move.

"See," explained Bob, "it won't hurt you, Flo, it's a turtle, and it lives on the edge of the water and pulls itself into its shell if it is frightened."

"Why, of course," laughed Florence, ashamed of her own fear. "I've read about turtles. Is this one really truly my own—my very own?"

The boys assured her that it was. "We first thought we'd bring you an Indian basket or something," explained John eagerly, "and then one day when we were out fishing we saw this fellow on a log. We kept still, oh, so very still, and Uncle Tom just barely moved the boat so it didn't even make a ripple or a sound."

"And we got closer and closer," interrupted Bob, who couldn't stand it not to tell part of the story himself, "and we slipped the landing net to the front end of the boat in readiness—but all the time we expected every minute to see the old boy slide off into the water where we couldn't get at him."

"But he didn't," continued John. "We just got close and then all of a sudden slipped that old net out under where he was sitting on the log and—Bingo! There he was in the net and didn't know how he got there!"

"And then you decided to bring him to me," said Florence proudly.

"Right you are," agreed Bob. "We thought you'd rather have him than anything else. And I guess he's a surprise like we promised—isn't he?"

Florence agreed that he was and then Mrs. Borrows, who had come into the barn in time to hear the story of the

Health!

Comes to you and the children if you have Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in the house. For "little-ones" and "grown-ups" this old fashioned vegetable tonic and blood-maker is still used by the million bottles every year. Make your blood better and your health better by going to your nearest druggist and obtaining Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in tablet or liquid form.

A healthy stomach turns the food we eat into nourishment for the blood stream and the nerves. No one suffers from colds or catarrh who has plenty of red blood corpuscles and good digestion. Catarrh in all its forms is a stagnation of the blood. Introduce pure, redder blood into the system, and health is assured. Dr. Pierce, over fifty years ago, gave to the public this alterative and blood tonic which he named his "Golden Medical Discovery." It is sold by all druggists the world over in tablets or liquid, and is just the thing to put the body in the best of condition. It is a tonic, alterative and nervine, which contains no alcohol, and has the ingredients printed on the label. "Golden Medical Discovery" assists the digestive functions, assimilating the food and taking from it what is necessary for feeding the blood. Thus the blood takes on a new vigor and vitality. This corrective remedy nature put in the forest for keeping us healthy. One feels strong, vigorous and full of "pep," instead of weak, nervous and "played out." Send 10c for trial pkg. of tablets to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., or, send for a free medical booklet on any disease or write for free medical advice.

60 DAYS' TRIAL

If you suffer from Debility, Nervousness, Lame Back, Lack of Vigor, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Dyspepsia, Poor Circulation, Insomnia, or any trouble due to low vitality, send for our Free Book telling all about the Herculex Health Belt and how it is sold on 60 days' trial, with no cost to you whatever unless you are thoroughly satisfied with results.

This is your opportunity to get back your strength, to become well, vigorous and capable without the use of drugs, and with no risk of losing your money.

You place the Health Belt around your waist upon going to bed and wear it nights until you are thoroughly restored to strength and health. The sensation it produces is a pleasant one, merely a warm, soft glow. This method of vitalization often takes pain and weakness out of the back in a few hours' time while you commence to feel better at once. Sixty to ninety days should be sufficient to build up your nerves and body so that you will probably look better and feel better than you ever did before, and as your system responds to the treatment rheumatism, kidney, liver and stomach weakness, and other troubles disappear.

Our illustrated Book tells all about this new drugless method of restoring strength. Write for your copy today. You have nothing to lose and a great deal to gain by giving the Health Belt a trial. Thousands have been benefited, why not you? Address:

THE HERCULEX CO., DEPT. B, 1416 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

1921 TOURING CAR FREE

To some one who answers this advertisement promptly I will give, absolutely Free, freight and war tax prepaid, a 1921 model, 5-Passenger Touring Car. A brand new car with electric self-starter and lighting system. Would you like to have it?

Solve Puzzle and Get 2,000 Free Votes

In the scenery around this car are six hidden faces. Turn the ad upside down and sideways and you will be able to find them. When you find four of the faces, mark each one with an (X) and send the puzzle to me, together with your name and address and I will send you 2,000 Free Votes toward the Automobile and enter you in my Auto Contest. This is the biggest and most liberal contest ever offered, because,

Every Active Contestant Gets a Reward

I will also give, free and without contest, Bicycles, Watches, Silverware, Rings, Shoes, Moving Picture Machines, Rifles and other excellent prizes to every one who takes an active part. There is no other contest like this.

SEND TODAY FOR COMPLETE AUTO WINNING OUTFIT

All you need to do to get in line for the Auto and other wonderful prizes is to write me promptly, sending your answer to the puzzle and four cents in postage to cover wrapping, mailing, etc., of a complete Auto Winning Outfit, also copies of two national publications worth ten cents. YOU CAN WIN!

Auto Contest Mgr.,
Dept. 16
W. D. Boyce Co.,
500 N. Dearborn St.,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

80 Years Old —Was Sick

Now Feels Young After Taking Eatonic for Sour Stomach

"I had sour stomach ever since I had the grip and it bothered me badly. Have taken Eatonic only a week and am much better. Am 80 years old," says Mrs. John Hill.

Eatonic quickly relieves sour stomach, indigestion, heartburn, bloating and distress after eating because it takes up and carries out the excess acidity and gases which cause most stomach ailments. If you have "tried everything" and still suffer, do not give up hope. Eatonic has brought relief to tens of thousands like you. A big box costs but a trifle with your druggist's guarantee. Sample Free. Address Eatonic Remedy Co., 1071 B, S. Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Stem Wind & Set **WATCH, KNIFE AND CHAIN GIVEN**

Real American Watch, 5 year guarantee, fine case, looks and wears like gold. Just sell 12 boxes Mentho-Nova Salve (Wonder Menthol Ointment). Return the $3 and receive watch according to our Premium Book, or choice of 147 other premiums free. Order today.
U. S. CO., Watch Dept. 14, Greenville, Pa.

Cured His Piles

Now 88 Years Old But Works At Trade of Blacksmith and Feels Younger Since Piles Are Gone.

The oldest active blacksmith in Michigan is still pounding his anvil in the town of Homer—thanks to my internal method of treating piles.

Mr. Jacob Lyon, Homer, Mich.

I wish that you could hear him tell of his many experiences with ointments, salves, dilators, etc., before he tried my method. Here is a letter just received from him:

Mr. E. R. Page, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir: I want you to know what your treatment has done for me. I had suffered with piles for many years and used suppositories and all kinds of treatments, but never got relief until I tried yours. Am now completely cured. Although I am 88 years old, and the oldest active blacksmith in Michigan, I feel years younger since the piles have left me. I will surely recommend it to all I know who suffer this way. You can use my letter any way you wish and I hope it will lead others to try this wonderful remedy.

Yours truly,
J. L. LYON.

There are thousands of afflicted people suffering with piles who have never yet tried the one sensible way of treating them.

Don't be cut. Don't waste money on foolish salves, ointments, dilators, etc., but send today for a Free Trial of my internal method for the healing of Piles.

No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development—whether it is occasional or permanent—you should send for this free trial treatment.

No matter where you live—no matter what your age or occupation—if you are troubled with piles, my method will relieve you promptly.

This liberal offer of free treatment is too important for you to neglect a single day. Write now. Send no money. Simply mail the coupon—but do this now—TODAY.

FREE PILE REMEDY

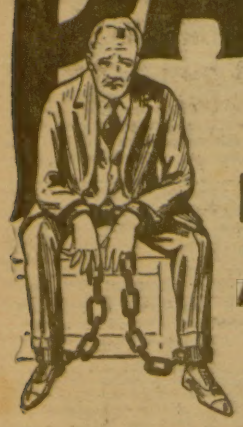
E. R. Page,
382 K Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.
Please send free trial of your Method to:

.....

.....

.....

PAIN



Let Me Send You FREE On Trial A Full Size 60c Box of

COPE'S PAIN BALM

Use it and learn its amazing power to conquer pain, ache and soreness.

If, after using half of it you find it drives away your pain, stops your misery, gives you the welcome, blessed relief and comfort you seek, and brings you more real benefit than anything you ever used or heard of, then send 60c. If you are not **delighted** with the benefit you derive after using half of the jar, you will not be asked to pay a penny. You're to be the judge. We leave it all to you. **Try Cope's Pain Balm now,** at once if you suffer from **Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Sore Joints, Sore Muscles, Backache,** or any similar distress. It **stops** the pain and relieves soreness. Simply rub into the skin. The effect is wonderful. **Try it.** Know the glorious relief of vanishing pain and misery. Send no money, just **try it** and see for yourself. Fill in and send coupon today. The full size 60c box will go to you by next mail, prepaid.

Free Trial Coupon

Send Today

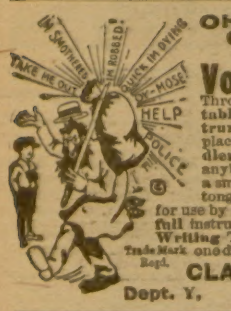
L. E. COPE COMPANY Dept. 25
1869 Prospect Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

As per above offer please send me one 60c jar Cope's Pain Balm.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....



Oh Boys, Girls! Great Sport with CLAXOPHONE

Voice Thrower

Throw your voice under the table, back of a door, into a trunk, desk in School, any old place. Big FUN fooling Peddlers, Policeman, Friends, anybody. This Claxophone is a small device that lays on your tongue unseen, always ready for use by anyone. Claxophone with full instructions, also Set of Secret Writing Tricks, all sent for 10c Trade Mark one dime. (No Stamps) Regd.

CLAXO TRICK CO., Dept. Y, New Haven, Conn.

TYPEWRITER SENSATION

$4 or $5 a month WILL BUY

Any Standard Make Guaranteed TYPEWRITER With Every Modern Writing Convenience.

Write Today For Illustrated Catalog Explaining Try-Before-You-Buy Plan.

SMITH TYPEWRITER SALES CO.

(Free Trial) 537—216 No. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

TOO FAT?

Many reduce 10 to 60 lbs., or more. Obtain Korein (pronounced *koreen*) at any busy drug store; or write for free brochure to Korein Co., NB-675, Station X, New York. Become slender by best method. No salts, no thyroid, no starving, no tedious exercising. Delightfully easy, rapid reduction; improves health, symmetry, efficiency. Look younger! ADD YEARS TO YOUR LIFE! *Become thin and remain so!* Money-back guarantee! Get KOREIN tablets!

A Woman's Charm

Is beauty. Loveliness of face, form and hair can be yours by using my famous beauty treatments. Send your name and address, not one penny, and I will send you my wonderful Beauty Book Free. **Trial Offer:** Send 12c (stamps) to cover postage and packing for purse size sample of my Famous "DAPINK" Vanishing Cream.

Madame Ayotte, Dept. 523 Oak Park, Ill.

$7.50 A DAY AND FREE AUTO

Men and women to distribute samples in city and farm homes. We furnish auto and show you how to coin money. No experience necessary. Write for full particulars, don't wait.

BIFFY SOAP PRODUCTS CO., Dept. 100, Dayton, O.

Catarrh Treated Free

10 days to prove quick relief. I had catarrh of the nose, head, deafness and head noises; found treatment that gave complete relief; thousands have used it. Want you to try it free. Write

DR. W. O. COFFEE X1 Davenport, Iowa

capture, suggested, "But where are you going to keep him?"

"We've got that all planned," John assured her, "Uncle Tom helped us figure it out. You know that old tub out back? Well, he told us how to put the missing hoop on it and we're to fill it with stones and set it near where the hose is connected so it will catch the drip. Then in there Mr. Turtle goes and we're all to help Florence keep food for him.

"And there's to be a board floating on the water so he can sit in the sun and catch flies," added Bob.

Then the fun began. It was two days before everything was fixed just right for Mr. Turtle. Of course, he was put in the tub before that, but he had many additions and improvements to his home before it was fixed to suit his new friends. And the fun didn't end then, for the turtle lived many days and gave the children much pleasure with his funny ways.

"I really do think," said Florence, as they all three were watching him eat, "that my gift has made more fun than your whole trip."

Kitty and Catty.

KITTY and Catty are twins, you see,
And like each other as twins can be.
That is, as far as the outside goes,
But inside how different, goodness knows!

They lived in a little house, I hear,
A house you might think is very queer.
It's red and quite like in its design
Something you've seen on a Valentine.

Kitty is always cheerful and gay,
So willing and happy to obey.
How kindly she acts towards old and young!
Praises of her are on every tongue!

But Catty—My! If you'd see her pout,
And the way she throws her things about!
She screams—Dear Me! It's curdling to hear,
(I know you never do it, my dear.)

And the oddest thing about it all,
It when Kitty's home it's vain to call,
Or look for Catty—and sad to say,
If Catty comes good Kit runs away!

For these small twins, as perhaps you guess,
Live in the heart of a child, no less;
Now who lives with you, is it Catty or Kitty?
To keep naughty Catty would be a great pity!

Benjamin Franklin's Boyhood.

NO ONE who hears the name of Benjamin Franklin remains unmoved to think of the great man who did so much for this country of ours, but few think of him as the humble little boy who found for himself a lodging in one of the old and crooked alleys of the city of Philadelphia—the little boy who plunged daily into the Delaware River for his morning bath—the little fellow who, exhausted, crept into a meeting-house on his first day in Philadelphia, and there fell sound asleep.

Let us look at his own account of his first day in the Quaker City:

"I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come 'round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul or where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with traveling, rowing, and want of rest; I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling in coppers. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused to take it on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it. A man is sometimes more generous when he has but little money than when he has plenty, perhaps thru fear of being thought to have but little. Then I walked up a street, gazing about, till, near the market-house I met a boy with bread.

I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he had bought it, I went immediately to the baker's he had directed me to, and bade him give me a three-penny-worth of bread. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pocket, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other.

Thus I went up Market street as far as Fourth, passing by the door of Mr. Reed, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward and ridiculous appearance. I then turned and went down Chestnut street and part of Walnut street, eating my roll all the way. Coming 'round, I found myself again near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of river water; and, being filled with one of my rolls, I gave the other two to a woman and her child who came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther. Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into a great meeting-house of the Quakers, near Market street.

I sat down among them, and after looking around awhile and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy thru labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one of the Quakers was kind enough to rouse me.

This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia."

Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston, Mass., Jan. 17, 1706. He died in Philadelphia, Pa., April 17, 1790.

The Talking Machine.

NORTH—Has Marjorie any education along musical lines?

West—I should say so! Name any record and she can tell you what's on the other side!

Discovery.

SHE—I hear you skated into an airhole the other day.

He—That's what they call it, but I found it full of water.

Poor Father.

"MY TEACHER is interested in you, dad."

"That's strange. I don't know her."

"Well, she told me ten times to behave myself, and said she wondered what kind of a father I had!"

OUCH! ANOTHER RHEUMATIC TWINGE

Get busy and relieve those pains with that handy bottle of Sloan's Liniment

WHAT Sloan's does, it does thoroughly—**penetrates without rubbing** to the afflicted part and promptly relieves most kinds of external pains and aches. You'll find it clean and non-skin-staining. **Keep it handy** for sciatica, lumbago, neuralgia, over-exerted muscles, stiff joints, backache, pains, bruises, strains, sprains, bad weather after-effects.

For 39 years Sloan's Liniment has helped thousands the world over. You aren't likely to be an exception. It certainly does produce results.

All druggists—35c, 70c, $1.40.

Sloan's Liniment Pain's enemy

A Brain Can't Work Right On Thin, Watery Blood

It takes Iron to make Strong, Forceful, Magnetic Men with the Power and Energy to Win

Many a capable intelligent man falls just short of success—nearly "gets there" but not quite—simply because he lacks sufficient iron in his blood to give him the physical strength and power to furnish the proper force to his brain and the "stay there" strength to his "will." A brain cannot do its work right—think the thoughts that win—on thin weak watery blood any more than a locomotive can pull a big train of cars with a weak smoldering fire under its boiler.

When your blood is starving for iron no mere tonics nor stimulants can put you right. You must have iron, for without iron your blood loses its power to change food into living tissue and nothing you eat does the proper amount of good. You do not get the full strength out of it. To get iron you must eat the husks of grains and the peels and skins of fruits and vegetables as our forefathers did or take a little organic iron from time to time and eat more such iron-containing foods as spinach and apples. But be sure the iron you take is organic iron and not metallic or mineral iron which people usually take. Metallic iron is iron just as it comes from the action of strong acids on small pieces or iron, and is therefore an entirely different thing from organic iron.

Organic iron is like the iron in your blood and like the iron in spinach, lentils and apples. It may be had from your druggist under the name of Nuxated Iron. Nuxated Iron represents organic iron in such highly condensed form that one dose of it is estimated to be approximately equivalent (in organic iron content) to eating one-half quart of spinach, one quart of green vegetables or half a dozen apples. It's like taking extract of beef instead of eating pounds of meat.

To prove to yourself what Nuxated Iron will do, get your doctor to take a specimen of your blood and make a "blood-count" of your red corpuscles, then take Nuxated Iron for a month and have a new "blood-count" made and see how your red blood corpuscles have increased and how much stronger and better you feel; see how the color has come back to your cheeks, how steady and strong your nerves have become.

Over 4,000,000 people annually are using Nuxated Iron. It will not injure the teeth nor disturb the stomach. Your money will be refunded by the manufacturers if you do not obtain perfectly satisfactory results. Beware of substitutes. Always insist on having genuine organic iron—Nuxated Iron. Look for the letters NI on every tablet. Sold by all druggists.

NUXATED IRON ENRICHES THE BLOOD-GIVES YOU NEW STRENGTH AND ENERGY

"The Baby" Double Action Hammerless Revolver

A HANDSOME AND MOST EFFECTIVE WEAPON

The new Baby Double Action Hammerless Revolver has been produced to meet the ever increasing demand for a revolver that would combine small size and light weight with the essential features of Efficiency and Practicability. It is small in size, yet is just as effective and serviceable as the most expensive weapon you can buy. Everyone should have a revolver and should know how to use it, and there is no safer or better one made than this. A great feature is its safety action that guards against accidental discharge, making it quite safe for young men and ladies. The illustration gives an idea of its appearance, but it must be seen and used to be thoroughly appreciated. The ammunition used is the standard 22-calibre cartridge obtainable anywhere. The operation of the charging mechanism is extremely rapid and absolutely reliable; six well aimed shots can be fired in as many seconds. The revolver is very well constructed, with finest nickel plated, fluted barrel and cylinder, and it weighs only 4 1-2 ounces. The price of the Baby Revolver is only $5.00, sent immediately by mail, postpaid, on receipt of amount in any convenient form.

If with Pearl Handles add $2.75.
Cartridges—express only—90c per 100.

$5.00

Measures but 4¼ inches long

Takes regular .22 calibre cartridges

Revolver Catalog Free

Blank Cartridge Pistol

.22 Calibre **Real Revolver Style**

This well made and effective Pistol is modelled on the pattern of the latest type of Revolver, the appearance of which alone is enough to scare a burglar, while when loaded, it will probably prove just as effective as a revolver with real bullets, without the danger to life. It takes the standard .22 Calibre Blank Cartridges, that are obtainable most everywhere. Even the most timid woman can use it with perfect safety and frighten a thief without risk to herself or anyone else. You can have it lying about without the danger attached to other revolvers. We sell large numbers around 4th July. Well made, nickel finish. PRICE ONLY 50 CENTS. Better make and **superior quality** for **$1.00**, postpaid. **Blank Cartridges, 50 cents** per hundred shipped by express customer paying expressage.

PRICES 50c and $1.00 Postpaid.

Write for Revolver Catalog FREE.

ADDRESS ORDERS TO

ILLINOIS SPORTING GOODS CO., Dept. 222 P. O. Box 782, CHICAGO

Ford Auto

The letters of the alphabet are numbered: A is 1; B 2; C 3; D 4, and so on. The figures in the little squares to the left represent four words. (20 is the letter "T"). What are the four words? Can you work it out? If so, send your answer quick. Surely you want this fine, new Ford auto. Send no money with solution.

SEND ANSWER TO-DAY

We not only give away this Ford auto, but hundreds of dollars in cash and scores of other valuable prizes. Bicycles, Guns, Watches, Talking Machines, something for everybody. Everyone who answers this can have a prize of some sort. There are no losers. Nothing difficult to do. Everybody wins. Someone gets this new 1921 Ford Auto free. Why not you? Address

AUTO STEVENS, 141 West Ohio Street, Dept. 2723, Chicago, Ill.

Good Judgment After Eating

Giving the Stomach the Alkaline Effect by a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet is Worth Remembering.

You cannot, as a rule, say in advance that this, that or the other food will cause indigestion. Experience has taught most people that even mince pie fits

snugly at times while at others a glass of milk raises hobs with the stomach.

One good rule to follow is the preventative measure of taking one or two Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after meals. You thus avoid gassiness, sour stomach, heartburn and such distresses due to indigestion or dyspepsia. These tablets also help to digest the food by giving the stomach the alkaline effect to offset acidity; they relieve the distress when the mince pie or milk should be more than a match for your digestive powers. Get a 60 cent box of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at any drug store and note how nicely they seem to calm the stomach when it feels all upset.

ECZEMA

Also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk-Crust, Weeping Skin, Etc.

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY, and when I say cured, I mean just what I say—C-U-R-E-D, and not merely patched up for awhile, to return worse than before. Remember, I make this broad statement after putting ten years of my time on this one disease and handling in the meantime a quarter of a million cases of this dreadful disease. Now, I do not care what all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will write me TODAY, I will send you a **FREE TRIAL** of my mild soothing, guaranteed cure that will convince you more in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me today you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Just try it and you will see. I am telling you the truth.

DR. J. E. CANNADAY,
1417 Court Blk., Sedalia, Mo.

References:—Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo.

Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

Don't Endure PILES

Write me and I will send you on trial my mild, soothing, guaranteed treatment for **Piles** which has proven a blessing to thousands who are now free from this cruel, torturous disease. Send post card today for Full Treatment. If results are satisfactory costs you $2.00. If not, costs nothing.

H. D. POWERS, Dept. 666 BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

TAPEWORMS

AND ALL TYPES OF WORMS REMOVED

Send $1.00 for package of KILLWORM. Tasteless, safe, sure; new discovery by chemist of Johns Hopkins. Your bad health may be due to worms—many people have them and do not know it. Send $1.00 without delay.

DELHI CHEMICAL CO.
Station D, Baltimore, Md.

BRONCHITIS AND TUBERCULOSIS

yield to Chief Black Cloud's Indian Remedy. Write for booklet of testimonials. Herbal Remedies for Blood Disorders. **Get well! Write**

CHIEF BLACK CLOUD
Indian Medicine Man
Elmira Heights, N. Y.

Fat *Three ways to reduce your weight*

Particulars mailed free to any address.
Hall Chem. Co. Dept. B-149 St. Louis, Mo.

SWOLLEN VEINS are promptly relieved with inexpensive home treatment. It reduces the pain and swelling—overcomes tiredness. Full particulars on receipt of stamp.
W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 337 Temple St. SPRINGFIELD, MASS

Be a Detective Excellent opportunity, good pay, travel. Write
C. T. Ludwig, 120 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Hot Off the Jokesmith's Anvil

No Provisions Provided.

Social Worker—Isn't your husband a good provider?

Poor Woman—The best ever!

Social Worker (after recovering from her astonishment)—Really, I'm glad to hear it.

Poor Woman—I ain't lady. He's always going to do something, provided——

Easy to Do.

"You're looking pale tonight, my dear."

"Am I? Then do tell me something that will give me a little color."

Important Omission.

"How did the cashier of your bank get into trouble? Speculation?"

"Without the 's'."

Strange If True.

Property Man—The stage is about to be uplifted, Mike.

Electrician—How do you get that way?

Property Man—This here prop list for that there farce comedy company in the offing doesn't call for a bed in any way, shape or form!

SURE SIGN.

The folks who live next door to us
Are wealthy, I should say;
The old man has an omelet
For breakfast every day.

The Real Philosopher.

Johnny—Pa, what is a philosopher?

Pa—A man with a good liver, heart, stomach and bank account.

Skyscrapers Amazed Chris.

"Begorry!" said an Irishman who was watching another go thru some exercises, "ye kape yer mouth as wide open as if ye were Columbus the first toime he saw New York."

Turned Down.

Closeman—Sorry to refuse you, old man, but my money likes company.

Burrows—What do you mean?

Closeman—It can't bear to be a loan.

Coddling the Cook.

"If I take the place, mister, kin I eat with the family?"

"Eat with the family?" exclaimed Mr. Suburbs. "My good woman, we'll give a dinner in your honor every week."

So Annoying

Just as he was about to propose, you know!

Easy to Do.

Maggie—What, you back here? I thought you had fallen into a fortune!

Henry—I did—and went right thru it.

Executive Ears.

During the World War the following was one of the qualifications required of men: "Candidates for the listeners' school must be able to hear a snake sliding into a bottle of castor oil."

Hope Deferred.

"An American citizen was arrested while gazing wistfully across the Canadian border."

"That's no violation of the prohibition law."

"Maybe not, but he had a quart of Canadian whisky in his hand. It developed later that he had paid a rum runner a $20 bill and was waiting for his change."

"Deep Calleth Unto Deep."

The following conversation was recently heard in a day coach passing thru the West Virginia mountains:

"My, ain't them mountains high?" marveled one woman passenger.

Her friend stooped low at the window to see the summits of the lofty hills, and wisely remarked:

"Only th' tops of 'em is."

Brain Teasers.

Anagram.

41—My first is in two but not in one.
My second is in eight but not in seven.
My third is in nine but not in ten.
My fourth is in three but not in four.
My fifth is in five but not in six.
My whole is an emblem of purity.

A Bird Puzzle.

42—1. What bird's name is a military title?
2. What bird's name suggests an ancient stringed instrument?
3. What bird's name suggests a frolic?
4. What bird's name was borne by a compassionate woman?
5. What bird's name is a hoisting machine?
6. What bird's name contains a letter that is not sounded?
7. What bird's name is a European country?
8. What bird's name suggests a church dignitary?
9. What bird's name suggests a domestic animal?
10. What bird's name suggests a bar of wood or iron?
11. What bird's name suggests a low buzzing sound?
12. What bird's name suggests the name of the architect of St. Paul's Cathedral, England?

Riddle.

43—'Twas yesterday that you made game
Of me, you stupid bat!
Today somebody trod on me,
And kicked me, and all that.
Well, well, my troubles last not long!
In spite of every kind of wrong,
I'm bound to have my cheerful song.

Word Square.

44—1. What we do in vacation time.
2. A narrow road.
3. A girl's name.
4. A cycle of months.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

37—Enigma.

Columbus.

38—Jumbled States.

1. Virginia. 2. Tennessee.
3. Louisiana. 4. Arkansas.
5. Pennsylvania.
6. Oklahoma. 7. Colorado.
8. Nebraska. 9. California.

39—Acrostic.

WeeP, ElI, SuN, TalK.

40—Five-word Square.

C L A R A
L E G A L
A G E N T
R A N G E
A L T E R

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

No Cooperation.

"How's business?"

"Not too good—thanks to some dishonest rascals who are selling goods at reasonable prices."

Posting a New Voter.

Wife—John, what is the difference between direct taxation and indirect taxation?

Hub—Why, the difference between your asking me for money and going thru my pockets while I'm asleep.

His Activities.

First Artist—Been doing anything lately?

Second Artist—I knocked off a couple of girls' heads last week and finished off the mayor of Mudmouth.

Cured.

"I notice that Agnes doesn't go around boring other people with her ailments as she used to."

"No; she met a man who cured her completely."

"A doctor?"

"Oh, no. She was telling this man some of her symptoms when he remarked, 'It's strange how many of these things afflict people as they begin to grow old.' Since then she has held her tongue about them."

Rather Embarrassing.

"Do you know what the hanging committee have done?" said the first artist. "They've absolutely ruined my picture by putting it next to the worst daub in the exhibition."

"I've got the same complaint," said the second artist. "I looked in yesterday and found they've hung my picture beside an absolutely frightful thing."

"How do you do, you fellows?" said Artist No. 3 joining them. "I see they've hung your pictures side by side this year."

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

MEDICAL

TO SUFFERING MEN AND WOMEN. IF you have lame back, failing memory, loss of ambition, despondency, unfitting you for the ordinary duties of life; or if afflicted with any chronic nervous, kidney or bladder disease. Remember; we are specialists in these diseases. Write; book symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

PILES—BLEEDING, ITCHING, BLIND AND protruding, quickly relieved and cured; also cause removed by my Triple Treatment for piles, fistula, etc. Most successful home treatment made. Don't suffer longer. Write today for interesting folder and testimonials. Dr. Henrich, Specialist, 802a Chestnut, St. Louis.

FOR THAT TIRED, NERVOUS FEELING take Kalpho Nerve Tablets and observe the magical effect. Make you eat well, sleep well and feel well. Two weeks' treatment, $1.00. Trial bottle, 25 cents. Parker-Biochemic Company, 99 Times Square Station, New York City.

GALLSTONES—FREE BOOK TELLS OF improved method of treating inflammation of gallbladder and bile ducts. Write today. Dr. Paddock, Box 7J201, Kansas City, Mo.

SONG POEMS WANTED

SONGWRITERS! LEARN OF THE PUB- lic's demand for songs suitable for dancing and the opportunities greatly changed conditions offer new writers, obtainable only in our "Songwriters Manual & Guide," sent free. Submit your ideas for songs at once for free criticism and advice. We revise poems, compose music, secure copyright and facilitate publication or outright sale of songs. Knickerbocker Studios, 306 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. WE will write the music and guarantee publication on a royalty basis. Submit poems on any subject. Seton Music Company, 920 S. Michigan Ave., Room 132, Chicago.

EVERY READER OF THE BLADE OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

YOU WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. We'll compose the music free and publish same. Send song poem today. E. Lenox Co., 271 W. 125th St., New York.

YOU WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. We'll compose the music free and publish same. Send song poem today. E. Lenox Co., 271 W. 125th St., New York.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

MAKE $25.00 TO $50.00 NIGHTLY. WE furnish professional machine, films, supplies, etc., suitable for traveling or stationary use. No experience needed. We teach you this business. Little money required. Easy payments. Large catalog free. Dept. 600, Monarch Theatre Supply Co., 537 So. Dearborn St., Chicago.

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS. BOOKS, CARDS, LODE- stone tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

SEND 25 CENTS FOR SET OF "AMERICAN Made" metal toys. Margetts Toy Mfg. Co., 67 Summit St., Elgin, Ill.

FOR SALE

$16 TAKES CABINET PHONOGRAPH AND 28 records. Many other bargains. Send no money. Write for particulars. Economy Sample Shop, 59 E. Van Buren St., Dept. 4, Chicago.

GOOD TYPEWRITER FOR SALE. A REAL bargain. Trial and payments. Josephine Yotz, Shawnee, Kansas.

MOTORCYCLES

FORCED TO SACRIFICE OUR $50,000.00 stock of used motorcycles. Prices slashed below cost in latest catalog. It's free. Send stamp for Catalog B. Easy terms if desired. Floyd Clymer, America's Leading Motorcycle Dealer, Denver, Colo.

PHOTOGRAPHY

FREE ENLARGEMENT 5 x 7 INCHES FROM each roll sent us for developing and finishing. Mail your films today, or send for prices and particulars. Topeka Photo Supply Co., Box 427, Topeka, Kans.

LOST HEIRS

"LOST HEIRS," A 400-PAGE BOOK, FILLED with names, for lost heirs and missing kin, from different parts of the world. Chancery court of England, Ireland and Bank of England lists included. Price $1. International Claim Agency, Dept. 169, Pittsburgh, Pa.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them; particulars for 2c. Model Co., Morton Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

HOME STUDY

SHORTHAND—LEARN COMPLETE SYS- tem, few evenings (home), then acquire speed; pleasant practice. Brochure free. Save money, time, increase your efficiency, earnings. King Institute, EA-473, Station F, New York.

PHOTOPLAY STORIES

WANTED—MEN AND WOMEN AMBITIOUS to make money writing stories and photoplays. Send for wonderful free book that tells how. Authors' Press, Dept. 164, Auburn, N. Y.

WATCH REPAIRERS

WATCHES CLEANED FREE—UNDER OUR direct to consumer plan we repair and thoroughly overhaul watches at the wholesale cost of $2.85, cleaning free. For cleaning only we charge $1.50. All work guaranteed and promptly returned. Midwest Watch Service, 25 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

PATENTS

PATENTS SECURED, PROMPT SERVICE. Avoid dangerous delays. Send for our "Record of Invention" form and free book telling How to Obtain a Patent. Send sketch or model for examination. Preliminary advice without charge. Highest references. Write today. J. L. Jackson & Co., 101 Ouray Bldg., Washington, D. C.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information—The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

AGENTS WANTED

RAINCOAT AGENTS I'LL PAY YOU $12 daily taking orders for reversible raincoats. Two coats in one. One side rich, tan dress coat, other side storm overcoat. Something brand new. Not sold in stores. Also other styles. Guaranteed waterproof or money back. We manufacture and make to measure. Shortage of raincoats and high cost of overcoats makes sales easy. Elaborate outfit and sample coat to workers. Parker Mfg. Co., 509 Rue St., Dayton, Ohio.

SPECIALTY SALESPEOPLE WANTED! TO sell B & G rubber aprons and sanitary specialties, articles of unusual merit, are needed in every home. They sell readily, satisfy your customers, and get repeat business. The profits are large enough to make you accept our offer. Drop postal now for descriptive folder, price list, etc. B. G. Rubber Co., Dept. 29, 618 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

AGENTS—BEST SELLER; JEM RUBBER Repair for tires and tubes; supersedes vulcanization at a saving of over 80 per cent.; put it on cold, it vulcanizes itself in two minutes, and is guaranteed to last the life of the tire or tube; sells to every auto owner and accessory dealer. For particulars how to make big money and free sample, address Amazon Rubber Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. 704.

AGENTS—WANT MEN WHO ARE LOOK-ing for a future to represent one of the largest manufacturers of silverware in the country to introduce their famous silver $7.50 knife and fork sets for $2.95 direct to consumer; no stock to carry; big commissions; positively no competition; we have only one agent in a territory; write quick for exclusive territory. Rose Silver Company, Norfolk, Va.

CREW MANAGERS—AGENTS, OPALINE paintings are a knock-out. Make old territory new. Seasoned picture men double their sale. Beginners make $1.00 an hour and more with rigs. Greatest hit ever made. Samples and expense money furnished. Write today. Consolidated Portrait Co., Desk A-12, 1029 W. Adams St., Chicago.

NEWEST THING OUT—LITHOGRAM INI-tials for automobiles, motorcycles, canoes, golf sticks, tennis racquets, etc. Anyone can apply them in a jiffy. Sell to everybody. Set costs 15c; brings $1.50. Fast sales and big daily profits for agents. Write for catalog. Lithogram Company, Desk 22, East Orange, N. J.

CREW MANAGERS AND AGENTS: BIG-gest surprise of the age in the portrait line. Something absolutely new. Will revolutionize portrait industry. Tremendous sales possibilities with this exclusive line. Write today. Culver Art and Frame Co., Dept. C-7, Westerville, Ohio, or Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS—SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORT-ed 36x68 rugs, $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in four days. Profits, $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug, prepaid, $1.39. E. H. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

AGENTS—HERE'S THE BEST LINE OF food flavors, perfumes, soaps, toilet preparations, etc., ever offered. No capital needed. Complete outfits furnished free to workers. Write to-day for full particulars. American Products Co., 3193 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS—STEADY INCOME. LARGE MAN-ufacturer of handkerchiefs and dress goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 52 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

AGENTS! A SALE IN EVERY HOME FOR our beautiful dress goods, silks and general yard goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of 1000 sample fabrics free to agents. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 16X, 425 Broadway, New York.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISH-ing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $100.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Z. Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

PORTRAITS, MEDALLIONS, PHOTO PIL-low tops, luminous crucifix, photo plates, frames, sheet pictures, papier mache frames, etc. Lowest prices, rejects credited; prompt shipments; 30 days' credit; catalog and samples free. Jas. C. Bailey, Desk C-2, Chicago.

PORTRAIT AGENTS—I MADE $50,000 CAN-vassing for portraits. I teach you free, give credit and guarantee delivery. Get free circular, "Profits in Portraits." It explains all. Friedman's United Art Studio, Dept. 1, 127 N. Dearborn, Chicago.

AGENTS—TO INTRODUCE OUR FAMOUS $5.00 Sheffield razor will give free a hone and strop; the whole outfit sells for $2.50. Our introductory price to agents is 6 sets for $5.00; exclusive territory and return your money if you can't sell. Sheffield Razor Co., Norfolk, Va.

HOW TO START IN BUSINESS FOR YOUR-self—A little book sent free to men and women anxious to make money by working part or full time. Clows Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. 4-A.

BIG LINE—BIG PROFITS—COLD CREAMS, face powders, perfumes, remedies, spices, extracts, pie fillers, baking powder. Catalog free. Western Laboratories, 1953 Van Buren, Chicago.

AGENTS — WATER - PROOF KITCHEN apron. Every housewife buys. Dainty, durable, economical, acid-proof, grease-proof. Sample free. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 2111, Dayton, Ohio.

SALES AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY county to give all or spare time. Position worth $750 to $1500 yearly. We train the inexperienced. Novelty Cutlery Co., 23 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

AGENTS—A NEW ONE! HARPER'S FIBRE broom and Ten-Use brush set combined. Saves broom expense; lightens housework; easy seller; first order returnable. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

BIG PROFITS SELLING DUPLEX TRANS-formers. Every auto owner needs them. Save gas. Banish spark plug trouble. Exclusive territory. Write quick. Jubilee Mfg. Co., 420 Sta. C, Omaha, Nebr.

SALARY CONTRACT, TRAVEL, APPOINT agents, sickness-accident insurance, industrial or fraternal agents preferred. Address Insurance, 436 Westover Building, Kansas City, Mo.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET AR-ticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

AGENTS—LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell hosiery, underwear, shirts, dresses, skirts, waists, shoes, clothing, etc. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

$11.00 A DAY FOR 5 HOURS WEEK. NEW method—no capital required—no deliveries—no delays—just take orders and bank big profits. Davis Products Co., Dept. 461, Chicago.

BIG PROPOSITION: SOMETHING NEW IN portraits. Agents wanted. Deal with factory direct. Write for catalogue. Southern Art Co., Oak Park, Ill.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR— Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 126 Olive, St. Louis.

350% PROFIT SELLING KLEAN-RITE Magic Clothes Washing Wonder. Sells 25c. Profit 19c. Sample free. Bestever Products Co., 3253-L, Belleplaine, Chicago.

SELL NECESSITIES; EVERYBODY NEEDS and buys the "Business Guide." Bryant cleared $800 in 30 days. Send for sample; it's free. Nichols Co., Naperville, Ill., Dept. 8B.

AGENTS — WONDERFUL SELLER, 96c profit every dollar sales. License unnecessary. No stock to carry. Sample free. Mission Bead Co., Factory O, Los Angeles, Cal.

AGENTS: WONDERFUL PROFITS, SUC-cess easy; best soap, flavor, toilet proposition today. Get sample offer. Daybro, 551, Greenfield, Ind.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

$75 A WEEK SELLING CRESCO RAIN-coats. No collecting or delivering. Sample coat and big outfit free. Improved Mfg. Co., Dept. 86, Ashland, Ohio.

WE PAY $200 MONTHLY SALARY AND furnish rig and expenses to introduce guaranteed poultry and stock powders. Bigler Company, X-520, Springfield, Ill.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES and give a Ford auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D32, Parsons, Kans.

SELL GLOSSINE HAIR STRAIGHTENER to colored people. Sample 25c. American Supply House, Covington, Ky.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, O. GREAT-est dry goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted.

AGENTS GET ILLUSTRATED FOLDER free. Wonderful profit maker. Dr. Eric Templin, Johnson City, Tenn.

HELP WANTED

U. S. GOVERNMENT WANTS MEN-WOM-en over 17. Hundreds positions. $135-$195 month. Common education sufficient. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. J 26, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

STOP DAILY GRIND, START SILVERING mirrors, auto headlights, tableware, etc. Plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 2, Marion, Indiana.

MALE HELP WANTED

MEN WANTED AT $35 TO $100 A WEEK to make mechanical drawings. Work is easy, pleasant and leads to higher positions in industrial field at excellent salaries. We furnish set of instruments, train you at home, in spare time, by practical method and help you qualify for position. Write today for particulars. Roy C. Claflin, President. Dept. 1346, 14th & T Sts., Washington, D. C.

WANTED—1500 RAILWAY TRAFFIC IN-spectors; no experience; train for this profession thru sparetime home-study; easy terms; $110 to $200 monthly and expenses guaranteed, or money back. Outdoors; local or traveling; under big men who reward ability. Get free booklet CM-12, Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

MEN WANTED. I WANT A FEW MORE men to train as draftsmen. Experience not necessary. Draftsmen earn $150 to $300 per month and more. Big demand. Splendid opportunities. Learn quickly at home. Let me send you free lesson. No charge. Address: Charles W. Morey, Director, 2235, Chicago Tech. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS ARE FINE! $1400, $1600, $1800 at start, up to $2300 and $2600. Exams everywhere. Write today for full information. Patterson Civil Service School, Box J, Rochester, N. Y.

BECOME AUTOMOBILE EXPERTS. HUN-dreds wanted. $35 week. Learn while earning. Write. Franklin Institute, Dept. J 804, Rochester, N. Y.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, $140-$200; colored porters by railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. TRAVEL. Great demand everywhere. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

GOVT. AND RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS, $125-$190. Prepare for examination. Particulars free. Write Modern Institute, 44, Denver, Colo.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UN-necessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 128, St. Louis.

MEN WANTED FOR DETECTIVE WORK. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, former U. S. Govt. detective. 100 St. Louis.

BECOME DETECTIVE — BIG PAY; EASY work; free particulars. Captain Wagner, 186 E. 79th, New York.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPOR-tunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS WANTED—CASH OR ROY-alty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 44, St. Louis, Mo.

MEN

WANTED—RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS. $135-$195 month. List positions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. J-6, Rochester, N. Y.

HOMESPUN TOBACCO—10 POUNDS—$3.00; 20 pounds—$5.00. Farmer's Union, Mayfield, Ky.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

LADIES TO DISTRIBUTE EVERY DAY household necessities during their spare time. You can start at once and earn liberal cash commissions or valuable premiums. Pleasant work. You need no money. Big complete outfit and beautifully illustrated catalog absolutely free. Full information furnished. Easily understood. No experience required. Send for your outfit now. The Perry G. Mason Co., 100 Canal & Main, Cincinnati, Ohio.

LADIES WANTED, AND MEN, TOO, TO AD-dress envelopes and mail advertising matter at home for large mail order firms, spare or whole time. Can make $10 to $35 weekly. No capital or experience required. Book, explaining everything, mailed for 10c to cover postage, etc. Ward Pub. Co., Tilton, N. H.

AN EXCEPTIONAL OPENING. THOSE DE-siring plain sewing machine work at home. City; country; no canvassing. No experience necessary. To prevent curiosity seekers send twelve cents samples, information. Good Wear Cloth Co., Asbury Park, N. J.

WANTED WOMEN—BECOME DRESS DE-signers. $45 week. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. J 859, Rochester, N. Y.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

DON'T INVEST IN OIL UNTIL YOU READ the Texas Investor, weekly magazine published by practical oil operator. Reliable, up-to-date information. How to invest for greatest safety and quickest profits. Tells about latest fortune making gusher oil field where one acre has produced more than $10,000,000 in oil, and shows you a way to share in development of this wonder field for few dollars under my new syndicate plan. Hundreds of small investors now cooperating with me should reap rich returns. Also learn how you can buy high grade, dividend paying stocks, listed in New York Stock exchange, on my 20-payment, systematic saving plan. Write for trial subscription free. Address C. C. Cannan, 649 Cannan Bldg., Houston, Tex.

DON'T INVEST IN OIL UNTIL YOU RE-ceive our circular and map showing Texas oil fields and much information valuable to the investor. We have 50 acres in West Columbia only 2000 yards from the Abrams 28,000 barrel gusher and less than 1000 yards from the Pipkin-Lee 25,000 barrel gusher. Small investor has opportunity to make big profits. Particulars free. Send post card today. West Columbia Company, 705 Binz Building, Houston, Texas.

$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND and interest in oil wells that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Company, 633 First Nat'l Bank, Houston, Texas.

FORTUNES MADE IN SUCCESSFUL SPEC-ulation. Let us explain our system free. Markets active. Act quick. 613 Dwight Bldg. Merchants Brokerage Co., Kansas City, Mo.

$10 ACRE TEN YEAR OIL LEASES. SOLD on easy payments. Prospects magnificent. Fortune over night. Bonds & Co., Investment Bankers, Desk A, San Antonio, Texas.

WOULD YOU INVEST $5 IN A TEXAS OIL field business offering chance of making $5,000? Write Warren, 718½ Ohio, Wichita Falls, Texas.

$25 (IN PAYMENTS) BUYS OIL LEASE which may mean $10,000 in few months. Write for folder. Texoland Syndicate, 626A Laughlin Bldg., Los Angeles.

FREE MAP EL DORADO, ARK. NEW gusher oil field. Greatest opportunity in America. Abner Davis Bank, Fort Worth, Tex.

FARMS WANTED

WANTED. HEAR FROM OWNER FARM for sale. Price, description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

FARM WANTED. SEND DESCRIPTION and price. John J. Black, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

FARMS FOR SALE

POOR MAN'S CHANCE. $5 DOWN, $5 monthly buys 40 acres, productive land. Near town. Price $200. Box 425 S, Carthage, Mo.

FARM LANDS

OWN YOUR OWN ORANGE GROVE IN Fruitland Park, Florida's finest lake-jeweled highland section, way above sea level. A few dollars a month will buy it. Plant peaches, a quick money crop, with oranges, and the peaches may be made to pay not only for your land and orange grove but yield a profit besides. We can produce you a better orange grove for less money than anyone in the State and in Florida's greatest section. Fruitland Park is best. We can prove it. Write for a a book of actual photographs, the interesting story of a Fruitland Park farm and why peaches may pay for it. Lake County Land Owners' Association, 278 Palm Ave., Fruitland Park, Lake County, Florida.

WISCONSIN FARM LANDS

LANDOLOGY SPECIAL NUMBER JUST OUT, containing 1921 facts of clover land in Marinette County, Wisconsin. If for a home or as an investment you are thinking of buying good farm lands, where farmers grow rich, send at once for this special number of Landology. It is free on request. Address Skidmore-Riehle Land Co., 26 Skidmore-Riehle Bldg., Marinette, Wisc.

AUTOMOBILES

AUTOMOBILE OWNERS, REPAIRMEN AND garagemen, send address today for free sample copy of American Automobile Digest, containing helpful, instructive information on overhauling, ignition troubles, carburetor efficiency, engine knocks, wiring, storage batteries simplified, etc. Clearly explained, profusely illustrated. American Automobile Digest, 532 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

PERSONAL

CONTRACTOR, 30, WORTH, $30,000, WOULD marry. J-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

WIDOW, 45, WITH $190,000, WANTS HUS-band. L-Box 325, Club, Fort Wayne, Ind.

PERSONAL—(Continued)

MEN—NO MATTER WHAT YOU HAVE tried or how old your case our tablet preparation rapidly overcomes all such conditions; it gives greater strength, restores in less time and at less cost than anything under the sun. The tablet with the wonderful reputation. $1 per box, 4 for $3. Crown Drug Co., Dept. A, Station E, Box 50, Toledo, Ohio.

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, run down conditions should take Juven Pills. They accomplish remarkable results as a rejuvenating, vitalizing tonic and health-builder for people of all ages. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Y.Z.)

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS TO restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE CAN find a marvelous remedy and complete restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kan.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEO-ple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER we cure chronic, nervous, kidney, bladder diseases. Why not have the best treatment? Book symptom blank and advice free. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

HAIR GROWN ON BALD HEADS WHERE there are fine, fuzzy roots, $10.00. Superfluous hair removed forever, $5.00. Satisfaction or money back. Knapp Trio, 378A Pleasant Ave., St. Paul, Minn. References Commercial State Bank.

THOUSANDS ANXIOUS TO MARRY. WORTH to $100,000. Confidential descriptions free in plain sealed envelope. Satisfaction guaranteed. Long established, reliable, trustworthy. People's Club, Box 94, Los Angeles, California.

GRAY HAIR RESTORED—QUICKLY AND naturally to its original color, by a simple, harmless, inexpensive home method. Complete secret sent sealed for a 2c stamp. Sefton, 3414 S. Jefferson St., Louis, Mo.

REDUCE YOUR WAISTLINE, HIPS, CHIN, abdomen. Become agile, slender, efficient, attractive, healthier. Get Korein tabules, any druggist. Brochure mailed free. Korein Co., NH-473, Station X, New York.

A LETTER TO DR. ROWE, THE SPECIAL-ist, brings his serial No. 1 on kidney and urinary diseases; valuable information, send today; postage 4c. Dr. Rowe, 112 N. Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

MARRY — WITHIN SIXTY DAYS. PAY when married. Send no money for our new liberty guarantee marriage plan. Nothing ever like it in America. Pilot Pub. Co., Desk 16, Marshall, Mich.

BE WISE—READ OUR NEW BOOK: "MOD-ern Matrimony" for scientific facts about marriage, modern sex problems, etc. Price $1.00, postpaid. Modern Pub. Co., 344 San Fernando Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

MAKE-NU TONIC WILL POSITIVELY RE-store strength to weak men. If it fails no pay. Write for free treatment offer. American Laboratories Co., Box 504, Nashville, Tenn.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 23, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; description and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTI-Flamma Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

COLORED PEOPLE! ARE YOU LONE-some? If so, write the old reliable Ebony Correspondence Club, Box 22 Carson, Pittsburgh, Pa.

GET MARRIED — MANY WEALTHY clients desiring early marriage. Address Opal Club, Box 92, Rosiere, N. Y.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DE-scriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PA-per published mailed free. Address American Distributor, Suite 215, Blairsville, Pa.

LADIES DESIRING HUSBAND OF WEALTH and health, write Box 38, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

HOTEL PROPRIETOR, 55, WITH $60,000, wants wife. U-Box 432, League, Columbus, Ohio.

LADY, 36, WORTH $50,000, WILL MARRY. Confidential. Box 1134, League, Detroit, Mich.

MAGIC WORDS! SECRET; SURE METHOD of obtaining your desires. Postpaid for dime. Smedley, 140 Miller, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE: BEST PUBLI-cation for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency, 55 Bridgeport, Connecticut.

IF YOU WANT A HEALTHY, WEALTHY, loving wife, write Violet Ray, C. C. Dennison, Ohio. Enclose stamped envelope.

MARRIAGE PAPER—PHOTOS, DESCRIP-tions, many rich, want to marry. Free. H. Jahn, St. Paul, Minn.

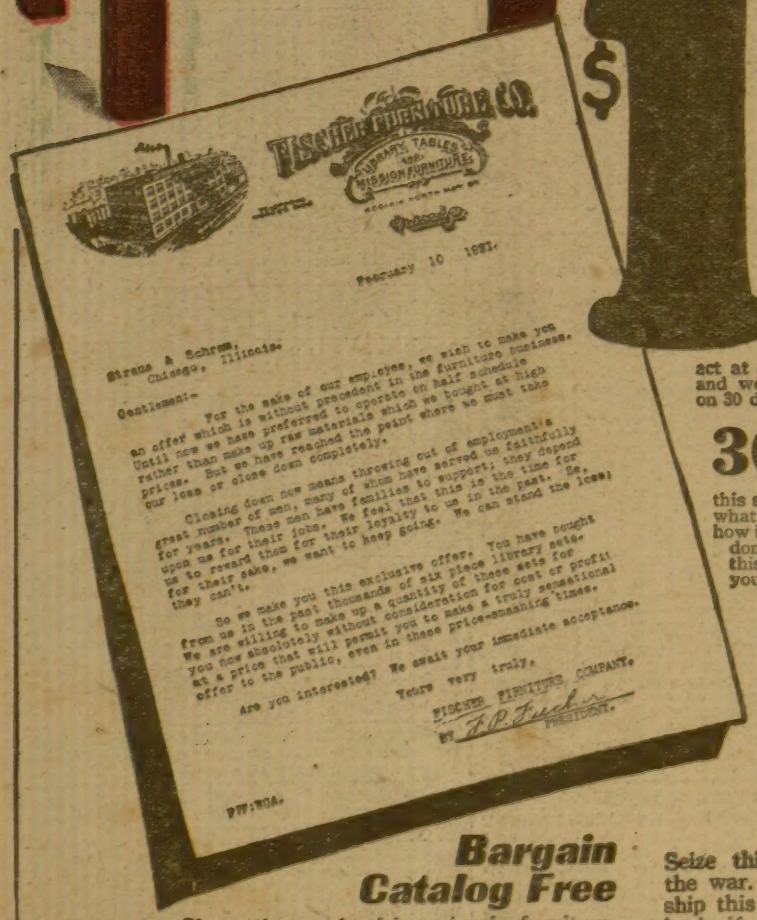
NERVOUS, RESTLESS, CHRONIC SICK patients. Write for free valuable information. Bischoff, 6204 Winthrop, Chicago.

CATHOLICS, WISHING TO MARRY, PAR-ticulars free. Address Home Club, L-Box 23, Grand Rapids, Mich.

WRITE MRS. WILLARD, BOX 749, CHI-cago, Illinois, if you want a wonderful little wife.

Furniture Factory Unloads Prices Smashed!

Read Their Letter Below


FISCHER FURNITURE CO.
LIBRARY TABLES
AND
MISSION FURNITURES
February 10 1927.
Straus & Schram,
Chicago, Illinois.
Gentlemen:-
For the sake of our employees, we wish to make you
an offer which is without precedent in the furniture business.
Until now we have preferred to operate on half schedule
rather than make up raw materials which we bought at high
prices. But we have reached the point where we must take
our loss or close down completely.
Closing down now means throwing out of employment a
great number of men, many of whom have served us faithfully
for years. These men have families to support; they depend
upon us for their jobs. We feel that this is the time for
us to reward them for their loyalty to us in the past. So,
for their sake, we want to keep going. We can stand the loss;
they can't.
So we make you this exclusive offer. You have bought
from us in the past thousands of six piece library sets.
We are willing to make up a quantity of these sets for
you now absolutely without consideration for cost or profit
at a price that will permit you to make a truly sensational
offer to the public, even in these price-smashing times.
Are you interested? We await your immediate acceptance.
Yours very truly,
FISCHER FURNITURE COMPANY.
BY F. P. Fischer
PRESIDENT.
FW:ROA.

$1.00 Down

6 Piece Set Fumed Solid Oak

Yours is the benefit. A positively staggering offer. Get this magnificent 6-piece library set, fumed solid oak, on this bed-rock, factory sacrifice price. *The factory's loss is your gain!* But the supply on this offer is limited — you must act at once. Send only $1.00 deposit with the coupon below and we will ship you this handsome, six-piece library set on 30 days' trial and approval.

A Room Full of Furniture

This superb 6-piece library set is made of selected solid oak throughout, finished in rich dull waxed, brown fumed oak. Large arm rocker and arm chair are 36 in. high, seats 19x19 in. Sewing rocker and reception chair are 36 in. high, seats 17x17 in. All 4 pieces are padded, seats upholstered in brown imitation Spanish leather. Library table has 24x34 in. top, with roomy magazine shelf below, and beautifully designed ends. Jardiniere stand measures 17 in. high, with 12 in. top. Clip coupon below, send it with $1.00, and we'll ship entire 6 pieces, subject to your approval. No C. O. D. Shipped knocked down to reduce freight charges considerably. Easy to set up. Shipping wt. about 175 lbs. Order by No. B6259A. Send $1.00 cash with order, $2.70 monthly. Price $29.90. No discount for cash. Pieces not sold separately.

30 Days' Trial

Yes, just $1.00 deposit with the coupon brings this set to your home to use as your own for 30 days. See what a beautiful, massive set it is; how it will last for years; how it will beautify your home. Then, after 30 days, if you don't agree that it is a wonderful bargain, especially on this offer, send it back at our expense and we will refund your $1.00 plus any freight charges you paid.

Easy Payments

But if you are satisfied after 30 days, start paying the small sum of *$2.70 a month* until you have paid this rock-bottom, sacrifice price of $29.90 in all. We trust honest people anywhere in the U. S. One price to all, cash or credit. No discount for cash. Nothing extra for credit. No C. O. D.

Send NOW!

Seize this sacrifice offer. The lowest price since before the war. Just send the coupon with $1.00 and we will ship this complete set to you on 30 days' trial. Money back if not satisfied. (We will also send our big catalog of household furnishings. Anything you want on easy payments.)

STRAUS & SCHRAM Dept. 3533 West 35th Street **CHICAGO**

STRAUS & SCHRAM
Dept. 3533 West 35th Street Chicago, Illinois

Enclosed find $1.00. Ship special advertised 6-piece Fumed Oak Library Suite. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If I keep the suite, I will pay you $2.70 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the suite within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight charges I paid.

☐ 6-Piece Library Set No. B6259A. $29.90

Name.....

Street R.F.D. or Box No.....

Shipping Point.....

Post Office..... State.....

If you ONLY want catalog put X in proper box below:
☐ Furniture, Stoves and Jewelry ☐ Men's, Women's and Children's Clothing

Bargain Catalog Free

Send for it. Shows thousands of bargains in furniture, jewelry, carpets, rugs, curtains, silverware, stoves, porch and lawn furniture, talking machines, women's, men's and children's wearing apparel. Send the coupon today.